Everybody's Magazine

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Everybody's Magazine

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The NEW TECHNIQUE

by

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

HOLIDAY might have known, he told himself, that Henley Storrow was too good to last.

Holiday was what the newspapers call a magnate. By which they mean, not, as the dictionaries do, that he was a Member of the Upper House of the Hungarian Parliament, but merely that he was one of that class of persons whom it is fashionable to hold responsible for the high cost of living. He was nothing so disreputable as a "multi-millionaire," although he undoubtedly had more than one million tucked away. But his salary, as the head of one of the greatest industries of the United States, was a myth that caught the fancy of

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Sunday editors of the big dailies, and a favorite exercise was figuring what his time was worth a minute. If ever he succeeded—which every passing month seemed to make more likely—in reducing the Ralston Company to a state of solvency, he would be rich and no mistake.

Henley Storrow had been his private secretary. But, as I have intimated, he was too good to last. It soon became evident that he was the one person capable of finding out how much it cost the Ralston Company to make its several and highly diversified products, so Holiday raised his salary and, regretfully, gave him an office of his own.

But getting himself promoted to the head of the Cost Division and thus necessitating on the part of the boss the breaking in of an abysmally inferior young man as private secretary, was not the only thing Henley Storrow had done to make his boss uncomfortable. He had got engaged to marry his boss's daughter, Audrey.

The fact that Audrey was able to demonstrate, with a clarity that did credit to her college course in Logic, that this latter event was Holiday's own doing; that if he had written his weekly letter to his wife himself, instead of delegating it to Storrow, the thing would, in all probability, never have happened, might satisfy his sense of the poetic fitness of things, but it brought him small practical comfort.

Until Audrey came home from college, Holiday had always supposed that he knew a good deal about girls. Certainly in bygone years any number of them had liked him and flirted with him, gone out driving with him in a side-bar buggy, waltzed, polka'd and galloped with him, and perhaps let him hold their hand a little while they rode home in a carriage with him afterward. Plenty of them, I say—before he had finally pinned the blue ribbon of his unchangeable choice upon her who was now Audrey's mother—to have given him the sense of widely varied experience in feminine mysteries.

And he had been wont to say, contemplating the rising generation through the brown and violet haze of a good cigar, that human nature didn't change much. "Except for her clothes, and the names of the things she dances," he used to say about Audrey, when his wife would come to him with this perplexity or that, "she'll be much the same as you were." And, in the face of numerous illustrations to the contrary presented by his wife, he stuck to this comfortable theory until Audrey herself fairly beat it out of him.

Now, Holiday had really courted his wife. He had had to. As the most desirable of a large group of young ladies marriageable in the latter eighties, she undoubtedly had the technique of that period worked out to at least six places past the decimal point. Holiday had not thought of it as a technique at the time—would probably have knocked anybody down who referred to it in that way. But looking back with the dispassionate view of middle age, he perceived that the impression left in his mind after he had kissed the present Mrs. Holiday for the first time, that he was a low, coarse brute, utterly unworthy of such an angel, was an impression largely of her own creating.

It was an impression which fitted in with the tacit understanding that her favor was an act of grace, undeserved, only to be coyly yielded upon infinite persuasion; that he was going to try to be worthy of her ennobling influence, and that she, with angelic forbearance and self-sacrifice (because, being a purely spiritual essence, she naturally regarded crude masculine clay with distaste), consented to ennoble him, and to make him—as far as might be—worthy of her.

With a perspective of twenty-five years, Holiday was able to smile—a bit sheepishly—at himself for having taken this point of view. But from his wife's side, he regarded it with admiration. It was a strong position for a woman to take, it seemed to him—provided she could get away with it.

So when one day Audrey came down to Great Bend, where the factory was, for a look, as she candidly acknowledged afterward, at his new secretary; when she carried him off for a picnic at the Golf Club, decided he looked good to her, kissed him (Storrow himself denied this; sturdily claimed that it was he who had kissed her, in spite of the fact that he had at the time believed her to be not Holiday's daughter but his wife)—kissed him, in the Pullman, before her departure on the seven o'clock train that night, and brazenly acknowledged him as her fiancé a week from the next Sunday—when all that happened, Holiday was both shocked and bewildered.

What in the world was the girl thinking

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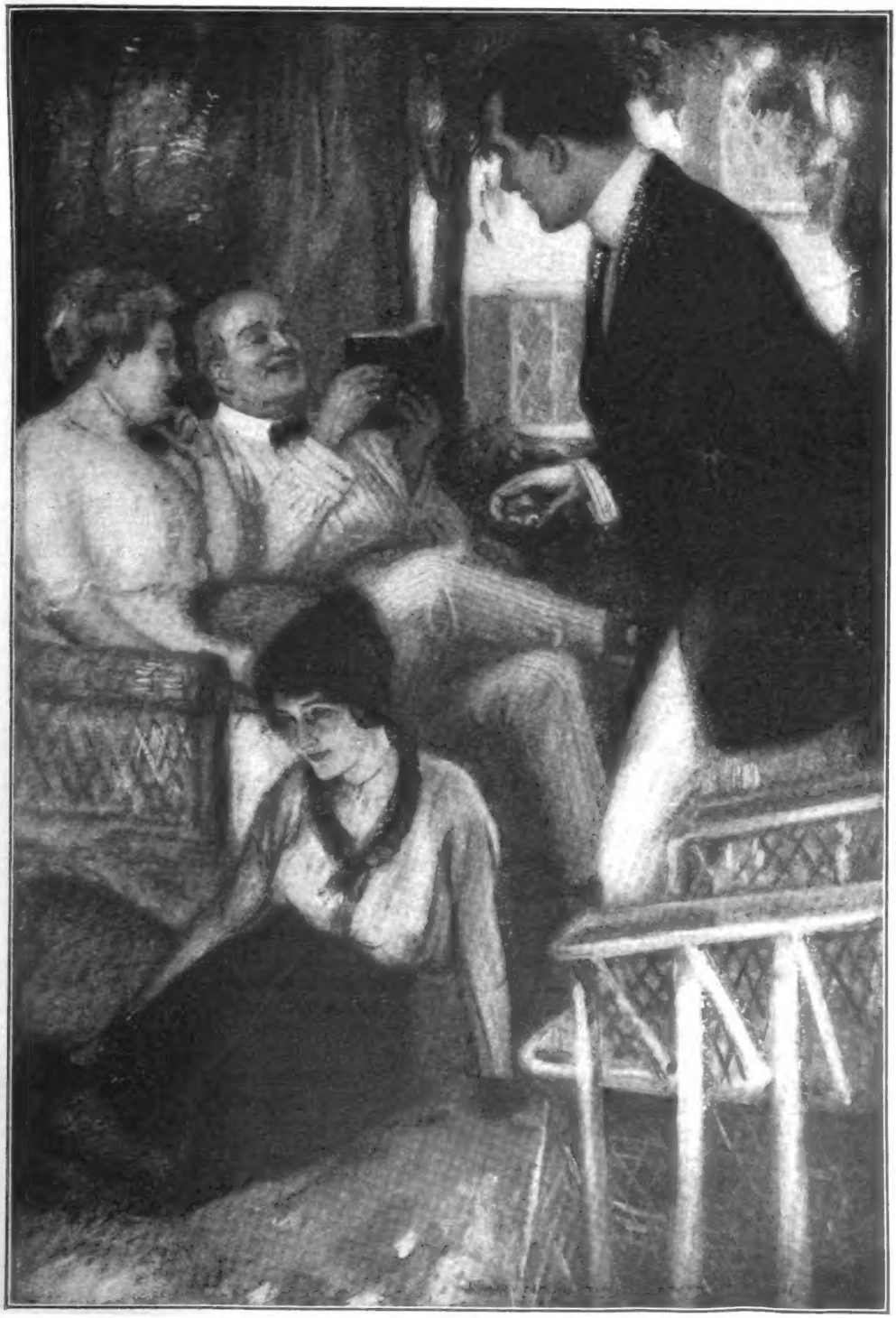

"LISTEN TO THIS, MOTHER. HERE'S WHAT THOSE TWO WERE SPOONING OVER—'THE SCIENTIFIC DETERMINATION OF FACTORY COSTS, WITH A SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER ON ORGANIZATION AND INTERNAL ACCOUNTING.'"

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about? How was she going to establish that indisputable superiority which is the cornerstone upon which a wife's happiness rests, if she began by admitting that she wanted Storrow as much as he wanted her? Certainly Audrey ought to be smart enough to see that. If she weren't, why hadn't her mother given her a tip? Unwisely, he questioned his wife about it.

He had come home for over Sunday—a habit which Audrey had succeeded in establishing by coming down to Great Bend on three Saturdays in succession and threatening to stay and spoil the best day's work in the seven, if they did not come back with her. The idea was that Storrow belonged to her; that he was valuable and perishable, and that she did not intend to have him unduly deteriorated by being forced to develop too high a horse-power. She may have had other arguments, too. Anyway, she brought it about that her father and her fiancé now spent their Sundays in the big house on the North Shore overlooking the lake, instead of in hot, dusty offices at Great Bend.

Holiday and his wife were making themselves comfortable in a pair of deck chairs out on the lawn. From where they sat, Audrey and Storrow were visible in the veranda, with their heads together over a book. This was the Sabbatical peace which Holiday disturbed by asking his wife that question.

"You knew how to do it," he said. "You had me guessing for months before we were married, and for years afterward. You had me running in rings—bringing you flowers and candy, taking you to symphony concerts—good Lord!—just regularly stood on my head, all by pretending to be indifferent. You could get along without me all right, and if I couldn't get along without you, why, it was up to me to mind my P's and Q's. But Audrey, here—why, she goes after that boy like a kid after candy. Doesn't put up any bluff about liking other men or even about ever having liked 'em. Doesn't let him bring her any presents . . . Why, Storrow told me, confidentially, that when he came up to Chicago last Saturday with her, for what they call a 'bat,' they went it 'Dutch'! He says she told him that he wasn't buying her society any more than she was buying his. Can you beat that? Seriously, I think you ought to have a little talk with her. Tell her a few things."

He had not been watching his wife's face or he would hardly have said it. It had been getting redder and redder ever since his reference to their own courtship.

"If any one is to talk to Audrey again," said his wife with indignant and somewhat ruffled dignity, "you can do it yourself."

"Again?" he questioned. "Then you have?"

"We won't say anything about it." But, apparently, she couldn't help it, and she went on and did.

"I tried to tell Audrey—not these coarse, disgusting things you have been saying—but that really she oughtn't to cheapen herself as she does; that it wasn't—really—quite well-bred. And she told me that the women of her generation, now that they were getting their rights, didn't have to use the arts of coquetry and cajolery any more. She said that a woman who deliberately—'strung a man along' (that was her expression) by pretending indifference to him and by practising upon his emotional instability, was really just a . . . Well, I sha'n't repeat the word she used, and she apologized afterward; told me I was absurd—said she hadn't meant me at all. But I shall make no further suggestions to Audrey regarding her conduct."

It was lucky for Holiday that his grin did just as well for a smile of greeting to the pair who were now coming out of the veranda.

As Audrey passed his chair he saw that she had brought her book with her. One finger was shut up inside it as if to indicate that the adjournment of the reading had been only temporary. The volume didn't look like "Paolo and Francesca" or the "Idylls of the King," or anything else that a pair of lovers might be expected to occupy themselves with, so he expertly caught it away from her and read the title.

She acknowledged his guffaw with an indulgent smile, sat down, rather haphazard, on the grass, and indicated to Storrow that he was to sit in a vacant chair close by.

"Listen to this, Mother," said Holiday. "Here's what those two were spooning over in there—'The Scientific Determination of Factory Costs, with a Supplementary Chapter on Organization and Internal Accounting.'" He turned on Storrow with a derisive grin. "Going to take her into the business?" he asked.

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"EXCEPT FOR HER CLOTHES, AND THE NAMES OF THE THINGS SHE DANCES," HOLIDAY USED TO SAY TO HIS WIFE ABOUT AUDREY, "SHE'LL BE MUCH THE SAME AS YOU WERE."

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"I'm going to take him into the business," said Audrey. "That's for the family. We're going to start right, at the beginning; know just how much we have got invested in the plant, and how much we have to charge off for depreciation—really find out how much things cost us—not just how much we happen to pay the grocer. It's fearfully exciting. We'll know whether things pay their way or not. Henley's going to analyze all our accounts—how much each of us costs; ourselves, you know—clothes and amusements, and rent, and things like that. And we'll keep each baby in an account by itself, so we'll know how much they cost . . . "

"Audrey!" gasped her mother.

"Well, you want us to have them, don't you?" said Audrey. "And if we know how much they cost, we'll know how many we can afford to have. Then," she went on hastily, taking advantage of her mother's temporarily speechless condition to get off on a new tack, "we've got to capitalize ourselves, in order to see how much *we* cost. Henley's valuable, of course and—expensive. At six per cent.—that's fair, isn't it?" (this to her father)—"he's worth a hundred thousand dollars. But how much am I worth?—that's the question."

A movement of her lover's hand that rested on her shoulder may have looked to the others like a caress. But she interpreted it differently—as a protest, apparently.

She covered the hand with her own, the one that had the big diamond and sapphire ring gleaming on it, but she straightened up a little and shook her head. "No," she said, "we may as well have that out right here. You see," she said to her parents, "the question really is whether we are going to get married at all."

Her face was perfectly serious, and even more serious, if possible, was that of young Storrow. She meant it, and he knew she did.

Holiday stared at them in amazement. His own engagement, he remembered, had been in jeopardy uncounted times. But always as the result of some sort of explosion, complicated with tears, misunderstandings, all kinds of excitement. But this pair—and they wouldn't have looked queerer to him if they had been Martians or mermen—sat there affectionately, hand in hand, as calm as the Sabbath afternoon, and coolly acknowledged that whether or not they were to live happily together ever after was a debatable question.

"You don't look as if you'd quarreled," he murmured vaguely.

"Quarreled!" said Audrey with superb contempt, and Holiday could see her hand tighten on her lover's. "We're not a pair of Early Victorians. This is a question of fundamental principles. Henley thinks . . . Tell them what you think," she commanded suddenly, and she let go his hand as if he needed both of them to do it with.

He seemed a little at a loss, having the explanation put up to him like that, though he wasn't an unintelligent young man, nor even an inarticulate one.

"Why," he said, "I hadn't thought at all—thought it out, that is. I just took it for granted that my particular job in this firm was to earn the money that we lived on, and that what we had to live on, just at first, would be my present salary. We talked about that, you know," he went on, addressing himself particularly to Holiday, "right at first. You said, I remember, it would mean Audrey's coming down a peg, and I said I was sure she wouldn't mind. And you said, no, you guessed she wouldn't. Well," he concluded awkwardly, "that's all. That's what I think."

"Your father and I," said Mrs. Holiday, "began on a good deal less than that. When we got to making six thousand a year, we thought we were rich. And the first years, when we had to watch the pennies, were about the happiest ones we had."

"Yes, mother," said the girl dutifully, but a bit absently, and a little silence showed that there was still an open question.

"I think he's dead right, Audrey," said her father, a little uneasily. "You start in slow, and you'll have a chance to sort of—learn the value of things—something that you have never had to think about since you can remember. I'm surprised—and a bit disappointed—you didn't see it that way yourself."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what I think," said the girl. "It isn't a question of economizing at all. That isn't the point. If Henley had six hundred a year and I had six hundred a year, I'd marry him in a minute. And we'd live on—whatever that makes—a month. What I say is we ought to live on my money just as much as on his."

"I didn't know you had any," said her father with a grin.

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He didn't feel like trying to be funny, exactly. Vaguely he had meant to do something handsome for the pair, some time. But this bringing of the project out and examining it in cold blood troubled his delicacy, much as the discussion of babies had troubled his wife's.

"I know where I can get some," said Audrey, not being funny at all, just with a straight and rather disconcerting look at him. "I say if six thousand dollars is enough for us to start on—and I think it is—then three thousand of it ought to be his, and three thousand mine."

"I don't know where in the world you get ideas like that," said her mother, plaintively. "I'd have been just as ashamed as your father would have been to let my father do anything for us."

"Oh, I'd been messing it around in my mind for quite a while," the girl answered. "But I heard a man give a lecture on the modern position of woman, one day last week, that made it all clear. He said that the evolution of woman was from domestic slavery into economic independence. And he proved that if we weren't economically independent, and if we didn't want to be domestic slaves—he was rather horrid, but frightfully interesting—then the only thing left for us to be was household pets.

"Well, I don't want to be a domestic slave. Henley wouldn't let me be, anyway. So what I want to be is economically independent, which of course I'd be if you gave me enough to put as much into our regular expenses as he does. And he says he won't let me do that—or let you do it—whichever it is, because that would seem like—marrying me for my money, which is silly. I'm going to marry him as much as he's going to marry me. So unless we can find some way out, I don't see how we're going to get married at all. Because," she concluded, after a little pause, "if I had to be a household pet, I'd marry a Turk."

"A Turk?" said Holiday. "I don't quite get the idea."

"Oh," she said calmly, "if I had to live in a harem, I'd want some other women for company."

The conclave or symposium, or whatever you want to call it, exploded with a bang right there. Mrs. Holiday tried to voice her protest, gave it up, and without a word started for the house. Even Holiday looked a little shocked.

Storrow, whom luckily nobody noticed, was trying, rather unsuccessfully, not to grin, and Audrey was trying, with equal unsuccess, to look penitent.

"You go after her and square yourself," said her father.

She decided that he meant it, and went, but it took all the rest of the afternoon.

In the meantime the two men out on the lawn were elaborately avoiding the subject.

"By the way," Holiday began, after they had watched Audrey out of sight—"by the way" being the formula consecrated to a complete change of conversational base—"I sent you a copy of my letter to McWade. That's the right line to take, don't you think?"

"Undoubtedly," said Storrow. And, with half a mind apiece, they talked business until tea-time.

Storrow had an hour or so out in the moonlight with Audrey that evening, before they had to start to town in the car for the night train to Great Bend, and Holiday shot a hopeful glance of inquiry at the pair as they came back into the lighted veranda. But their faces told him nothing.

Later, when they sat down in the smoke-room of the Pullman for a final puff before going to bed, the older man dropped a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Look here, son," he said consolingly, "this is no hanging matter. I can see how you feel about it, but—maybe there's something to be said for her view, too. And, of course, you know I'd do anything in the world for Audrey. Glad to."

Storrow's face was not what you would call an obstinate one, but it set itself now to resemble a carving in granite. "No," he said, "I can't see it that way. I shouldn't feel as if I were married to her unless I supported her. You'd have felt the same way yourself."

"I know," said Holiday dubiously. "But times change, my boy. You can't get away from that."

"Some things don't change," said Storrow doggedly.

Holiday sighed. "Well, I don't know. I don't know—Lord! I'm glad I got through this business twenty-five years ago."

"I suppose, though," ventured Storrow, "they had other ways and other notions then?"

The boss grinned. "That's right," he said. "Well, I'm going to bed."

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The next Sunday brought no change in the situation. Nor the next. The two men didn't talk about the matter at all. Holiday gleaned but little information from his wife, and all he got from Storrow on the subject in response to a questioning look or an "I don't suppose Audrey . . . ?" was a sigh or shake of the head.

The pair seemed as fond as ever of each other's society, and during the week thick letters, addressed in Audrey's inimitable style of typewriting, came to the office every day or two for Storrow.

But there came a Sunday night when, as they rode into town again, Storrow, in spite of his abstraction, became aware of an electrical disturbance about the boss. He didn't say a word—perhaps the presence of the chauffeur in an open car accounted for that—but the lightnings were flashing around his head, as it were, and an occasionally muttered fragment of profanity did very well for thunder. When they settled themselves in the otherwise deserted smoke-room of the sleeping-car, the storm burst.

"Look here!" said Holiday. "Did you notice anything queer about those two women to-day—my wife and Audrey?"

"I don't know," said Storrow, rousing himself from thoughts of his own; "they seemed all right. I thought they had pretty good appetites."

"Appetites!" snorted Holiday. "They were hungry. Starving, I tell you!"

Storrow turned a perplexed frown on the boss. Was he out of his head?

"Starving?" he repeated.

"Yes!" said the boss. "Starving. Look here! Do you remember that Sunday, four or five weeks ago, when you and Audrey were reading that fool book on factory costs?"

Storrow remembered it very well.

"Well," Holiday went on, "that afternoon Audrey bunked her mother into letting her take charge of the house—run the table, pay the bills, and so on. Said she wanted to learn to economize. Her mother thought it meant she was coming to see reason, and she bit. Audrey's been running things for a month. I just found out about it to-night. She's had to give square meals to the servants, because they'd have quit if she didn't, but she's been feeding her mother—oh, yes, and herself—on peanut butter and bran bread, and—lettuce! Stuff like that! My wife stood it without a kick until it came to Sunday. Then she said she wasn't going to have me experimented on by anybody, and she threatened to queer the whole game unless you and I were given regular meals. She promised Audrey not to tell, but I noticed the way she was walking into the roast, and worried it out of her."

"Well," said Storrow, after he had digested these facts with mingled emotions, "that looks as if she meant to marry me, eventually, doesn't it?"

"I don't care whether she marries you or not!" said Holiday, whom a recital of these direful deeds had raised to the boiling-point. "I've got a perfectly good wife and I'm not going to have her—starved to death while you two are making up your minds. Now look here, son!" he went on, having relieved the electrical tension a little, "You're taking the wrong tack with Audrey. You argue with her, and it's always a mistake to argue with a woman. Reasoning's all right, to explain what you've done—afterward. But the way to do a thing is to get up and do it. Work up a little steam-pressure. Grab her and tell her she's got to marry you. Tell her you can't live without her. Never mind details. Settle 'em up afterward."

"I did," said Storrow huskily.

His boss — and perhaps never-to-be-father-in-law—gave him a look, and then patted him consolingly on the knee.

"Didn't work, eh?" he inquired.

Storrow shook his head.

"Well then," said Holiday, after cogitating a while, "try the other tack. Crack the whip. Tell her if she doesn't come to terms, it's all off."

"I tried that, too—to-night," said Storrow.

"Well?" asked the boss quickly.

"She tried to give me back my ring," said Storrow. "Advised me to sell it and invest the money. Said she had it down in our capital account, and it was costing two dollars a month."

"Good Lord!" said the boss. "Well, I'm going to bed. And I'll tell you," he added, pausing in the doorway, "I'm glad I'm fifty years old."

Nothing much happened on Monday, except the customary twelve or fifteen hours' work. But on Tuesday Storrow's rapt contemplation of a post-card was broken in upon by word from the boss that he wanted to talk to him.

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"AND THERE—— ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COUNTER, IF YOU PLEASE, IS MY DAUGHTER, SAYING, 'CAN I SERVE YOU MADAM?' TO A FAT DOWAGER."

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Reluctantly Storrow put the card in his pocket. It was written in Audrey's own handwriting, which he wasn't any too familiar with (I have told you, haven't I, how it came about that they always wrote to each other on the typewriter?). All it said, except the address, was:

"I think I have discovered a way out. A. T. L. I. T. W., Audrey."

If you are half as perspicacious as Storrow, you will know that the initials meant "all the love in the world," and the way out was, of course, a way out of the deadlock formed by their conflicting opinions. What could it be? What way was there? It didn't sound like surrender exactly. Yet, after his ultimatum of the Sunday night before, she couldn't be expecting him to surrender.

Anyway, all the love in the world was something to dream over for a minute or two. It took another jangle of the telephone to rouse him.

"You there, Storrow?" said Holiday's voice. "Well, hurry along. This is important."

By the tone of his voice it wasn't just ordinary business urgency either.

Storrow made the elevator in about two jumps, and a couple of minutes later presented himself in Holiday's big, efficiently engineered office.

"Run along," said the boss to his secretary, as Storrow came in. And, as the door closed behind him, "What do you know about Audrey?"

"What do I know about her?" said Storrow.

"Heard anything from her since Sunday?" demanded the boss.

"Why," said Storrow, "I just got a post-card from her in the last mail."

"Post-card!" said Holiday, slamming his fist down on the plate-glass top of his desk. "That's what she sent to her mother."

Well, it was odd that Audrey should be sending post-cards. Odder still that she should send one to her mother. But why should Holiday be so furious about it? He didn't give Storrow time to ask.

"Does she say where she is?" he demanded.

"Where she is?" said Storrow. "No. It was postmarked from Chicago—one of the down-town sub-stations. I suppose that means that she was in shopping yesterday. But why? What's it all about?"

"God knows," said Holiday. "Look here! She left home early Monday morning. Telephoned about dinner-time that she was going to stay in town all night—just a message to the butler, and didn't say where. Well, of course she's got lots of friends in town and sometimes she does that.

"But this morning my wife gets a post-card from her. She says she's trying an experiment and won't be home for some time. She wrote 'weeks' first, instead of 'time,' and scratched it out. Then she says: 'You will hear from me every day. Don't worry and don't try to find me. I'm all right.' My wife's just naturally having fits—been talking to me for twenty minutes over the long-distance. Wants to know what I'm going to do about it."

Storrow pulled out his watch. "We can make the noon train," he said, steadily enough, though he looked pretty white around the gills. "We ought to be able to find her in twenty-four hours."

But Holiday shook his head. "I thought maybe you were in on it," he said; "that it was something you'd cooked up between you. No, don't bother to tell me it wasn't. I can see what you look like. Buck up, son. It's nothing to worry about, really, of course. If she says she's all right, she is."

"How do you know the post-card's from her at all? How do we know somebody hasn't . . . ?"

"Kidnaped her?" said Holiday callously. "It's a job I wouldn't care to undertake. No. Her mother knows her handwriting, if you don't."

"But we've got to find her," said Storrow.

"Yes," said Holiday. "I'd like to find her, if only to tell her what I think of her for running off and giving her mother a scare like that. But, short of going to the police, or to private detectives, how would you set about doing it? If we take them in on it, the thing's sure to break into the papers and then, if she is all right, just as she says she is, and as I firmly believe she is, it will leave us looking rather foolish."

Storrow was a level-headed young chap—by which we mean to say that his reasoning faculties were well insulated from his emotions—and he reluctantly acknowledged the good sense of his chief's observations, and, though the lover in him writhed and stormed and called him names, took away his appetite and turned him sick with

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anxiety, he sat tight and waited, which, as Holiday said, was the only thing to do.

Wednesday and Thursday were ghastly days—the worst part of them being their periodic conversations over the long-distance 'phone with Mrs. Holiday, with the necessity of laughing at her fears and pretending that of course everything was all right.

It rained in Chicago on Wednesday, and Thursday morning's post-card said: "I'm wearing my rubbers. Don't worry."

"That shows she's writing them every day, anyway," said Holiday. "If she'd written a stack of those cards in advance and left them for some one else to mail, she couldn't have picked a rainy day for her rubbers."

This was consoling, so far as it went. But by Friday morning both men had about reached the limit of passive endurance.

"If nothing turns up during the day," said Storrow, "I'll go up to Chicago to-night, I think."

Holiday let out a long breath and swore softly. "I'll come with you," he said.

But something did happen, that afternoon. The two men were pretending to be engaged in a business discussion when the telephone operator told Holiday that Chicago wanted him.

"It's my wife, all right," he told Storrow, after listening a minute. There was a little pause. Then, "She's found Audrey," he snapped aside to Storrow, and went on listening with all his ears. After that, at thirty-second intervals, in defiance of the excellent regulations of the telephone company, he announced in a heartfelt way that he would be damned. This was his sole contribution to the conversation for some time. Finally, Storrow heard him say consolingly:

"All right, mother. She's perfectly safe there, at any rate. You go home and stop worrying about her. Leave her to me. Yes, I'll come up to Chicago to-night. There's no use coming to-day, you see. I couldn't get there till after—closing time. No, don't you worry. Leave that to her. She'll want to worry a little, after I get hold of her. All right. Good-by."

Holiday slammed the receiver down on the hook and whirled around upon Storrow.

"Now look here!" he said, illogically venting his wrath upon the nearest object available. "I want to tell you that my wife and I have had enough of this nonsense. You and that—brat of mine, with your modern ideas and your factory costs and your economic independence, have just about worried us out of a year's growth. And I tell you right here, it's got to stop!"

"It can't stop any too soon for me," said Storrow cheerfully. The knowledge that Audrey was really safe and well, and not in duress anywhere, had changed the color of the world. "Do you mind telling me what's happened, though?" he asked.

"Happened!" said Holiday. "Why, my wife, when she's driven pretty near crazy by waiting around the house for some word from Audrey, decides to go in town and do some shopping to distract her mind. And she goes into Shields' to buy a pair of white gloves. And there—on the other side of the counter if you please, is my daughter, Audrey, saying, 'Can I serve you, madam?' to a fat dowager in a feathered hat. Audrey! Selling gloves! At Shields'!

"She has the nerve to say 'Good morning' to her mother as calm as a May morning, and that if she'll wait a moment she'll wait on her, too. And when my wife tells her to get her hat and coat and come home at once, Audrey says she won't. Says she can't afford to lose her job—only got it that morning; won't tell her mother where she lives. Says she's got a nice, warm room and is getting plenty to eat. And there's her mother, almost in hysterics, and Audrey asks her not to make a scene. So my wife goes to the nearest telephone booth and calls me up and there you are. Oh, you wait till to-morrow morning. I'll fix that young lady."

"I think," said Storrow with a new tone in his voice which for a moment made Holiday forget how mad he was, "I think you'd better leave that for me."

"Oh, all right," said the boss, already feeling a little sheepish over his outburst. "Only, for Heaven's sake, stand up to her like a man! Hand it right out to her good and stiff. You can tell her, if you like, that I'm sore as the devil, and that if she knows what's good for her she won't let me have a chance to speak to her until she's Mrs. Henley Storrow."

"Do you mean that, literally?" asked the younger man.

"No," said the boss, "I don't suppose I do. All the same, if you can persuade her to elope with you, it might be a good thing. I won't be as mad about that as I'll have to pretend to my wife I am."

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Storrow's tactics in approaching the glove counter at Shields', at half-past eleven the next morning, were Fabian rather than Napoleonic. He made a reconnaissance, deliberately and with extreme caution, and if something caught in his throat at the first sight of Audrey, in a neat black blouse and white collar and cuffs, selling a pair of gloves to a pert and extremely superior young lady in a chiffon boa and a hat two feet high, the emotion didn't show in his actions.

He lurked in the distance, careful not to attract Audrey's attention until the pert young lady was finally disposed of. Then, with a quick glance to right and left to be sure that no other approaching customer could get in ahead of him, he walked straight up to her.

"Good morning," he said. "I want to buy half a dozen pairs of white kid gloves —ah—shoulder length, you know."

Audrey had given a little gasp at the sight of him, and flushed up to the hair. But when she heard what he said, an unruly smile flashed instantly into her eyes and lips. If the latter framed voicelessly the words "You dear!" they certainly weren't audible to Miss Smithson, who stood next at her right.

Storrow had never found it so hard to resist kissing her as right then and there.

"W-what size?" she asked primly.

"W-why, six, I think. Isn't it?" he ventured.

She ignored the question, but when she produced a pair for his inspection he noticed that they were six and a quarter.

"If," she said presently, "if they're for a present . . . ?"

"They are," said Storrow.

"Well, do you mind my making a suggestion? The elbow-length might be more useful. One has to wear them so much oftener, you know. Or, perhaps—you're sure you don't mind?—two pairs of the shoulder-length and the other four elbows."

"I'll take your word for it," said Storrow. "I'm sure you know what she wants better than I do."

Miss Smithson, who had been inconveniently near, now withdrew to take a sale down to the inspector's desk.

"What time do you go out to lunch?" Storrow asked quickly.

Just perceptibly she hesitated. Then, "Twelve fifteen," she answered. "I'll come out the Washington Street entrance."

He nodded. And when Miss Smithson came back he was paying for his purchase. She looked after him, as he walked away, with manifest approval.

"The girl that gets that guy will be in luck all right," she said.

"Maybe she's already got him," suggested Audrey.

But this didn't strike Miss Smithson as reasonable. "No," she said. "When she gets him, she'll have to come to the glove-counter herself."

Audrey reported this conversation faithfully to Storrow, as they walked down the street to the restaurant; perhaps with rather more elaboration than it deserved, from a panicky wish to dam for a little longer the torrent of reproach and expostulation she supposed was pent up behind his calm exterior.

But he didn't seem to be in any hurry to burst. He took her to her favorite table, in her favorite restaurant; ordered, without any questions, what she liked for lunch, and then began unexpectedly by saying:

"You must have had an interesting week. I'm terribly keen to hear all about it."

But the way his eyes devoured her across the table, and the way one of his hands, upon the cloth, reached out unconsciously, irresistibly, toward her—oh, yes—and the little trace of a wire edge there was in his voice, too, belied the conventional words. He wasn't "interested" a bit. He was in a state of active conflagration.

She found herself looking at him through a blur and—oh, well, what did it matter?—the waiter had gone to fill their order.

She reached out one of her hands and laid it on his. They were silent that way for a minute. Then she took her hand away and released a long, contented sigh.

"There," she said. "It's terribly hard to be sensible and reasonable, isn't it? But let's try."

"All right," he said, after another little silence, "let's."

Was he the young man who had, inferentially at least, promised her father to stand right up to her—hand it out to her good and stiff and tell her what was what? He was not. He was as regularly stood on his head as ever Holiday had been in the eighties. As an intoxicant, that contented sigh of hers when their hands found each other was worth, I guess, a gallon of propriety-chilled indifference.

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"YOU'RE SUCH A DEAR," HE HEARD HER SAYING. "I KNEW YOU'D UNDERSTAND."

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"Well," she said, taking care not to look at him, because when their eyes met everything else stopped for a minute, "you see, I've thought and thought and thought about it. I knew there must be some way out, because for us to give it up and stop would be just too absurd.

"The first thing I saw was that it wasn't the independence you minded. It was the dependence on somebody else beside you—on father. I mean," she went on hastily, for she wasn't quite so sure of this as she pretended to be, "if I had been—oh, for instance, a talented young lady novelist, getting six thousand dollars a year for my books, you wouldn't have said I must stop writing so that I shouldn't have any money, so that I'd be dependent on you for it. You weren't planning to tell me some time that you were my meal-ticket and that I'd better behave."

"Good Lord!" said Storrow in horror. "What sort of mucker . . . ?"

"Oh, I suppose," interrupted Audrey, "that most men would be horrified by that idea when they were engaged to a girl, and still might spring it on her after they were married. Oh, I know you're different! It's just because you are . . . Well, that's settled, anyway. It wasn't the independence you minded, and the independence was the only thing I wanted. So, if I could just find a way . . .

"Well, that wasn't as easy as it looked. I didn't believe I could write a novel, and even if I did, I might not get six thousand a year from it, and I began to think of other things. There was teaching. But I don't know anything to teach. And besides most teachers don't get six thousand a year—a few professors maybe, when they're old, old men.

"Well, then I remembered a play I saw once, about a woman who got a tremendous salary—twelve thousand a year, I think it was, for being private secretary to a railway magnate—and that looked good to me, until I happened to think how father would look if I asked him for the job of being *his* secretary. Because in the first place—well, you know, I can't spell properly at all. And then I was afraid that even if I did get some horrid man to give me a job like that, it wouldn't be because I was worth it, but because I was—well—attractive, you know, and nice to have about. And that would be beastly.

"It got pretty discouraging after a while, until all at once, I saw that the thing to do was to go out and get a job—any kind of a job—and then, when I had got it, figure out a way to get up to the top, you know, and earn a big salary. Even that wasn't so easy as it seemed. I started out the first thing Monday morning and it wasn't till Thursday night that I got this place at Shields'."

Storrow pressed his palms to his eyes as if to obliterate the picture he saw of Audrey—his Audrey—tramping the streets for four days, bearing up against fatigue and discouragement. And doing it all, mind you, for him! Doing it to make it possible for her to marry him under the conditions he himself had laid down! He felt, just then, like a modern version of Bill Sykes. (Holiday, be it observed parenthetically, had never felt like that.)

"You're such a dear," he heard her saying under her breath. "I knew you'd understand.

"Well, that's all over," she went on, "and, really, it's a good place. Of course it doesn't pay so very well, and I'm afraid it'll take quite a while to work up very near the top. At least when I asked the man how long it would be before I was making three thousand a year, he just looked at me for about a minute, and then began to laugh. But there are women in that store who do make it. I know, because Miss Smithson told me so."

She drew a long, irregular sigh. "It isn't going to be very easy to wait—all these years," she concluded, "but I guess it's the only way." And with that, for the first time, she looked at him.

And he looked back at her in blank consternation. "Wait!" he echoed incredulously. "Do you mean not get married at all until you're getting a salary of—three thousand dollars a year from Shields'? Oh, but, dearest, you can't mean that. Think what it would cost us. Think what we should be throwing away. This is the best of our lives, right now. We can't do that."

She was looking out of the window—thoughtfully, gravely. "I tell you what we could do," she said after a while, "if you don't mind. We could get married now—I suppose I could get a job like this in Great Bend—and live on what I get a week and just as much from you. That would be

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twenty-four dollars a week. I believe we could make it."

"What in the world are you talking about?" he gasped. "That's the most preposterous thing I ever heard of."

"I was afraid it would strike you like that," she said. "You see, you'd be marrying so terribly far beneath you."

"Audrey," he expostulated, "we won't talk nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense. You're valuable—you're worth a hundred thousand dollars because there are things you can do that make you able to earn six thousand a year. A week ago I didn't know how much that was, nor how hard it was to get, and I didn't know how absolutely worthless I was. Oh, it's *true*. A girl like me, brought up like me, is worth about two dollars a day if she goes into a store, and about three dollars a day if she's pretty enough to go into the chorus. I've heard women talk about economic independence as if it were something that grew on every bush. I've found out that it doesn't. But I tell you this. If we ever have any daughters, they'll be taught to earn a living—a real living, the way you men are."

There was a silence after that which, as the seconds slipped away, grew taut, and there was a stabbing poignancy in the girl's voice when she broke it.

"Only, I'm afraid," she said, "if we have to wait until I'm getting my three thousand dollars a year, there won't be time to have any daughters."

The man had his palms over his eyes again.

"I lose," he said. "I'll give up. We'll—we'll take the other way. I didn't see before—quite what it meant to you."

"You mean—father?" she asked somewhat breathlessly, and he nodded.

It was quite a while after that—the waiter having given them up and discreetly withdrawn, that Storrow managed to grin.

"I'm not quite so sure of father after all," he said. "He's pretty sore—about your disappearance and all, you know. I don't believe I'd approach him with that proposition for a while."

"Oh, father's all right," said the girl.

But he noticed, or thought he did, that she said it a little uneasily. There was something odd about her voice, certainly.

Storrow shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "You ought to have heard him carrying on yesterday afternoon. If I'd been a really romantic lover—well, there's no telling what might have happened."

"You'll never guess in the world what *did* happen," said Audrey.

"Did?" said Storrow.

The girl pulled a letter out of her shopping-bag. "A letter came to me this morning at the store," she said. "A floor-walker brought it and explained that it was against the rules to get my mail that way, and I told him it shouldn't happen again. It was from father. It had a check in it for a hundred thousand dollars, dated a month ahead. I suppose to give us time to get married in. He told me in his note that you were coming, and what he wanted me to do was to pretend to give in to what you wanted and not tell you anything about the check till afterward."

Storrow was fumbling for something in his pocket, too. "What he advised me to do," said Storrow, "was to persuade you to elope with me to-day. So, before I went around to the store I went to the County Building and got a marriage license. Here it is."

The girl flushed, paled, and flushed again. "I'd love to do it," she said. "Oh, *how* I'd love to do it! Only poor mother. She'd never get over it. No, we mustn't. But I'll tell you what we can do? We can go and have the invitations engraved. That'll be something, anyway."

So they went over to Shields' to see about the invitations. They were standing at the counter, arranging matters, when suddenly Audrey clutched his arm in a panic.

"I'd forgotten," she said. "I work here. What do you suppose they'll do?"

Storrow grinned. "They've already done it. It's three o'clock, and you were certainly fired not later than half-past one."

"My, but I'm glad of that," said Audrey.

TURN TO THE RUM LETTERS ON PAGE 273

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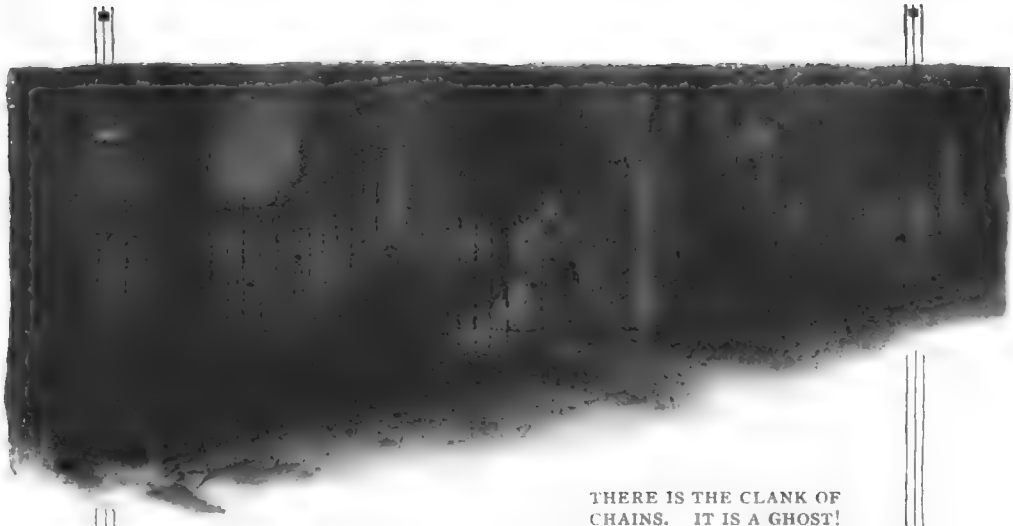

THERE IS THE CLANK OF CHAINS. IT IS A GHOST!

The Fugitive Fudge

by

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FANNY MUNSELL

Wooooooooo! That's the night wind through the old graveyard. *Weeeeeeeeee!* The branches sway, and the dry autumn leaves come swirling down, and the tall, white tombstones stand spectral in the darkness, as the wind sighs and sobs and mourns among the old graves and the new. *Wooooooo-eeeeeeeee!*

What is that? Did not one of the tall tombstones waver and disappear? A stealthy, white-robed figure moves slowly there among the trees, making its way toward the dimly glistening mausoleum, and as it moves there is the clank of chains. It is a ghost!

The iron gates of the mausoleum stand ajar between their polished marble columns; but the bronze door is shut tight, against all light, against all sound, against all life. Open the door; it is not locked. In the crack appears a flaring blue light, and there rushes out the odor of something scorching!

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Open the door wider and behold! In the bare recess of the mausoleum twelve eager young faces bend over a chafing-dish, and the odor which fills the air is the odor of fudge!

Over this satisfied little party Fate, sitting up aloft in star-eyed inscrutability, broods smilingly for a moment, and then she turns to see how Department G is getting on with its work; for it is written on the cards of Fate that this escapade is to mark the turning-point in a score of lives, and so in all the lives which they will meet from that day forth, and so in other lives to the end of time.

To-morrow the Miss Nellie Smith Academy for Young Ladies, and also Oldsman College, will be shaken, from foundations to chapel-bells, with a terrific scandal! Think of it! Six of Old Snooper's prettiest and liveliest girls have slipped out of their dormitories, at dead of night, to make fudge in a graveyard mausoleum, with six of the Oldsman young men! It means disgrace for life!

Department G needs no supervision. It has all its index-cards well in hand, and in various quarters of the little city eight additional actors in the scandal are already stalking toward their tragic parts.

First the ghost. It glides majestically through the iron gates of the mausoleum, and clanks its chains on the solid bronze doors!

Shriek upon shriek! The loudest wail is from little Dorothea Marsh, who is always so unlucky. Roxana Forester has no time to shriek because the fudge is at a point where it must be stirred; but she turns pale. She is the prettiest of the six: golden hair and blue eyes and pink cheeks. Poor Roxana! To-night she is to meet her destiny!

Another loud clank of the chains! The largest young man and the smallest spring to the door and throw it open! There, framed against the black background of the night and the swaying trees, stands the ghost, tall and white, with upraised arms! *Wooooooooo* wails the night wind. *Weeeeeeeeeee!* Then the ghost groans; a deep, low, hollow groan!

Suddenly, in that moment of breathless terror, the largest young man and the smallest jump forward and seize the ghost! There is a brief struggle on the floor of the mausoleum, after which the spectral visitor rises from beneath all six of the young men, and, divested of its winding-sheet, proves to be the tall, handsome, new post-graduate student, quite flushed of face and quite laughing of eye. He is introduced to all the girls, but he pauses as he comes to pretty Roxana Forester. They look deeply into each other's eyes, and the color heightens in Roxana's cheeks.

So far, so good. Fate looks down and smiles upon the handsome young couple. Pretty Roxana has met her destiny. As the upshot of to-night's scandal, he will marry her and neglect her, and she will be perfectly miserable as long as she lives. Such is life!

Department G touches a button, and the next actor in the scandal steps forward. It is the bent and gnarled old sexton. He locks the gate of the mausoleum, unheard by the happy young fudge-makers inside; then he trudges away to where no one can find him—to Otto Kirst's saloon, for a game of pinochle.

II

THE FUTURE FUDGE KING

Enter Bill Peters. He is a thin-faced boy of about seventeen, encased in a ragged overcoat which had once belonged to a tall, fat man. With his crownless derby on the back of his head, and huge, shapeless shoes on his feet, he shuffles up the steps of the Workingman's Lodging House. He turns in at the office, a low, grimy room, lit by one feeble incandescent light which glows a pale orange through clouds of rank tobacco-smoke.

Bill Peters, confident in his wealth and glad that he is home for the night, clacks up to the desk, with a nod for one or two of the bleared and bloated human bodies which line the walls, stolidly smoking. In that very moment Department G plays a mean trick on Bill. It enlarges ever so slightly the hole in his pocket, and his two dimes slip through!

Bill thrusts his hand into his pocket. He finds nothing but the hole. He stands stunned. Behind the desk is a bullet-headed man, with his gray hair cut so short that the stubs look like the ends of wires which have been driven into that hard skull. Bill awakens from his stupor to find the red eyes of the bullet-headed man glaring down at him; then, without a word,

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he turns and shuffles out into the night.

He has a vague intention of bunking some place down in the railroad yards; but Fate sends Officer Casey up from that direction five minutes ahead of his time; and Bill Peters shuffles off the other way. Men who look as if they have money in their pockets pass Bill, some of them kindly men; but Bill has an unfortunate defect. He can not beg. So he merely shuffles on and on.

The dark shops grow scarcer, the dingy residences more frequent; the street widens; trees spring up, grass grows next to the curb; fine houses appear, set back in spreading lawns, and the windows glow with warm, richly colored lights.

Cheer up, Bill Peters! Fate has your card in hand to-night, and it is written that you shall be led by Department G past a score of likely shelters; and, before the night is over, land in the new John Groat mausoleum, and be fed with fudge, and discover an impulse toward candy-making, and build up a huge fortune in fudge! So on, Bill Peters, in your funny derby and your funny shoes and your funny big overcoat flapping at your heels—on past the dim, low buildings of Oldsman College, and the hedge-bound dormitories of the Miss Nellie Smith Academy for Young Ladies, and on into the old graveyard, where the night wind goes *Wooooooo!* and *Weeeeeeee!* and where the tall, white tombstones gleam spectral in the darkness.

III

"FOLLOW MY LEADER"

Jiggs is certain that there are rabbits abroad to-night! He is quite right about it. Department G has just driven one within scenting distance of him; and so the shed in the rear of the Miss Nellie Smith Academy for Young Ladies is fairly palpitating and pulsing and bulging with barks.

The Martyr, in her stingy little room in the dormitory, looks up wearily from the papers she has been correcting since dinner; and something in her responds to Jiggs's frantic demand for liberty. She slips down quietly, so as not to disturb the presumably sleeping young ladies, and lets Jiggs out for a hunt; which is an innocent enough diversion, since Jiggs's way of hunting is to overtake a rabbit and laugh at it. Thus it is that the Academy collie and The Martyr fall into their places in the great plot of the mausoleum scandal.

Jiggs streaks out into the road, and The Martyr, who is thin and flat-chested, but rather sweet of face, follows, glad for a breath of fresh air. She is Old Snooper's first assistant and is sometimes known as Miss Mercer.

Jiggs suddenly gives up the thought of rabbits. In the road he has found the trail of a suspicious character! With his sharp-pointed nose to the ground, he gives a yelp, then he dashes back immediately to tell The Martyr what he has found. He circles round her, he leaps up at her, he barks his news in the greatest excitement, he wags his tail so hard that it bends his body. He is positive that The Martyr will be highly delighted if they discover a suspicious character! Quite satisfied of this at last, he returns to the road and takes up the trail of young Bill Peters.

Department G now gives the card of Miss Nellie Smith a touch. Half dozing in her comfortable chair, at her window in Snooper Cottage, she hears the barking of Jiggs. She looks out. She sees The Martyr, with a scarf about her head and a cape around her shoulders, slip into the road after the collie. Miss Nellie Smith straightens immediately. She rubs her eyes and puts on her spectacles.

Another dark figure comes down the road! It is following Miss Mercer; and it walks with a characteristic limp. It is Professor Blinkett, the wooden-legged instructor in oratory at Oldsman College. Aha! That is enough for Old Snooper! She jerks on her manlike ulster; she jerks on her manlike hat; with her manlike stride she hurries out and down the road, and becomes the fourth in that procession which is following weary Bill Peters to the mausoleum in the old graveyard.

Fate, with an ever-watchful eye on all things mundane, pinches her cherry-red lip, to keep its Cupid's bow in trim, and nods her approval of the neat and perfect work of Department G. There they go, five in a row: Bill Peters, Jiggs, The Martyr, Professor Blinkett, Old Snooper, each one because of the other; and the hour is drawing nigh!

Wooooooooo! goes the wind at lonely Bill Peters as he turns in at the old graveyard. *Weeeeeeeee!*

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IN THE BARE RECESS OF THE MAUSOLEUM TWELVE EAGER YOUNG FACES BEND OVER A CHAFING-DISH, AND THE ODOR WHICH FILLS THE AIR IS THE ODOR OF FUDGE.

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IV

THE GRAVEYARD ARISTOCRAT

Fate, preparing calmly and logically for this hour which is to alter the destiny of every one connected with the mausoleum scandal—especially that of pretty Roxana Forester—gives John Groat a banquet-ache, just as he is about making up his mind that he will confer a benefit upon the universe by retiring for the night.

John Groat draws his shaggy eyebrows together in frowning disapproval, as he recognizes this imposition of nature. He had eaten temperately at the banquet, he had drunk nothing, he had cast a gloom upon the assemblage by leaving early. Yet here is a well-defined, thoroughly developed, incontestable case of banquet-ache! By George, it is an outrage!

He stalks out into the hall, he seizes his hat; he thrusts on his overcoat, and, with his gray mustache bristling and his cheeks puffed and his chest protruded with indignation, he starts out to walk off that impertinent ailment. The night wind calms slightly as John Groat walks into its midst, and the night completely hides its mystery, ashamed of having posed, of having affected eeriness before a man of such importance and practicality as John Groat!

Fate has no need to lead him to the old graveyard; for that is his favorite walk. His is that fine, new mausoleum; his is that superb statue over the pediment; his is that commanding position on the hill, where in death, even as in life, he will dominate his fellow citizens. The graveyard wind says nothing to him as it hides among the old graves and the new. It shrinks down, abashed and timid, as he approaches, and only whimpers to itself. The tall, white tombstones are no longer spectral; they are tombstones, nothing more.

V

FATE'S FAVORITES

Come forth, Bill Peters! The stage is set, and the curtain is up, and your cue is called. Weary with the weight of the coat which does not keep him warm, Bill shuffles forward and tries the gates of the mausoleum. Locked! Shivering, he huddles down in the lee of John Groat's last resting-place, and waits again his call, while inside the care-free fudge-makers laugh lightly at nothing, and enjoy to the full the delicious secrecy of it all.

Jiggs! He comes bounding up to the mausoleum gates, with his sharp nose to the ground, and there he promptly forgets the trail of Bill Peters; for no suspicious character is half so interesting as that sweet hot odor of new-made fudge! He barks, he leaps, he runs along the edge of the gate, backward and forward, with his nose to the crack; he whines and he yelps. Splendid actor, Jiggs; so earnest in his work.

Miss Mercer, Professor Blinkett, Old Snooper, all in most excellent order and interval. There is no stage-manager so perfect as Fate. Miss Mercer hurries up and stands beside Jiggs, worried, perplexed, afraid. Professor Blinkett, stumping along as stealthily as his wooden leg will permit, hides diffidently behind the old elm-tree, to keep a protecting watch over his adored. Miss Nellie Smith slips behind the tallest tombstone on the right, and glares with two suspicious eyes. Aha! Let The Martyr beware!

John Groat. He strides, fuming, up the walk to his mausoleum, and now the turning-point in a score of lives is at hand!

Tableau! Professor Blinkett suddenly confronts John Groat! His love is sealed between his lips, but no harm shall befall yon slim divinity! Jiggs, too, is on guard. He springs in front of John Groat, with every hair of his white collar stiffened and with his teeth a-snarl!

Can men or dogs intimidate John Groat? Preposterous! His mustache bristling and his cheeks puffed, he demands an explanation. He receives it. He is indignant at the supposition that Jiggs suspects some one to be in his new mausoleum; his, John Groat's! He tries the gate. Locked! He thrusts his hand in his pocket for the key. Now is the moment of vast event!

Fate, always theatrical, studies her ensemble. The mysterious old graveyard, with its trees, and its spectral white shafts, and its night wind that sighs and sobs and mourns; the dim grill-work of the iron gates, their graceful tracery outlined against the inken blackness of the vestibule; Bill Peters around the corner; Miss Mercer, trembling with regret that she is here; Professor Blinkett guilty of he knows not what; Jiggs waiting for his fudge; John

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Groat producing his key; and Old Snooper behind the tallest tombstone, ready for denunciation! Aha!

Inside the mausoleum the blue flame still wavers and dances under the chafing-dish, and casts its weird reflection on the faces of the thirteen happy fudge-makers. They have no thought that calamity lurks beyond the great bronze door. No prescience tells them that, within another moment, John Groat will throw that door open, and bring upon them the startling exposure which will change every future deed of their lives! In another instant there will be shrieks of terror, sobs of remorse, wails for mercy!

JOHN GROAT DRAWS HIS SHAGGY EYEBROWS TOGETHER IN FROWNING DISAPPROVAL.

Old Snooper will come running up and fulfil the purpose for which she has been hidden behind the tombstone. She will expel, on the spot, her six most charming pupils, and she will demand the expulsion of Professor Blinkett's six most wicked young men.

The Martyr will plead for the girls. Miss Nellie Smith will discharge her, and thereby cause the ultimate downfall of her own school. Professor Blinkett, his tongue at last loosened by the injustice to Miss Mercer, will offer that estimable instructress his heart and hand, and they two will found a coeducational school which will develop the first suffragette United States senatress.

The tall young post-graduate student, with pretty Roxana Forester on his arm, will burst defiantly through the controversy, and, taking the midnight train, will marry poor Roxana as soon as they cross the state border!

Jiggs and Bill Peters will divide the forgotten fudge, and Bill will pick up the recipe which pretty Roxana has written for little Dorothea Marsh. John Groat will, later on, rent a fudge factory to Bill Peters; but in the morning he will discharge Sexton Miller, thereby giving a now starving grave-robber a chance for a prosperous living.

All these things must come to pass, because they are written on the cards of Fate; and from her decree there is no appeal! Up in Department G the seconds are slipping swiftly by, and one by one the cards have been checked off.

In that instant of pause which precedes the climax of any great accomplishment, Fate, always careful, and never free from her responsibility for every happening, great or small, in her world below, peers down into the mausoleum to see that all is in readiness. The thirteen thoughtless young people are eating fudge. It is

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superb fudge, even though Old Snooper has made it but a fugitive delight. There is no fudge like it in all the world; as indeed how could there be, since Fate herself gave that recipe to pretty Roxana Forester!

Roxana Forester *is* pretty; very pretty! Fate snaps open her vanity purse and glances swiftly into her mirror for comparison. She smiles contentedly. She tucks back a strand of her own golden hair with the tip of a pink forefinger. Would Roxana be prettier with dimples, or would she not? Fate reaches forward the tip of that pink forefinger and touches one of the countless buttons which dot her desk. Instantly, two tiny dimples flash into the cheeks of Roxana Forester as she glances laughingly up at the tall young post-graduate student. Oh yes, the dimples are a decided improvement! Roxana, with her clear, warm color, and her rippling, shimmering golden hair, and her clear blue eyes, and her scarlet lips, and her tiny, fleeting dimples, is ravishingly pretty! The tall young post-graduate student is inartistic standing beside Roxana. He is handsome enough to the physical eye, but to the moral eye he is offensive.

There is no appeal from the decree of Fate. But she may change her mind, if she will. What is there to prevent it? Swifter than thought, she casts her all-seeing gaze down into the darkness surrounding the old graveyard. She finds a white rabbit which is on its way to be caught in a trap. She finds a mounted policeman on his way opportunely to break off a fatal knife duel. She directs the course of the rabbit across the path of the officer and into the old graveyard. With a sudden surge of his blood the policeman throws the reins over the head of his horse, jumps to the ground, and dashes after the white rabbit!

For less than a minute, while all this has occurred, John Groat has stood fumbling for his key. Now he produces it and advances it toward the lock.

Bang! Bang, bang, bang! There are shrieks from Miss Mercer and from Miss Nellie Smith! Jiggs, excited and happy, dashes away after the rabbit! Bill Peters is so frightened that he runs plump into the arms of John Groat, and bumps the breath out of that stern citizen! The mounted policeman strides down into the midst of the startled group.

"What's the trouble here?" he asks.

"Arrest this trespasser!" gasps John Groat, thrusting forward Bill Peters, who has lost his derby and one shoe.

"Come here," says the mounted officer. "Will you make the charge, Mr. Groat?"

"I'll go right with you," agrees the stern upholder of law and order.

"Miss Mercer, what does this mean?" demands Miss Nellie Smith, as captor and prisoner and witness file down the drive.

"I was only taking a little fresh air with Jiggs," explains Miss Mercer, in a faltering voice.

"How came Professor Blinkett to follow you here?"

Inspiration comes to Miss Mercer. "I might just as well say that Mr. Groat followed you here," she retorts.

Miss Nellie Smith feels her nose pinching, but she is just. Her kind often is. "I am willing to take your word that you have not been meeting Professor Blinkett."

"How absurd!" laughs Miss Mercer, and, after she has gone down the path with Miss Nellie, Professor Blinkett stumps miserably from behind the big elm, and stifles his love.

Fate draws a long breath. She tucks back the lacy frills from her warm wrists, and gives her shining golden hair a pat. She has been extremely busy, but she is quite well satisfied, as she smiles down at the dimple-cheeked Roxana Forester. When she has caught up with her other work, Fate will make out an entire new life-card for Roxana, and the first item on it will be a complete and permanent falling-out with the tall young post-graduate student.

By this it may be seen how some people are so favored of whimsical fortune.

VI

BY A HAIR'S BREADTH

Sexton Miller has no more than dealt his first hand of pinochle when Fate needs him and gives him a mistake in his cards which precipitates a quarrel between himself and his old friend and card partner, Adolph Klein. He drinks another mug of beer and starts home. On his way past the old graveyard he hears the barking of a dog and goes up to investigate. The dog is Jiggs. After a hearty romp with the white rabbit, which has not seemed to care for the exercise, since it is so bad for the heart, Jiggs has come back to investigate that

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THIS IS A TERRIBLE MOMENT: DISCLOSURE, EXPULSION, AND DISGRACE CONFRONT EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THE GUILTY FUDGE-MAKERS!

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odor of hot fudge. He is outside the iron gates now, leaping and barking, every muscle in his body vibrating, from the tip of his nose to the tip of his bushy tail.

Sexton Miller stands beside the dog and looks keenly into the vestibule. There is nothing but darkness, and some stray fragments of the night wind which has darted in to play. Sexton Miller is quite sure that he has locked the big bronze doors, but he may as well see.

He opens the gate, he clomps across the vestibule, he turns the knob, and the door swings; swings wide to the sight of thirteen laughing young faces clustered around the blue flame of a chafing-dish! They are making more fudge; and Jiggs is in after it before they are even aware of the sexton.

This is a terrible moment! There are shrieks of terror, sobs of remorse, wails for mercy! Disclosure, expulsion, and disgrace confront each and every one of the guilty fudge-makers! Unlucky little Dorothea Marsh faints; but dimpled Roxana Forester comes straight up to the sexton with a world of irresistible pleading in her deep blue eyes.

"Oh, please, Mr. Miller, you won't report us to Old Sn—— Miss Nellie!" she begs.

Sexton Miller blinks at her. His lumpy face looks as if it has weathered all the storms since the big elm was a sapling. It takes him a long time to think, but he always thinks firmly.

"If I report you, I get fired myself for leaving John Groat's gate open," he sagely concludes. "We say nothing about it; any of us."

They overwhelm Sexton Miller with thanks. Some of the girls laugh and some of them cry, and some of them give him fudge; and the young men shake him by the hand and give him money. Then, with the fudge-happy Jiggs dancing ahead, the girls slip into the dormitory by the back way and hurry into their beds, undetected, and giggle themselves to sleep; while Sexton Miller cleans out the mausoleum, with the night wind sighing and sobbing and moaning just outside. *Wooooooo!* it wails, and *Weeeeeeee!*—and the odor of hot fudge is still on its breath.

They are so happy in Old Snooper's dormitory this night! They have stolen their long-contemplated fudge party, and nothing has happened; not a single thing!

VII

ABOVE THE SCENES

There is no expressing the tremendous consternation which overwhelms Department G! One of the most elaborate and far-reaching plans which had been entrusted to it has not been completed as per schedule! The fore-goddess of Department G comes rushing up to Fate in a high state of flurry.

"There can be only one explanation for this occurrence!" she protests. "It was impossible for any one but yourself to interfere with John Groat's unlocking that mausoleum gate!"

"Quite so," observes Fate serenely, crossing her daintily sandaled pink feet and smoothing her beautifully arched eyebrows. "I changed my mind."

"But, from the time he was born, John Groat has been assigned to unlock that gate at that moment!" insists the fore-goddess of Department G. She is a large brunette goddess, and Fate is not extremely partial to her.

"That's my affair," replies Fate. "Send me up Roxana Forester's card."

"What about the rest?" demands the fore-goddess, who knows her rights; "not only the balance of these twenty people, but all the others whom the changes in their destinies were to affect? Take just one case." The brunette goddess's brow has cleared of indignation, which is now replaced by genuine worry. "Dorothea Marsh, for example. She was to meet a man at home, day after to-morrow, whom she was eventually to marry. The daughter of herself and that man was to marry the future Emperor of France, and the meeting has already been arranged. Through them France was to return to her old strength and become the most brilliant nation in the world! Why, following all these people into the fourth and fifth generation, this little change of mind on your part will necessitate the complete rearrangement of millions of destinies! What shall we do with all these people?"

Fate rises and drapes her classic garments carefully about her. She puts on her bonnet, and glances out to see if her favorite pink cloud is in waiting.

"Leave them without destinies," she remarks, with an impish satisfaction.

Thus at last we understand how it is that there are so many people in the world who do not know why they are living.

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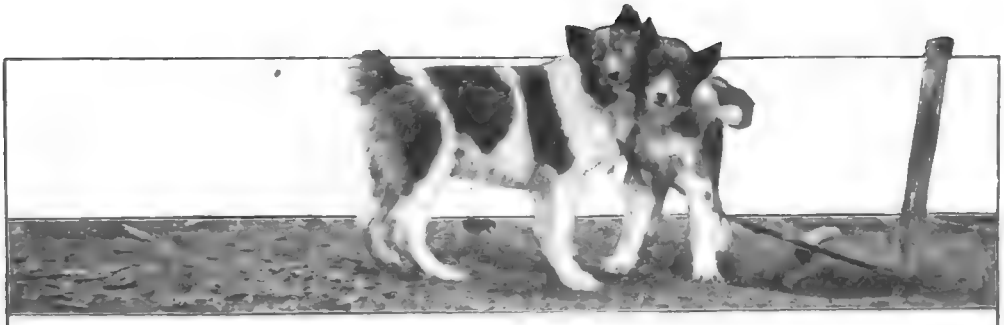

ROUGHING IT *on the* RAT

by

EMERSON HOUGH

JUST LOCAL COLOR.

Photo by Emerson Hough.

THE Rat Portage is a wilderness trail of such difficult quality, of such actual or implied hardships, that it is the goal of all out-door men in search of a reputation. Sometimes it has taken men a year, fifteen months, a year and a half, to cross it. Scores and hundreds of men have partly made it and turned back. It is littered with débris of wrecked ambitions, covered with blighted hopes and frosted friendships, and lined with human bones.

I always like a story which begins with Human Bones. "I go, my own true love," says the hero, "and I shall slay yonder musk-ox"—or deer, or rabbit, as the case may be—"or else I shall leave my bones to bleach along the trail!" (Business of Farewell!)

As a matter of fact, we remain in possession of unbleached osseous frameworks as yet; but for the purposes of literature we will allow the Rat Portage to remain strewn with human bones.

For the purpose of geography it may perhaps be as well to explain that, of

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FORT McPHERSON, ON THE PEEL RIVER, THE EXPEDITION'S FIRST STOPPING-PLACE UNDER THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Photo by Emerson Hough.

all the many rat portages, this is the most northerly. It is not the Rat Portage of Manitoba, Missouri, or Allegash, but that lying above the Arctic Circle, on the most northerly pass of the Rocky Mountains.

You come to it by traveling something like two thousand miles northwestward by Hudson's Bay Company steamers from Athabasca Landing just above Edmonton. You pass Lake Athabasca and Great Bear Lake, and finally, near the delta mouth of the Mackenzie river, you reach Fort McPherson on the Peel. The Rat Portage is the road that leads from the Mackenzie River basin to the Yukon basin—up-stream by way of the Rat River, over the range, and down-stream by way of the Porcupine.

For the purposes of history it may be said that it was on the Rat Portage that many Klondikers came to grief in 1897–98, that time of geography gone insane. It was these returned Klondikers that never got to the Klondike who gave the Rat Portage its sinister reputation.

It is the touchstone of Northern heroism. "Ah! you have crossed the Rat?" That opens to you the most exclusive doors at Old Crow, at Rampart House, Fort Yukon, and other places of which you never heard—doors so exclusive that we opened some of them with an ax, as who should break into New York society.

Having crossed the Rat, and being therefore some hero, it ill becomes me to employ other than heroic speech in this tale of derring-do. Afar to the north then, aloof, enshrouded with the eternal mysteries of the icy North, passing between two vast and unknown waterways of the unconquerable wilderness, and hedged about with glittering, snow-swept peaks, lies the inscrutable, the invincible, the peerless Portage du or de la Rat.

Why cross the Rat Portage at all? A great many friends asked us that. They mocked at us, urged us, questioned us too far; and at last we turned. "Now you have gone far enough. Why does a man cross the Rat—why did we cross it? Very well, we crossed it for the same reason that the hen crossed the r-r-r-road!"

And when all is said and done, I know no

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THE MOUTH OF THE RAT RIVER. THIS PHOTOGRAPH DOES NOT SHOW THE MOSQUITOES—BUT THE CAMERA LIES.

more rational, lucid, and conclusive reply.

The actual truth is—and all good outdoor men know it perfectly well—that all the wild places of the world are astonishingly accessible and astonishingly devoid of thrills to-day. Greenland's icy mountains and Afric's torrid sands are full of tracks and tin cans now. Few wildernesses live up to their reputations.

Some men even now think the crossing of the Rat Portage, the farthest-north pass of the Rockies, to be an undertaking involving great risk. And for some it would be. None the less, you could, if you knew how, take a man across the Rat Portage in a silk hat and patent-leather shoes and not much damage either the hat or the shoes. A white woman crossed the Rat Portage the summer before, by boat, from the Mackenzie to the Yukon; another did the previous year. And they had no special hardships.

You must "siwash it" on the Rat, as the Alaska saying is—sleep little and rough, live hard, work and forge ahead. That is all. It is a lark or a crime, a delight or a regrettable experience, just in accordance with your own temperament and that of your party, and in accordance with the ability of all to siwash it in good cheer.

In our own case we experienced no hardships worth mention beyond being obliged to eat four meals a day and to get up before noon; and our numbers were not "decimated" any more than Amundsen's dogs when he found the South Pole—he had maybe sixty when he began his voyage and by the time he got to Buenos Aires he had a hundred and fifty-seven. We started on the trail as five, and when we came out we were seven, like the children in the Third Reader. We got six thousand feet of moving-picture film, and nine thousand miles of travel; and all of us have had far harder and riskier trips elsewhere.

No stranger should leave the city and cross the Rat without taking a "movie" outfit along. That is the way to see life. If possible, secure as operator a man like our Max—which isn't his name—just over from Germany and with no English except that acquired in the workrooms of an American film company, which is a language all its own.

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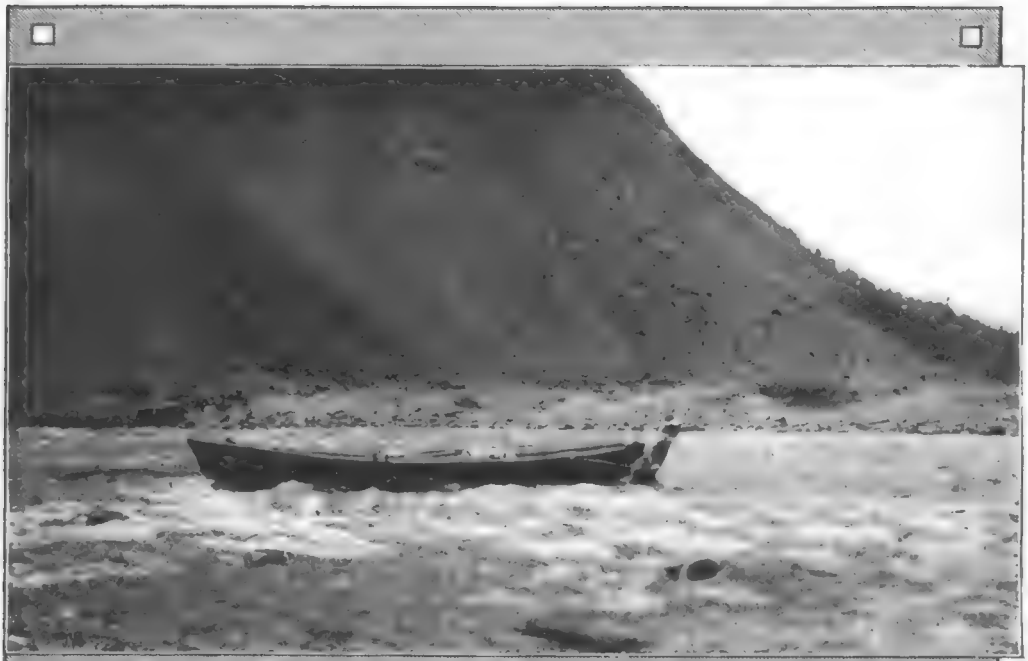

NO ONE CAN POLE OR PADDLE UP THE RAT; BUT ONE HAS FINE FACILITIES FOR GETTING DROWNED.

Photos by B. K. Miller.

MAX—THE MOVIE-MAN.

With Max, to leave, or go away, or start, was always to "beat it"—he did not know any other verb expressing human locomotion. He never spoke of any young lady as anything but a "chicken," or any man except as a "gink," or of a cigarette except as a "pill."

On our northern journey we traveled a time in the company of two good Sisters, Gray Nuns, bound for their missionary posts among the Indians—silent, grave persons, regarded with much reverence by all—save Max. "Come out, Sisters," he remarked one day, "and I'll took your picture—sure I vill. Vat?—You ain't got on your Sunday clothes—vell, go back in the tent then and get all dolled up. I should vorry!"

Not even the densest mosquitoes or the poorest grub or the wettest blankets ever caused Max to lose his unfailing good temper. He was an angel—if angels ever weigh two hundred and thirty pounds and have to leave their boots open at the top even when "dolled up."

Opposite of Max and half his size was the

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THE TRACKERS, 50 TO 75 FEET AHEAD ON THE THIN CORD, STUMBLE ALONG AS BEST THEY CAN.

Photos by H. K. Miller

scientist of our expedition, the most exact and the least exacting soul alive. His life is lived on a schedule based on scientific deductions made from a wide range of phenomena observed over a term of years. Food, drink, repose, activity, all are balanced, weighed and scheduled by his controlling reason. Impulse exists not at all with him, and his life goes by system, just as that of Max does not. Our scientist always was up and packed on time in the morning, never causing an instant's delay.

Even under the midnight sun his retiring hour was unaltered. When we got a clear night, so we could make photographs of the sun at its lowest point at midnight, I went to the tent where he was coiled up in his sleeping-bag, and told him to get up and make a picture of the sun.

"No, thanks," said he; "midnight unfortunately comes three hours after my bedtime. But if you'll take my camera and make a shot or so, I'll be awfully obliged. She is set now for aperture 11, F system, and the shutter is set also—please make the exposure just as I have indicated, old man."

EMERSON HOUGH.

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Possessed of the most precise habits, a traveler who had seen every country in the world, our scientist sometimes found it hard to master the right angle of refraction for a mosquito-bar, or to cut off the bent point of a tent-peg; but personally I don't care, for a sweeter soul never lived, nor a mind more just. Not once did he lose his temper; which is saying very, very much for any man who has crossed the Rat Portage, and more, I am pleased to state, than can be said for anybody else of our party. I never did find mine at all, from McPherson till I got back home and was given a piece of a certain kind of pie which is cast in our home foundry. Then I smiled faintly for the first time.

The leader of our party was the best river man I ever saw, a trader and trailer of prowess, strictly business all the time, not caring for sport, but eager all the time for meat, or anything else for the welfare of his party. He had his own troubles in feeding and finding transport for his particular assortment of companions, but he proved able and admirable, a master hand in white-water, a good camp man, and an all-around traveler. We could not have had a captain more efficient and resourceful.

Quorum pars magna also was Pete, as good an outdoor man as ever stood in leather, a prospector and trapper, bound over the Rat to his home at Old Crow, after a year's absence "outside." Pete had an Indian wife at Old Crow, and when we got there and found Old Crow entirely deserted, he showed a fortitude that seemed to me very admirable. "Well," said he, "I s'pose maybe the old woman's gone over to Rampart House. Maybe I'll find her there, if she hasn't married somebody else!" Which, when you come to think of it, is the courageous frame of mind for any Ulysses or Enoch Arden.

The others of our party may be grouped under the general classification of peasants, soldiers, villagers, and others. In some way we all survived the hairbreadth 'scapes by field and flood which go with eating kippered herring and canned salmon and salt codfish for two thousand miles—and landed under the midnight sun, to-wit, at Fort McPherson.

By consulting the archives compiled by the scientist of the expedition I discover that we arrived there at 3:10:47 P. M. of July 8, Anno Domini Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen. It was we who put the Thirteen into that year. Because, from the time we left the startled midnight sun—which had never seen anything like our party before—and started out to cross the Rat Portage, only dour days and hard luck dogged our footsteps. I put in this last because we simply have to work in some color in any hero story.

The picture rises before me now of those waste solitudes, over which my brave comrades marched so heroically, some of them struggling on the tracking line, and others struggling to keep away from it. I see, or hear, again the beetling crags (I like that word beetling) beetling all around us as we reached the tremendous elevation, among the clouds, of 1050.6 feet above the sea, if the map is on the level, which I doubt.

HEROES ALL

Again I see the gaunt, wan faces of my brave comrades, wrestling with the forelegs of a rabbit—I never saw anything but the foreleg of a rabbit on the whole trip, and note the curious fact in the northern fauna that the rabbits have no hind legs—well, however, I see them with gaunt faces in combination with rabbit forelegs, and am sensible once more of the joint feeling of resolution shared by us all. We were a band of heroes. We had, all of us, the simple, patient, uncomplaining heroism of the kind that comes to hate the very color of the other fellow's hair.

No one knows who first spread the rumor that the Rat Portage was part of a Klondike route. The only thing modifying the heartlessness of that purely commercial enterprise was its yet greater and enshrouding ignorance. At that time little was really known of that upper country, and it was wisely argued that as some one must take away the money of the tenderfoot, Edmonton might as well; so it did, and gave him a little flour and bacon and several beans and a scow, shook hands with him genially and turned him loose on the Athabasca, assuring him it ran down-hill.

It was only two thousand miles to the east end of the Rat, and crossing the Rat, five hundred miles, was only a detail. The fact that the tenderfoot would arrive there—if he was not meantime lost, drowned or starved to death—just in time to get caught by the Arctic winter, also was a matter of detail.

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THE PORTAGE AT THE SUMMIT OF THE RAT, THE MOST NORTHERLY PASS OF THE ROCKIES.

Ph. by R. K. Munkittrick

At the very foot of the Rat Portage the tenderfeet piled up in a frightened, rattled, pitiable bunch, and built a winter city of shacks, tents, and cabins that they called Destruction City. The spot is so known to-day to the Indians. Here they did their best, new in the land, ill, homesick, awed. Some died. A woman or two wintered there. No news came out for two years from some of those who took the "Edmonton Trail." That is how the Rat Portage got its early reputation in the United States.

However, as the after-dinner orator says, that is beside our present purpose. At Fort McPherson we made up our own flotilla, and without very many misgivings began our stroll. We had with us a sturdy American fur-trader, who with his wife and his partner had wintered in the Delta, and were now going out with a scow-load of fur—which, very naturally, they could not ship out on the returning Hudson's Bay steamboat, which is not engaged in aiding or comforting competitors. These had two Indian boys, slight-built, wiry Loucheux, good men and faithful.

Our own party was to have two boats, one a nineteen-foot Peterboro canoe and the other a poling-boat, such as you are more apt to see on the Yukon side—a twenty-foot craft with one blunt end, raking up, and the other sharp—almost exactly like a square-sterned skiff, only that it always travels stern first, experience having shown that this model will track or pole up-stream easier than any other. It is the boat universally used in the North by the lone prospector.

Pete was captain of this ship. I would rather have Pete's health and hardihood and disposition and philosophy than all John D. Rockefeller's money twice over. The Rat has no terrors for Pete. The last we saw of him he was casually starting back, alone, except for his wife and two young babies, three hundred miles, eastbound across the Portage. He's crazy about it.

According to our scientific records, we started from Fort McPherson—that is to say, the canoe did: the boat may have been 1′ 2″ later—at 4:15:28 P. M. of July 17, and

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at 7:35:07 P. M. we arrived at a branch of the Delta streams called the Husky River.

We stopped long enough to catch some fish at the Husky River, for we must in part live on the country. We had now, counting our own two Indian boys, Johnny and Willy, seven mouths to feed, and grub comes high. Our two Indians got five dollars a day each and found, and they had a leaning to butter at a dollar a pound and jam at six bits the tin.

We had waited three days at McPherson for some of the trader's men, belated with scows somewhere behind on the Mackenzie, but no word could be had, and we left instructions for them to take the land trail to La Pierre House, on the Bell River, across the Rockies, a point we must pass by water. We left also at McPherson, bound also for the Yukon by the land route, an odd old American prospector by the name of Helm, who had three fat dogs for transport and a flatcar load of belongings, for all of which none of our boats had room. We were seven when we went into camp in a wet, cold rain, on our first day out. Mosquitoes were bad.

THE ASCENT BEGINS

It was at 1:43 P. M. of the second day when we made the mouth of the famous Rat River, of which I made a photograph. It does not show the mosquitoes, but the camera lies—they were there. We nearly all wore head-nets while cooking our lunch. The air and earth still were wet and gloomy. We were only about eighty miles from the Arctic Ocean, nothing lying between but willow flats and mosquitoes. Now on before us rose the Rockies; and the most northerly pass through the range was visible ahead of us. From the mountains came down this narrow, deep stream, the Rat. There was our path.

It is twenty to twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Rat to Destruction City at the foot of the rapids, where the real work begins. We made it at 4 P. M., not of that day, as we hoped, but the next day! All the time we had been hedged in, traveling on a deep-cut, narrow stream, with mud banks. Now we saw the banks change for the first time. We were at the rim of the great Delta. The forest growth altered now and the banks grew rocky.

We left Destruction City after a stop of less than one hour—and left it not under paddle but on the tracking line. We were wiser and wetter that night at 9:05 P. M. when we had found that no man can pole or paddle up the Rat. It can only be ascended by the "cordelle," or tracking line, and even so, the steersman can steer but very rarely. He can ride but little, and after a time will learn that the real way for him to get his boat along in the shallow water is to get out and wade, guiding his boat by hand at the bow. The trackers, fifty to seventy-five feet ahead on the thin cord, also stumble along as best they can, most of the time in the water, and slipping continually on the water-rounded nigger-head boulders.

We were badly equipped, for we had prepared not for the water but for the land portage. There was only one pair of hob-nailed shoes in the party. Moccasins and smooth-soled shoes are man-traps on the Rat. A pair of moccasins will last about a day, and a nice, nifty, sporting boot of the kind bought for Maine and Connecticut wildernesses will hold together—even under the "strict guarantee"—only a couple of days. I will write a guarantee like this for the maker of my boots, if he will properly approach me.

We had no serious accidents, but the physical grief was considerable. One can break a leg in this sort of work, and one has fine facilities for getting drowned, as one of the Indian boys and myself twice came fairly near to demonstrating. When the boat swings broadside, the trackers can not hold her, and when this happens while the men on the line are making a crossing waist-deep above the head of a deep and strong rapid, it is more or less luck if they do not get swept down with the collars still around their shoulders. Then, as Max would say, "Good-night!"

As to the fur-traders with the scow, they got on for a while rowing two men in relays, but after a time they also had to take to the line, and cruel work it was with so heavy a boat. Mrs. Carroll was game. "I told the men I'd not have them carrying me in and out of the boat," said she. "It doesn't hurt to get your feet wet."

And neither does it, if you keep working all the time, even though the water of the Rat is just ice-water, nothing less. You stand it pretty well so long as it doesn't go over waist deep, then you begin to feel it

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very cold. Most of the time the trackers are not over knee- or thigh-deep, and although toward night, as the vitality lowers and the evening radiation begins, a man not in good condition will be apt to be chilled, it is astonishing how little actual discomfort there is to this work if you keep on moving and keep on eating.

The Carroll party were with us only for one camp, as they could not get their heavy craft on so rapidly, but they crossed the summit safely, taking about twice the time we did.

As soon as we landed for the night—after an hour at noon and perhaps a couple of stops to get warm—a good fire was set going, and a drying pole put up for the wet clothing, and a pailful of tea made. We always had rabbit forelegs, and the ptarmigan were just sitting around waiting to be knocked over—at least until Max fell down in the river and lost the only .22 rifle we had.

It was 10:30 in the third morning when, tired and stiff, we pulled the time clock. We were then just two months out from Chicago. By this time we had figured out about how we must work in the ascent of this icy, shallow, shifting, slippery-bottomed stream. It was strictly a case of getting wet in ice-water and staying wet all day. Those of us who were condemned to this fate did not really suffer very much from it, although there is a great opportunity to write a typical story *à la* tenderfoot, telling of horrible hardships undergone, and all that sort of thing.

Really, a well-balanced and well-led party of good outdoor men could make a very pleasant and mildly adventurous trip on the Rat Portage, stopping to shoot and fish, and making enjoyment out of it all along. It is a good sporting country, and is almost unvisited now.

None of our party, even the Indians, had been beyond Destruction City before, so we were now practically independent explorers. At night we found traces of other explorers dating back to Klondike days; and at several places we found old ax-work, crumbling cabins, blazes on trees, scraps of sled-irons, etc., mute relics of another day, and all eloquent of the trials of a heavy outfit trying to cross the summit.

On the day following, July 21, at 2 P. M., we saw the mountains dead ahead, and apparently not over twenty-five miles away. The map marks "a high, sharp peak," near the summit, and we now thought ourselves nearly over. Alas! we now entered on a series of wrong guesses, mostly based on the fact that we logged only about half as many miles as we thought we did. The men now complained that the water was getting colder. We were getting up into tundra country, and the mosquitoes were worse than on the rocky shores. The valley was slightly narrower, but a series of bars and beaches gave plenty of open spaces.

We struck a number of rude, coarse rapids that showed no respect at all for our persons and did their best to set us afoot minus our outfits. One, at a deep cañon, gave us a wearying and risky experience. We thought we did four to six miles that day, but later doubted if we made over two miles, though we did not leave our cold-plunge bath from 10 A. M. till almost 9 P. M. There are no union hours on the Rat.

AT THE SUMMIT

Then after one easy day the stream got even with us again. The water was icy cold, very fast and heavy, the crossings often dangerous. At 9 P. M. Pete and Willy, our Indian, were about "all in," as the phrase goes, and I was the same. The lighter canoe having gone on, Pete at ten o'clock sent me, at the foot of a bad chute, on ahead to locate the camp, or to find a better channel, if possible, so we could get up. At 10:30 I found the camp, at what proved to be the long-sought junction of the two upper forks of the Rat, which we knew to be on the summit.

Willy followed me later, and he and Johnny after a time went down and salvaged Pete, wet to the chin and about bushed—but not too tired to go fishing for three hours that night for salmo arcturus Petei.

We found that at last we were at the top of the hill, or one edge of it. At the side of our camp rose a tall lobstick, or trimmed-out tree, a spruce broadly blazed and labeled, "The Summit Tree. Please Register." This is a curious register of the wilderness, like Independence Rock on the old Plains, and we studied it eagerly for some time. Most of the names had been inscribed fifteen years before and now were faint. We could make out the names of one Watt, of S. S. Goldheim, and N. H. C. Marks, and the date 6-23-'98. We found the name of Robert W. Service registered, at a date two

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THE MEETING-CAMP, PORCUPINE RIVER.

LEADERS OF SOCIETY, PEEL RIVER.

Photos by Emerson Hough.

years earlier—when he crossed with the Carroll party. And some one, probably not Mr. Service, although also a poet, had written lines expressive of his relief at reaching the summit:

> My feelings here I scarce can tell——
> To sum it up, 'twas simply hell!

We modestly inscribed our own names and date. We tried the difficult task of photographing one blaze which took up one side of the tree. Lo! the name of Buffalo Jones led all the rest, *hors concours*, because it took all the room. In letters carved in broad and deep we read, "BUFFALO JONES, 7-14-'98." I was with Jones in the Panhandle of Texas in 1886, on a buffalo-calf hunt; and to run across his name up here in this way made the world seem a trifle narrower.

This Summit Tree is the most interesting and important landmark on the Rat. You can't describe landscapes so any one will understand, but this tree ends all doubts and misgivings—it marks the end of the worst part of the portage on the east slope of the Rockies. Worn out, we made beds in the open, back of the tree, on the icy tundra, into which we could not drive a stake, among mosquitoes so thick you hardly could drive a stake into them.

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THE PORCUPINE RIVER NEAR RAMPART HOUSE.

I have seen the statement that the northern mosquito will bite through leather. This day, one bit through the heel flap of my moccasin. Five days earlier I saw Johnny, our Loucheux, scratch his instep over his moccasin.

Before we left we slashed open the space around the summit camp, brushing out the point so that any others coming that way might not pass by without seeing the spot. The Rat summit itself is rather blind for a newcomer with no guide. You will not reach the actual summit that same day from the tree camp, in all likelihood—at least we did not. The only obtainable government map is small, vague and worthless. It shows three lakes on the plateau of the summit. Really there are twelve lakes and ponds, large and small, not all connected with the stream, on the plateau. There are some discoverable travel marks, but no lobsticks left as landmarks.

We reached the last source of the summit creek, or left fork of the Rat, with only two portages, but heavier boats would require one or two more, as we could see. The creek in its upper reaches is simply a marsh thoroughfare, lined with reeds or alders. We had to brush out quite a bit, although for some hours we could pole or paddle

JOHNNY AND WILLY, LOUCHEUX BOYS.

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along the narrow, deep and crooked channel.

All around the high mountains stood, framing a very wild and pleasing picture. We could not, even yet, tell where the pass broke through; nor did we know until midnight, after we had reached the next to the last lake, and gone on ahead to spy out the final portage.

It was 6:25 in the evening before we broke into the first lake and rested. As the boat now was going hard, those walked who could. Pete was sure the Bell River pass lay sharp to the right. Our scientist and I started to meet the boats "at the next lake"—which showed a short way to the right. We waited there an hour and at last found that this lake was not touched by the creek at all, which wandered off to the left through the swamp toward the "next lake," which none of us had ever seen before! For an hour or so my friend and I knew what it was to be alone, with no grub, no coats and few matches, on the tundra, with most of our local geography yet to learn.

After this interesting day, in which, instead of finding a plain portage trail by evening, as we rather had expected, we had not by midnight got out of the marshy creek, we pitched our camp late on the shore of Lake No. 2. It was 1:30 A. M. before we were dry enough for bed. The next day was July 26th, and this we set as the actual date of our reaching the summit, one day inside the time limit set for us by Carroll. The latter's party did not make it till August 1. They found all our camps, and the notes we left for them in cleft stakes.

THE CHANCE FOR A RAILWAY

On the next day the boats crawled along the creek through the brush yet another half mile toward Lake No. 3, or Summit Lake, but we had to cut a portage through a few yards into the lake, near where the creek choked out. Thence, from the far side of the Lake No. 3, we hauled out everything and made ready for the long portage across the actual summit of the Rat Pass or McDougal Pass, as it is usually called.

The elevation above the sea is marked as 1,050 feet. The entire course through this winding and beautiful pass, over the most northerly crossing of the Rockies—which ought to be called the Arctic Pass—is entirely feasible and simple for a railway. A big gold strike in the Mackenzie might bring one some day. The men of the H. B. Company, in the hard days before the C. P. R. built west, undertook to lay a tram across this pass, and even cut timbers to some extent. It was the intention then to bring all the Delta goods in via the Yukon and not down the Mackenzie.

We dragged our boats by hand over the three-quarter-mile Long Portage into Loon Lake, Bell River waters, at 3 P. M., loafed a bit, picking ptarmigan and squaw berries (much appreciated with bacon and rabbit forelegs), and made one more land portage from a point three hundred yards down the deep-cut creek outlet of that lake. This last overland portage is a quarter of a mile or so. At its end, after running the boats down a steep high bank into the icy blue waters of the Little Bell, we knew we were over the hill and had crossed the Rockies at a spot few men have ever seen and lived to tell the tale.

So now we had run the Rat, and in good, fair working time. Willy and Johnny, happy at turning back, put together their light packs in the morning, making ready to go home on foot across the mountain range straight to Fort McPherson, over a route they had never seen. The others of us found the Little Bell, our first Pacific waters, very deep and crooked, its upper waters beautifully clear and literally packed with grayling. Ptarmigan and rabbits now were very numerous. The stream was rapid, but not bad. At about ten miles down we struck a couple of miles of rapids, with sharp rocks, which meant wading for us who went with the boats, although the banks could be negotiated on foot comfortably enough.

The water of the Little Bell is just as much colder than the Rat as the Rat is colder than ice-water. It comes off the ice, maybe twenty miles back of where we struck it. The Rat rises in cold lakes and is nourished on tundra ice, but we called the Bell the colder stream, for it comes down from high ice.

Our geography was again all at sea. We expected to reach La Pierre House, at the end of the land trail, that evening, but it was 6:30 P. M. before we hit the mouth of the Little Bell, where a hewn-log sign marks the narrow creek entry—"Rat Portage Road to Fort McPherson."

We made La Pierre House the morning of July 29th, two days out from the summit,

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and long and hard ones, too! At an abandoned cabin on the Bell we found the register of an earlier party, C. H. Burt and his wife—"August, 1912, eleven days out from McPherson, in canoes." It had taken us eleven days also to make this point. We saw also the names of two trappers who had crossed that season; so on the whole we thought the region quite civilized.

Now happened one of those curious trail incidents of the unmapped regions which for a time may seem puzzling. Strolling along down-stream at night—for now we had a short night, the midnight sun being out of business—we saw a pole hanging out over the stream, bearing in its split top what evidently was a fresh letter. By rights, we could expect no letter till we struck La Pierre House, and we surely had not struck it; but here was the letter, directed to our leader, by the leader of the three missing men who had not showed up at Fort McPherson. It said that we might expect them to come on down on a raft, and if we had not passed, to come on down and pick them up. The note was dated, "On foot, tributary of the Bell, Saturday," and it was now Tuesday; and this was above La Pierre House several miles, though we did not know that for sure. How then account for the note on the river, and across the river from La Pierre House side?

It was easy when explained. These men had started from McPherson after we did, a day or two, and come over the ninety miles land portage in less time than we had the other two sides of the triangle, say one hundred and forty to one hundred and sixty miles in all, via the Rat and Bell to La Pierre House. Some distance back on the trail their Indian guide had taken a short cut to the right down a creek to the Bell, found a canoe he had cached there, and had come on ahead and left the note where we would find it.

That afternoon we saw where a raft had been built; and still later we picked up on the bank none less than the ancient mariner Helm, also out from McPherson. He had had a horrible time getting across the land trail. His dogs were so fat they could not pack, and he had killed the largest, thrown away nearly all his stuff and gone on alone, after the Indian had left him. He didn't know where he was or where any one else was, was pretty much out of grub, and had never built or run a raft in his life. He wanted passage with us to Rampart House on the Porcupine, but we could not take him and his plunder, loaded as we were, so we left the old man alone, and a long, long way from home.

He was the last man down the trail, and we never have heard what became of him, and whether or not he got out. Very likely he did. We gave him some grub and some tools for making his raft—an auger and drawing knife. Helm was an old American prospector, a wanderer, and a solitary.

DRIFTING UP-STREAM

We tried lashing the boats together and traveling all night, taking turns at rowing or steering—that is, some of us did. The beds were cramped and uncomfortable—part of the time very wet. I remember waking one morning, after my turn-in, with both feet in ice-water, which had pocketed in the boat. But in this clumsy fashion of locomotion we reached the Porcupine at 1:30 of July 30th. Here we lost half a day by turning the wrong way and trying to drift up-stream!

This seems unbelievable, but the up-stream wind, half a gale, rolled up the waves so pronouncedly that our captain, who rather prided himself on being no chekako, thought the river ran to the left in spite of the map, and so spread all sail on the big bateau to make some "real time." Pete was asleep. I was trying to steer and not getting anywhere at all, and at last turned, as any worm may. "The weeds don't point right," I said, "and the stream doesn't run right by the map, which brings it in from the left, and moreover, I've been an hour trying to sail down-stream in half a gale, and I can't pass a sea gull sitting on a given point on a sand-bar. To my feeble brain it looks a safe bet something is wrong." There was. The river ran the other way! So we hardy explorers tried the Porcupine the other way.

At night on July 30th we passed an abandoned raft that had blue paint on the end of a log. Whose was it? We figured it was our men, and that the Indian and canoe mentioned were with them, and that the canoe was painted blue. All of which was correct reasoning. Late that evening, at the mouth of the Driftwood River, we found the canoe and its Indian owner in camp, and heard that our three men, with very little

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grub and no ammunition, were on ahead.

The Indian, who had been the mainstay of the superior race all the way across from McPherson and down the river beyond La Pierre House, now lifted his salmon nets and came on with us. He was looking for a good salmon stand, but the fish did not seem running in any numbers. We fared on, Mr. Indian in canoe with his family, our boats lashed together, some of us asleep, some awake. At nearly morning we caught up our three hardy voyageurs on their raft, which at the time was on a sand-bar, as rafts usually are. It was cold, they were not well clothed, and they had little to eat beyond what the Indian had given them. We all went into camp, and spent all of a day sleeping, eating and drying out. We now had three extra mouths to feed, but three good men to help in the boat work.

We got off at 8:30 in the evening, bound for Old Crow, an old trading-post on the Porcupine, where we had figured on buying more grub. It came on to rain that night, and then to snow. When my turn came to sleep, Pete got my slicker, which condemned me to the tarpaulin or a cold rain bath—no very good choice either way. Our two river boys nearly perished that night, and so did the occupants of the canoe, which now was traveling alone. And when we got to Old Crow there was no one there, and we had to break open doors to get in out of the snow!

THE HOME STRETCH

It was still sixty miles to Rampart House, where certainly there must be supplies. All the men now were the worse for wear, and had lost sleep, weight and good nature. I recall that I was tired that night, for the night before I had not slept above an hour or so, and had not slept all day more than an hour, and had paddled practically all of eleven hours, so that when we hit Rampart House—after twenty miles of bold scenery along the Porcupine—I was indifferent about scenery or anything else, except sleep.

Rampart House was the present home of Pete, his dusky spouse and the new baby, so here we left him and his boat. We traded our canoe for a long, low craft, thirty feet long and thirty years old, flimsy and leaky; and on the evening of August 4 we pulled out, seven of us, for the two hundred and twenty-five mile journey to Fort Yukon. Here we could catch the Yukon river steamboats, four days below Dawson, and twice as many below White Horse, where rail transportation connects with the river boats. We found the snow, now melting, had put the Porcupine in flood. It is a big river, and fast in many of the lower reaches. We did fifty miles in jig time; and so, paddling four-hour stretches, eating four times a day, and urging on, we reached the mouth of the Porcupine slough, saw the milky waters of the Yukon pouring in, and knew our journey in the wilderness was done.

That was at 9:30 P. M. of August 8, and we had been twenty-two days out from Fort McPherson, on the Peel River. We had brought our boats across the most northerly pass of the great Rockies. The distance is not known, but the schedule would very likely run something as follows: McPherson to Summit, 105 miles; Summit to La Pierre House, 60 miles; to Old Crow, 80 miles; to Rampart House, 60 miles; to Fort Yukon, 225 miles; total, 535 miles. It usually is called "about five hundred miles." It very likely is more rather than less than that distance.

No one agrees as to the length of the rapids on the Rat above Destruction City. Some say the distance is ninety miles, some seventy-five, some forty miles. If you try it, no matter what any one else says, you will say it is more than that.

The Rat Portage is almost as far away as you can get. It is a very tame frontier, however, that is left to-day, sometimes a trifle stupid, and it lacks in thrills and bones. It doesn't take a hero to do the trip. It takes an ostrich, who can assimilate rabbit forelegs. That was the only sort of bones left behind by our party of stern, adventurous souls. Personally I have lost all hope of a Carnegie hero medal since old John Firth, the Hudson's Bay post trader at McPherson, told me casually that in the past forty years he has crossed the Rat summit one hundred and thirty-seven times! What chance has a poor, hard-working adventurer got these days?

NOW TURN TO THE RUM LETTERS ON PAGE 273

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To the END of the WORLD

by

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

AUTHOR OF "THE SORCERER'S STONE," "WHEN THE RED GODS CALL," ETC.

THIS IS A TALE OF TWO WICKED PEOPLE, WHOM NATURE HAD MADE TO BE GOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN RAE

AS THE train began to move, and Liverpool Street station slipped back—back—back, Grace sprang to her feet in the middle of the carriage. It was reserved; Douglas had taken care of that. When you are eloping with another man's wife, it is the least you can do.

"Douglas, we're running away—running away!" she cried out, balancing by the hat-rack. "It sounds awful—like things in the papers they read in the kitchen. . . . They'll read about it in all the kitchens. They'll read the—the evidence aloud."

Douglas looked up at her gravely. The whole conduct of this expedition to the uttermost ends of the earth lay upon his shoulders, and he had been thinking, not so much of the elopement itself, as of the tiresome details of hold and cabin luggage, large "inside" versus small "outside" tips, customs, stop-over indorsements. But he met her mood at once. He had always understood and met her moods. The man she was leaving behind had never thought it worth while.

"Look here, dear," he said kindly, "we've thrashed out all that, and everything else. We've agreed we aren't going to be frightened by the mere names of things. Let's think of where we're going to—the wonderful South Seas that you've always longed to visit. Coral islands, Grace—palm-trees and blue seas and canoes, and parrots flying about, and all those jolly sorts of things. Somewhere right away at the end of everything, where there'll be nobody who ever knew us, and we can have a new life. You know."

"Yes, I know," said Grace, sitting down beside him, "but somehow, just now, when the train began to move, and I felt the thing was *done*, it seemed as if something with two hands took hold of my heart—just the plain heart that one feels beating—and twisted it like linen that you wring. . . .

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Do you think that all the people who have said that their 'hearts were wrung,' for hundreds and hundreds of years, felt just that same thing? Somehow, I never knew it was more than a way of speaking."

"I think they did," said Douglas. "Sorrow's an old thing, and the same thing all along. And you and I can't escape paying our shot, any more than all the rest since Adam."

"How much trouble there has been since the world began—and all the same!" sighed Grace.

She was not a young woman; Douglas and she were much of an age, and he was close on forty. But she was exceedingly pretty, with a wistful prettiness of deep, wondering, gray-green eyes and misty, red-gold hair, and her youth had been reborn since Douglas came to her.

Married young and "well," as the phrase goes, she had passed her time as most society women pass it, harmlessly and ineffectually, with little romance in her life, and small sorrow save the death of an only baby. Then, in her later thirties, this man of her own class, like the rest, and yet different with all the difference that lies between hard noon and golden dawn, had come to show her that he was her man and her mate, and that the commonplace gentleman whose rings she had worn so long was a stranger.

In those days Grace had been fond of looking up the old, massive, green-morocco-bound volumes of songs belonging to a bygone generation, and singing softly to herself the naive melodies of the "Claribel" school. "Strangers Yet" was her favorite:

> After years of life together,
> After fair and stormy weather,
> After travel in far lands,
> After touch of wedded hands,
> . . . Strangers yet!

They meant so much more than modern ones, those songs of long ago, she thought. They were all about her, or else about Douglas. Two of them—what a treasure-trove that was!—even had his name. "Douglas, tender and true," was almost too painful. She liked better the song in which "She and Douglas Gordon were drowned in the sea." For at that time it had not even occurred to Grace as possible that she should run away from her husband. Being drowned with Douglas was the highest form of happiness that seemed to her conceivable—for a good woman like herself.

It was a motor-car that made the trouble. Douglas was a splendid and daring motorist; Grace's husband never allowed one of his cars to be driven over fifteen miles an hour. He did not mind his wife's taking an occasional run with a man like Douglas Pierce, whom everybody knew all about; Grace was mad on speed, and if she would tear across country at seventy miles an hour, it was as well to have the best driver in England to take care of her. His wife's fancy in songs had conveyed nothing to him; her occasional fits of weeping certainly disturbed him, and caused him to insist upon doses of hypophosphite syrup after meals; but they led him no farther into the fields of speculation.

As for any trouble arising out of her fancy for high-speed racing-cars, he would as soon have expected distress and disgrace to spring from his own blameless interest in shorthorn cattle.

It may be that, like many stupid people, Grace's husband "builded better than he knew" in this matter. It may be that, but for a certain accident, Douglas would have carried out the intention he had often considered, of moving to another county and seeing nothing more of Grace; that Grace would have gone on singing her Victorian songs, and weeping now and then, and would at last have taken up her life on the old lines once more, walking perhaps in the shadow of the might-have-been, but with her eyes lifted toward the sun. However, Chance had it otherwise.

They were trying Douglas's new racer, a gray, torpedo-shaped thing that could beat the Flying Scotchman on any parallel road, and that had already cost its owner several heavy fines. They went no distance at all for the motor, only seventy miles or so, and they were just turning to get back in good time for dinner when, at the corner of a road, a tire came off. The motor turned half a somersault, and flung itself over a wall. It was hopelessly smashed; Grace escaped unhurt by something like a miracle; but Douglas was thrown on his head, and lay insensible in a lonely field, five miles from anywhere, with a distracted woman crying and calling over him for a good two hours.

He came round again, sick and shaken, and rode to the nearest village on the back of a plow horse that fortunately happened to be going home that way. There was an inn of sorts; they had some dinner and a

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GRACE ESCAPED UNHURT BY SOMETHING LIKE A MIRACLE; BUT DOUGLAS WAS THROWN ON HIS HEAD AND LAY INSENSIBLE.

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whisky-and-soda, since the wine was obviously dangerous to human life, and Douglas declared himself perfectly well again, and able to take the train. They went out to walk to the station, which was near at hand, trusting to Douglas's watch for the time. . . . It had been damaged by the fall; it stopped for ten minutes, and in that ten minutes the destiny of three lives was shaped. They had missed the last train.

A lady—Mrs. Jones; a nice, soft-spoken lady with pleasant ways, according to the landlady of the inn—stayed there alone for a day and a half; Mr. Jones, as nice a gentleman as you would wish to see, went away on business to London. When he came back he brought Mrs. Jones's trunks with him, and his own. These were all new; Mr. Jones explained that it was because they were going on a long voyage. They went away as soon as the luggage came, and Mrs. Jones seemed very sorry to leave the country, for she was crying a little as they left the hotel, under her veil, where she thought one would not see.

When the landlady saw the newspapers afterward, and the portraits, and read the carefully-veiled hints that accompanied these (for Grace's husband had not yet filed his petition), she declared that she should never, on any account, believe in the goodness of any one again, man or woman, and that she would not, now, trust her own husband alone with a Hottentot. Indeed, one of the by-products of the Pierce-Chambers elopement was an increased stringency of household legislation that made the life of a certain unnamed and unknown landlord burdensome for months to come. But of that small floating thread the Fates engaged in spinning the lives of Douglas and Grace recked nothing.

It was impossible to believe that all this had happened not three days before, and Grace said so. She was a woman of temperament rather than intellect, and at times had a talent for the obvious that would have bored Pierce in any other person. But Grace never bored him. While the train roared on its way to Tilbury, throwing behind it mile by mile the Via Dolorosa of so many English hearts, she told him everything that lay heavy on her mind, including many things that she had told him many times before, and he took the troubles one by one, patiently, and laughed, reasoned, or consoled each one away. When the sack was shaken out at last, as they ran through the green, green meadows that meet the eyes of the English exile coming home, he told her to take off her left glove, and give her hand to him. She did so, wondering, and out of his pocket he drew a ring—a heavy, plain gold band.

"Drop your ring out of the window," he said. She did it, leaning forward to meet the freshening gusts from the sea. The docks were coming near.

"There is something inside the ring," he said, and she looked, but could not read it.

"What character is it?" she asked.

"Old Egyptian," he answered. "It's something that I saw in a book of travel. They found it engraved on some Egyptian love-gift, I don't know how many thousand years old. Here's the translation; read it, and tear it up."

It had been neatly typed on a slip of paper, and it read:

"*I found thee: I keep thee: may the gods give thee to me for ever.*"

"I never knew I was such a cry-baby," said Grace, wiping her eyes and dropping her veil, as they slacked down for Tilbury. The ring was on her hand.

"And now for the end of the world," she added, taking his arm to step out of the carriage. "I can see the palms and the coral islands already. Douglas, is that the steamer out there?"

"Yes," he answered, looking eagerly at the smoking funnel. Neither of the two had traveled beyond the usual round upon the Continent, and the adventure seemed tremendous. What of the old life, its sadnesses, its disgrace, could survive there at the other side of the globe, in the mysterious, savage South Sea Islands?

The voyage to Sydney was a fine one; the ship was big and new, and she had few passengers at that time of year, when every one was traveling the opposite way. No one on board recognized Grace or Douglas; nobody supposed they were anything but what they seemed—a married couple who were rather fonder of each other than married couples verging on forty generally are. They were popular on the ship, although it was considered that they kept to themselves rather more than was necessary, seeing that they were, after all, "no one in particular." . . . .

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NOBODY SUPPOSED THEY WERE ANYTHING BUT WHAT THEY SEEMED—A MARRIED COUPLE, RATHER FONDER OF EACH OTHER THAN MARRIED COUPLES VERGING ON FORTY GENERALLY ARE.

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Something of this came to the ears of Grace, as everything does come to people's ears on board ship, and it gave her the first little pang of humiliation she had suffered. The Warren-Chambers's of Warrencourt were not "no one in particular;" nor yet the Pierces of Leighland. But the Jones's of nowhere. . . . Grace could have beaten herself for the folly that actually missed all the little attempts at scraping acquaintance she had been wont to experience—and snub—during her travels about the Continent.

The second pang came at the Hotel Australia, in Sydney, where they were waiting for their boat. A certain great lady of Australia, wife of a squatter king, was placed at their table. Grace recognized in her the manner and charm of that society she was beginning, unconsciously, to miss, and addressed her with the certainty of appreciation and understanding that had always enwrapped her social life like a golden cloud. The great lady, who had looked her up in the visitors' book, snubbed her promptly. She was not going to have unknown nobodies from nowhere scraping acquaintance with her.

Grace recognized the reversal of conditions; and the meaning of yet another well-worn simile became clear to her. The chicken she was eating suddenly became so dry she could not chew it. After that, she understood the meaning of "food turning to ashes," and why it did so.

"You're learning, you're learning," she said to herself, alone in her bedroom that night. Something she had once read flitted across her mind and haunted her. What was it?

"*Marv, pity women. . .*" How did the rhyme go? Oh! It cut, when she remembered it:

Down the road you've followed there is no returning.
Mary, pity women! but you're late in learning.

But the South Sea Islands (they call them just The Islands, in Sydney) were to make amends for all. And her lover was still her lover; there was no fear of "learning" there.

"It seems a very big town," remarked Douglas, chewing the end of a cigar that had gone out. They were hanging over the rail, watching the wonderful panorama of the Fijis lift upon the blue. Palm-trees were pricking up on snow-white shores; canoes like little water-flies darted here and there; coral gardens, more wonderful than the jeweled prophecies and pictures in the Book of Revelation, turned the water beneath the keel to a miracle of dissolving color. A world of white and gold and blue and green, a world soaked through and through with sun, indefinitely remote, indescribably lovely, but—the islands of the dream? No.

The long, white streets of Suva, oddly bordered with flat-topped rain-trees that looked like a new-art pattern for a frieze, stretched out and out as the boat came through the passage in the reef. Government House, a handsome building with a colonnade and a flagstaff, stood up majestically on a hill. Tennis-grounds appeared, clubs, hotels, massive piles of offices. A well-dressed crowd was waiting for the steamer on the pier. Not all the literature they had read on board had prepared them for this. Where was their South Sea Island?

Natives with immense mops of stiff, upstanding hair were visible everywhere; but they wore nice white shirts, and tunics of cashmere or serge, or else short gowns of bright cotton, according to sex, instead of palm-leaf kilts and wreaths of flowers. A fat brown gentleman, in a tweed suit and black boots, was standing on the pier as they came in. Some one pointed him out as the king, deposed by England, but royal nevertheless. He called out to the purser, who seemed an old friend, to ask him if he had got the last racing papers from Sydney.

"Not much South Seas about this," observed Douglas, throwing away the dead cigar. He had a strong sense of humor, and was really amused at the "sell," until he saw Grace's face and noticed that she was white and disappointed. Then he drew her away from the crowd, and comforted her with a word or two. A word from Douglas was always enough for her; if he had simply told her that it was Tuesday morning, and a fine day, in that kindly, understanding tone of his, she would have felt assuaged, if not consoled.

They went to a hotel again—it seemed to Grace that their life was to be spent in hotels—and looked out for a house, since Douglas thought that, now they were here, they might as well stop and see how they liked it. They could not live on a large scale, for Douglas was rather a poor man, in spite of that one extravagance of motoring,

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and he had had to sell out a number of securities at a heavy loss, to get the funds required for the journey. So they settled at last upon a painted iron house in the outskirts of the town, not picturesque and not cool, but convenient and cheap, and they furnished it from the local stores. They hired a piano, for Grace could not do without her music; Douglas joined a club, where he might meet a man and have a game of billiards now and then.

And life in Fiji began.

Nothing could be more respectable; Grace felt exactly as if she had been widowed and remarried in the ordinary way, and everybody seemed to take them at their own valuation. After a little while they got used to the mixed society of the colonies, and Grace learned to stand an introduction to the owner of a small trading craft without a blanch, and to entertain the daughters of the local publican without treating them too openly to what the lady in the comic paper called "the hotem-bar." They were asked to Government House at last, and were grateful, even eager, to accept the hospitality of the untitled, amiable gentleman who presided there—she, Mrs. Warren-Chambers, and he, Douglas Pierce of Leighland, who had been "very well" with Their Majesties, a century ago and a million miles away.

Then, one day, when Grace went down to the tennis club, every woman on the ground cut her dead, and she knew that it had come.

She made her way home through the fierce afternoon sun of Suva, feeling that the flame in her cheeks outburned the fire in the tropic sky. She had a shivering fit when she got back to the house, and sat wrapped in a shawl, sick and white, till Douglas came home. It was not necessary to look at his face: his step on the veranda, heavy and springless, told her that he knew.

"Well, little woman," he said, coming into the dim drawing-room with its basket chairs and shell and arrow trophies on the wall—the poor little room that suddenly seemed such a haven of pleasantness and peace, now that they must leave it—"we've got to make another move, it seems."

He sat down beside her on the lounge and put his arm about her waist. She did not cry, but she said, through long, painful breaths:

"Oh, Douglas, if we could only be married!"

Both of them knew that they could not. Chambers was taking steps to secure a divorce, but Douglas was not free; never had been free; never could be. There was a Mrs. Douglas Pierce whom nobody had ever seen; she had been in a lunatic asylum for over ten years.

"It might make it better," he said, pulling his mustache. "Anyhow, we've got to go on, dear. I thought of Tahiti; it's a lovely place, and they don't interfere with any one much, there."

"They call Papeete the Sink of the Pacific, don't they?" asked Grace rather dryly.

"Oh, not so bad as that," said Douglas vaguely. "Jolly place, lovely scenery, natives a lot more interesting than these—it's the real South Seas, you know, not half-and-half sort of thing like this. We'll go next week, and hang the old cats in Suva!"

"What did it?" asked Grace, looking out across the shaded veranda to the blaze of sun beyond, where a little sapphire-colored bird was swinging on a red hibiscus bloom.

"What one had got to expect some time, I suppose. A man who knew me came through to Sydney on the Vancouver boat, making a tour round the world. Fellow I never liked, a grubby sort of beast. He called me by my name, there on the jetty, with half the town about, and then, as if that wasn't enough, he asked with a smirk after you."

"By name?" asked Grace.

"By name," he answered, putting his arm a little closer about her waist. He had never hidden any of the hard truths of their position from her at any time, and she was grateful for it.

They sat silent for a little while in the dusk-hot room, hearing nothing but the far-off sound of the wide Pacific singing on the reef.

"After all, we've got each other," said Grace at last.

So they went on, farther toward the end of the world. Fiji lies upon the great lanes of ocean traffic, Tahiti is off the highway. It is found, if you look on the map, toward South America, a long way down and a long way away. To get to it, they had to go round by New Zealand, and the trail was broken. They could start in Tahiti afresh, and surely here, if anywhere, was the true world's end.

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When they came in under the splendid spires of Orohena, in a rose and primrose dawn, Grace drew a long sigh of happiness and wonder.

"It's like heaven and fairyland mixed together," she said. "Let's stay here—stay, no matter what happens."

They went to the inevitable hotel again, but this time it was another kind—a wandering bungalow lost in a garden of tropic fruit and flowers, and overhung by palms that flashed like silver in the moonlight nights. The keeper of the hotel was a beautiful half-caste woman, generous, kind-hearted, and charming. She had full-blood Tahitian handmaids, with long hair flowing down over muslin smocks, and eyes like dark lakes when the sun gleams through. Their voices were as sweet and low as the sleepy wind in the palms; they seemed to spend half the day crooning softly to themselves on the cool veranda, and weaving necklaces and crowns of flowers for the guests. There were a few French people in the house, a very few American; no English. . . .

"I like this place," said Grace. "I don't see what we want with a house. We can stay here."

So they stayed—in spite of certain things that jarred upon the little English lady; in spite of a curious difficulty in ascertaining people's exact names or exact relationships; in spite of a general tendency to pass the hours of afternoon in a golden dream induced by the liberal cocktails served with and after lunch, and to go to bed assisted by a kindly hand. . . .

It was not the "Joneses" who did these things, or at least they did them in a very much modified degree. Grace had always had wine in her own house; she had very little more here, and Douglas had only one or two extra whiskies in the day. And the little extras helped one not to think. One did not want to think in Papeete. It was so very far away from everything and everybody; so beautiful, so calm. Here, in truth, was the true land of lotus-eaters. Why should one remember anything that one wished to forget?

There were wonderful native dances to be seen, and the Tahitians themselves, merry and melancholy at the same time, courteous, flexible, and full of charm, fascinated both Grace and Douglas. The white people of the place called on them, and Douglas joined yet another club. He did not much like it, finding it "too confoundedly black-and-tan" for his taste, but it was better than nothing. And the nameless fascination of Tahiti was taking hold of him. The corruption of the place, lightly hidden under wreaths of flowers, did not trouble, either. "It needn't come near us if we don't choose," said Grace.

They stayed in Tahiti three months, and left it because a rich American from San Francisco, looking for amusement in Papeete, had calmly proposed to Grace that she should throw in her lot with his. "Every one here knows you aren't married," he said. "Nobody minds; they aren't that narrow-minded. But I could give you a better time than he can, and I *wawnt* to; do let me, Grace."

She had much difficulty in keeping Douglas from physical violence; it must be said that the San Franciscan—who had left his native city because Western America knows and likes a man, and does not put up with any dollar-gilt imitations—gave her anxious efforts every help. After getting his answer, he went off hurriedly to the back of the island and stayed there till the boat went out. And by the steamer after that Douglas and Grace sailed forth once more.

"We'll not go to any place where that can happen again," said Douglas determinedly.

Pilot Island is the outermost of the Margaritas. The Margaritas are a tiny, unimportant group which nobody has ever heard of, marooned away in the heart of the great blue waste beyond the Paumotus. You can not take a steamer to these islands; you must go down to a tired little port in New Zealand, and make your way up the map again on a schooner, which may take weeks, and may take months, getting to the little lost group at the end of everywhere. To the Margaritas, Tahiti and Papeete are as Paris to a hamlet at the outermost end of Brittany. It was assuredly the end of the world at last.

Nevertheless, Douglas and Grace did not settle in the little township of the main island, with its mission-house, its store, its bored, whisky-soaked resident, its dozen or two of traders and schooner folk. They bought Pilot Island from the native chief who owned it (it cost them about twenty pounds in trade goods) and took possession of the place, alone save for a Margarita

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SHE WAITED A VERY LONG TIME, SOME HOURS, IN FACT. FROM THE DARKENING LAGOON A BREATH OF COOL EVENTIDE CAME UP WITH THE FALL OF DUSK.

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Islander and his wife, who were necessary to do cooking, washing, and wood-cutting for them. Douglas bought a good whale-boat in the township, and they shifted over their small stores in her.

Pilot Island, as its name implied, had once on a time been the residence of a pilot—in the days when the Margaritas had pearl-shell, and were worth taking some trouble about—and his house still stood on the island's windiest beach, looking out to sea. It was a one-roomed weatherboarded place with a good tin roof and a tank. Young palms, thin-leaved and glittering in the white-beach sun, stood round it, and thrashed its roof with their long sprays on stormy nights. A walk of tall red crotons, kept weeded by its own dense shade, ran from one end of the island to the other, which was not very far away, for you could go down on to the sugar-white sand of the beach, and crash along through the broken coral and the big pink and pearly shells, all round the island, in less than half an hour.

Yet there was space for a most delightsome little wood, made up of trees that had palmy and fronded leaves, and huge, green sappy leaves like dinner-plates, and long, lance-pointed leaves growing round in a curious whorl, and trees that were buttressed like cathedral walls, and trees that had no leaves (when Grace and Douglas came)—only bare branches and glorious masses of gold or scarlet flowers.

There was space, too, for many little lawns covered with soft, short grass, shut in by thick-set trees and running right down to the edge of the lagoon within the reef. Half a mile or so away was this reef, a line of ivory set at the verge of the emerald shallow, and joining it on to the flat enamel blue of the open sea. And all day long, and all through the warm, scented, silent nights, this white reef sang, softly and far away, as only an island coral reef can sing. And the song that it sang to the lovers, alone within its magic ring, was a song about the end—the very end of all the world.

After they had been there for some weeks, or some months—they really did not know which, and it did not seem to matter—swimming and boating and making many beautiful photographs, and building a new, delightful, warm-weather house, in the heart of the little forest, of palm-leaf and woven grass—there came another schooner to the Margaritas, and it brought letters. One of the letters told Grace of her divorce. Another conveyed to her the news that her small fortune—a very small one, but welcome now—had been paid in to a colonial bank for her use.

There were letters for Douglas too. They told him the news of London, and the clubs. They told him about motors and horses, what the one and the other had done and were doing; about who was where, and who had married whom, and who had come to grief, and who had risen to fortune. . . . Douglas was greatly loved of his fellow men; many of them missed him, and more than one had written to say so. No one asked him if he were coming back again, but the question lay between the lines of every letter.

That night Grace dreamed happy dreams; but Douglas wandered out in the wind and the moon, and walked round and round the little island many times. . . . It seemed to Grace next day that he loved her better than ever . . . he was so kind.

The Government yacht from the big Benbow Group, five hundred miles away, calls now and then, at long intervals, upon the Margaritas, to do a sort of general policing.

It came one day when Douglas and Grace were fishing off the reef, and had an excellent view of the outer sea. They saw the thin smear of smoke a long way off, and knew that it must be the *Petrel*, with the governor of the Benbows probably on board—probably, too, a number of visitors, for the Benbows are on a steamer line, and tourists sometimes come there, with letters of introduction to His Excellency.

Grace left Douglas to finish his fishing alone, and hurried back to the house, calling for the native woman as she went. It seemed incredible, but nevertheless there might actually be some one there to afternoon tea. She got the camp oven ready, mixed a cake, and left it in charge of the native woman to bake; tidied up the one little room, with its crossed spears and chains of yellow Niue shells on the walls, and its canvas hammock chairs and packing-case table; put on a clean white frock, laid out a fresh shirt and trousers for Douglas, and waited.

She waited a very long time, some hours, in fact. The sun slipped down the sky; the birds in the wood began their evening calling

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and crying. From the darkening lagoon a breath of cool eventide came up with the fall of dusk. She lit the lamp, and sat down on the veranda—listening, waiting.

When Douglas returned the full dark had come, but it was not late; scarce seven o'clock as yet, and he had not dined, wherever he had been. He was anxious for food, cheerful, bright, affectionate—anything but talkative. He stirred about the house, tidying and meddling with things; Grace could not get him to sit down.

Dinner was served at last, and in spite of his hunger he seemed to come to the table with reluctance. Grace filled his plate, and then asked determinedly:

"Dear, where have you been? And what has happened to the *Petrel?* I thought she always called here before going on to Margarita?"

"She does," said Douglas, eating quickly. "She did. She's called and gone on. I was on board." It was clear that he did not want to tell her, and that only their old agreement against hiding from each other anything that had to do with their irregular position constrained him.

Grace grew a little pale, but she filled her own plate and began her dinner. "Many people?" she asked. "Why didn't you bring some of them ashore? I had tea ready, and men do so enjoy a shore cup of tea after a voyage. And I had cake; fresh cake is a treat that all you men babies seem to like, out in the Pacific."

"I did ask them," said Douglas, still eating hurriedly, but without the slightest knowledge of what he had on his plate.

Grace laid down her fork. "Dear, you're hiding something," she said. "That's not playing the game. Give it to me, or I shall think it's something worse than it is."

"There's nothing," persisted Douglas. "The fellows were ready enough to come; they'd have liked it, Grace, but something happened to prevent it; nothing at all to matter."

"You mean," said Grace very quietly, "there were women there, and they . . . wouldn't."

"I tell you, the fellows wanted to come," persisted Douglas, with mistaken diplomacy.

"And you didn't want to have them—under the circumstances. I understand, dear; don't worry about it," said Grace very quietly.

They finished the meal in silence, and Douglas went out for his usual evening stroll round the island. He asked Grace to come too, but she refused, pleading fatigue. When he was well out of sight she sat down on the edge of the low veranda, under the stars, with her chin in her hands, looking out to the dark sea.

A new truth had struck her that day. It was plain that Douglas had been well enough received on board the yacht; that he had become friendly with every one, had been asked to dine—she was certain of the last, though there had been no hint of it; had, in fact, been treated by the people on the *Petrel* as one of themselves. . . .

Douglas could go back.

Down the way you've followed there is no returning. . . .

That was for the woman; for herself. It was not written for the man. Douglas could go back—alone.

Would he?

Like a small, cold hand laid upon her heart came the certainty—he would, if he were free to do so. Not because he did not love her; she was the one woman for him, now as ever—but because, for the man, love is not life. The man goes back; it is the law.

Well, why was he not free? she argued to herself, with the sea-wind from the sea that was at the end of the world blowing upon her hair, and the island that was their own solitary kingdom lying circled about her feet. They were not married; the vague, happy dream that had haunted her when she heard of her own freedom would never body itself forth boldly in the sun of real life. Douglas's wife was well and hearty in her lunatic asylum, and likely to live till ninety. Grace saw now that she had counted, somehow or other, on the woman's death, if she had really thought anything at all about the future. . . .

It had seemed enough to reach the end of the world. And now—it was not enough. Still, he was free—was he not?

It was quiet within the wide lagoon; the water threw back the moon-rays like a silver shield. But out beyond the reef the surf was thundering on the coral bar; the great Pacific was awake to-night. Was there a storm to come?

Grace, made restless by her own disturbing thoughts and by that menacing sound

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from the sea, walked ceaselessly up and down upon the patch of moonlit sand in front of the house, the windy palms making a dancing weft of light and shade about her as she moved. Was he not free? Could he not go to-morrow if he wished, back to all the world at home, through the gate that was open for him, though closed evermore to her?

He was not free. The truth beat upon her as the surf was beating outside there on the coral bar. He would not desert her. That would not be Douglas.

"*May the gods give thee to me for ever. . .*"

The words engraved inside her ring held good. But if the gods of chance took her away?

He would go back.

If other gods, not of chance, took her away?

He would go back.

Grace sat down on the veranda edge and put her hands tight over her face. She knew now that she must call upon those gods that were not of chance.

"Oh, my heart is breaking!" she said, and was conscious in the saying that millions and millions of unhappy women had said it before her; had felt just that sensation of something physical strained to bursting, and beyond it, that she felt now. . . . One could not even have one's sorrow to one's self; all the women of all the earth had had it before.

Now that she knew, the thing was so easy to do—easy, and yet hard beyond all telling. She had only to write by the Margarita schooner to the little New Zealand port where the ships sailed from, and wait the answer. Then she had only to tell the native boy to have the whale-boat out at dawn a day or two later, when the schooner was due to pass the island on her way back to New Zealand—only to leave Douglas sleeping, and go away. No more than that.

She did it. When Douglas awoke, and saw her letter lying upon his pillow, he knew what had happened before he broke the envelope, and, tearing it as he ran, he hurried down to the beach.

The schooner lay like a loose pearl on the blue velvet of the horizon, far away.

He opened the letter. It read:

> Dear, this is good-by; I can't say it. I have written to the convent at the little place in New Zealand. They say they will take me; you know I was brought up a Catholic, and left the Church when I married. There is no end of the world where we went; there's one where I am going now. Don't remember me; go back. . . .

There is no one on Pilot Island now. The pilot's house is going fast to ruin; some of the crotons have died in the red and golden alley, and there is nobody to replace them. You can buy the island over again from the chiefs of Margarita if you like, for twenty pounds of trade goods, and no one will ever dispute your ownership. But neither on Pilot Island nor anywhere else shall you find the end of the world.

"WHEREVER LOVERS MEET"

BY MARION STANLEY

WHEREVER lovers meet
There is a ghost stands by;
All tender lips that greet
Must surely sigh.

Lover, or friend, or kin,
If any lips do kiss,
Farewell, the shadow lies behind
The body of love's bliss.

A mile hence, a league hence,
Or farther down the way,
One shall go alone,
And one alone shall stay.

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CITY OF MOSTAR, HERZEGOVINA, WHERE RIOTS BETWEEN CROATIANS AND SERVIANS FOLLOWED THE NEWS OF THE ASSASSINATIONS IN SARAJEVO.

MORE CLOUDS *in* THE BALKANS

by

STEPHEN BROZOVIC

EDITOR OF "NARODNI LIST"

EVER since the news of the recent tragedy in the House of Hapsburg came from the Balkans, hosts of my American friends have come to me with questions:

What was the underlying reason for the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his morganatic wife Sophie, Duchess of Hohenberg? Was it the signal for another uprising, another war in southeastern Europe? Is there any connection between the things which brought about this tragedy and the renewed disturbances and difficulties in Albania, of which the American Minister, the Honorable George Fred Williams, has written in connection with his resignation from office? What are the actual conditions in your country and throughout that Vulcanic center, the Balkans, where so many storm-clouds gather and so many thunderbolts are forged?

It would fill many chapters of a large book if I were to attempt to go into details. But the principal causes and facts I will relate in a few hundred words, so that a stranger may thoroughly understand the complicated conditions.

First of all, it must be understood that this assassination on the 28th of June had nothing in common with the Balkan question in its larger aspects, nor with the Albanian question, and will not probably have anything to do with the eventual solution of them. This happened in Bosnia, the most southerly province of Austria-Hungary, hemmed in between Dalmatia on the Adriatic side and Servia to the eastward. It is exclusively a Servian question.

The hatching of the plot may be traced

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back to that day in 1908 when Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was already ripe in 1913, when Austrian shrewd diplomacy in the European concert of nations succeeded in forbidding Servia to extend its boundaries westward to the Adriatic, thus compelling that circumscribed country to trade with the outside world through Austrian ports. The most active and successful factor in this move in Balkan politics was the assassinated Prince Francis Ferdinand, and his success in forbidding Servia access to the sea was probably the initial cause of his terrible death.

The young Prince was killed by a subject of his own government, not a Servian from Servia, but a Servian from Bosnia, a country taken from the Turks by Austria in 1878 and annexed thirty years later. Even after the Austrian occupation of 1878, the Servians of Bosnia and Herzegovina were anxious to be united with the Servian kingdom. Already in 1900 the Servian papers were laying much stress on the fact that those two countries were once a part of Servia, and were insisting that they would some day again be annexed. The same thought at this time was taking deep root among the Servian residents under the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and the fire was steadily fanned by agitators coming over the border from Servia.

THE ASSASSINATION OF 1903

Here we must recall the assassination of the Servian King Alexander and Queen Draga in their own palace in Belgrade, the capital of Servia, in 1903—one of the most spectacular and bloody tragedies of royalty in recent centuries. This pair belonged to the Obenovich dynasty, who were always on good terms with the Austrian reigning house. The cause of their assassination was really the fact that they were too much pro-Austrian.

Alexander was succeeded by King Peter, a descendant of the Kara-Georgevich dynasty. From that day we note a constantly increasing agitation in Servia proper and on the part of the Servians in Austria, especially in Bosnia and Herzegovina, where they were so predominant. In 1908, with the annexation of these provinces to Austria finally consummated, all the work of the agitators was lost, and the two countries were brought to the brink of war. Diplomacy thereupon used its pressure on Servia to avert conflict. The Servians could not under the circumstances have relied on Russia, their natural ally, for any help, since the latter country was just healing the wounds of the Russo-Japanese war.

The Servians in Bosnia had been so far inspired by the agitators to the demand that Bosnia and Herzegovina should be a part of Servia, that they were already prognosticating a larger Servia, which, united with Bulgaria, should occupy the entire Balkan peninsula from the Ægean Sea to the Adriatic, with the exception of Greece.

To this Servian dream of wider nationality Crown Prince Francis Ferdinand was the visible stumbling-block. It was his ambition to unite all the Slavic provinces of Austria, the southeasterly region along the Adriatic, and reform Austria-Hungary from a dual into a triad government—that is, the third part of the monarchy should comprise Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Istria, and Krain, as an equal factor with Hungary and Austria under the same crown. Actuated by this dream of his own, the assassinated Crown Prince used all his influence to form the new Kingdom of Albania, in order to close the doors of the Adriatic Sea to the Servians forever.

THE ANTI-AUSTRIA ORGANIZATION

Behind the young murderer Gabre Princip, who is only eighteen years old, and behind the bomb-thrower Gabrilovich who attempted the assassination an hour earlier, stood an entire organization, the aim of which was to destroy this Man of the Iron Hand, heir to the throne, and enemy of the propaganda of the Servian Nationalists. The headquarters of this organization is in Servia, but it works through its agitators chiefly in the Austro-Hungarian provinces.

It is very doubtful whether the Servians will gain anything through this assassination; for in Bosnia and Herzegovina, as well as in Hungary to-day, there are several different elements who are not desirous of uniting with the Servians. Indeed, on the contrary, they are definitely against Servia and prefer the Austro-Hungarian sovereignty. Bosnia and Herzegovina have about 1,800,000 inhabitants. Of these there are 750,000 members of the Orthodox Greek faith, calling themselves of Servian

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nationality. There are also 450,000 Croatian Catholics and 600,000 Moslems.

Of the 750,000 Servians, I doubt if there is barely one-third that would like to belong to Servia. As for the Croatians and Moslems, I do not believe there is one who is favorable to Servia.

Another fact must also be taken into consideration: the Croatians have certain rights over Bosnia and Herzegovina, which were once parts of the Croatian Kingdom, and Austria could not under the circumstances part with these two provinces without stirring up a revolution on the part of the Croatians and Slovenians.

The assassination at Sarajevo will probably teach the Austrian diplomats to hurry with their internal reorganization and change the present dual government into the triangular form, giving the Slavs in Austria the same rights as those now enjoyed by the Hungarians. This accomplished, the Balkan question will take care of itself.

CONSIDER SEPTEMBER!

George Bernard Shaw
(Yes indeed—G. B. S. himself.)

George Randolph Chester
(Than-whomest of story-tellers.)

Zona Gale
(A short name with a wide audience.)

Parker Fillmore
(Positively the best of his Irish stories.)

AND
Shucks! There isn't any more room.

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MEXICO

ARMY HOUSEKEEPING

By

FREDERICK PALMER

AUTHOR OF "WITH KUROKI IN MANCHURIA," "THE LAST SHOT," ETC.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN you are seated ready to see a show, a wait of ten minutes before it begins seems longer than a whole evening spent on the porch after dinner, chatting with the other members of the family and reading the evening paper. There was not an American on the way to Vera Cruz at the end of April who was not afraid that he would reach the theatre late. Once he had arrived, he shared the impatience of the rest of the audience. He wanted the war to start immediately, as any accommodating war ought to, without consulting a mere President of the United States.

Everybody had read the cast, and all the corset and gum advertisements on the program. The last bars of the overture were finished. In another instant the footlights would flash as the lights of the auditorium went out. Instead of a firing-line rushing in from the wings, a stage-manager, a plain, commonplace, peaceful stage-manager, appeared. He began talking in the accents of Latin diplomacy: The performance was postponed. It might begin in a year, or never, or even to-morrow. With this comforting assurance he started for Niagara Falls—which is a cool place for waiting.

Meanwhile, the army and marine-corps members of the audience were tied to their chairs and told to remain in the theatre at his pleasure.

The army came for war, and there is no

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war. The newspaper men came for news, and there is no news. The refugees came to return, in the wake of an avenging column of soldiers, to their properties and employments in the interior; and they have to join the correspondents in their listless pose over the chair-backs of the Portales. The reason that nothing happens is that nothing ought to happen when six thousand soldiers and marines are policing Vera Cruz and giving it the best government that it ever had. What should be orderly, if not an army in time of peace?

We have a slice of the army here; only a small slice, but sufficiently large for observation of its character. We pay a hundred millions for our army, which is quite a sum of money. The average American knows that large numbers of his fellow-citizens—about sixty-five thousand in time of peace—serve as soldiers at $17.50 a month; and he knows that certain other fellow-citizens, who are commissioned officers, command and direct this force, holding their commissions in active service until they reach the retiring age at sixty-three, unless they are court-martialed and dismissed from the service for misconduct.

But in only rare instances has he ever seen a regiment in a skirmish-line or an awkward squad at drill. Otherwise the processes of that force which goes on preparing for war in quiet times is as much a matter of mystery to him as how plays or movies are made.

When danger threatens, the army suddenly gets the spot-light. Everybody asks tensely, while the scare-head lines spread across the columns of the first page: Is the army ready? Is it all right?

In return for a few minutes' walk from the Portales, you may find the army at home; you may know how it lives and works.

Horse, foot, and guns—these are the branches of the army as they were in Napoleon's time; to which we add, besides the signal corps, in these days of typhoid prophylactics, mosquito wars, vaccination, and microscopic tests, the men of the medical corps who keep the soldier well.

First we shall have a look at the two troops of cavalry under Captain Meyers.

The horses stand soldier-like along the picket-line in a cocoanut grove, with the flecks of sun through the palm fronds making glistening patches on their sleek coats. Only one has died, and this one from the journey on the transport; and not a single horse ill. Every officer and man will tell you this as soon as you meet him. And back of the horses are the lines of saddles, as shipshape as the gear aboard the

LINING UP ON THE GRUB-LINE FOR PORK AND BEANS.

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battleships in the roadstead; the troopers in their tents near-by; and beyond, to complete the family, the tents of the officers.

The cavalry changes little, thanks to the fact of the horse. A cavalryman remains primarily a mounted man as he was in Sheridan's or Stuart's or Light Horse Harry Lee's day. If you are to be a soldier at $17.50 a month, the lazy man may ask, why not be an infantryman and cut out the stable duties, which are reputed not to be pleasant? But no cavalryman takes that view. You will understand why if you have ever felt a cavalry horse under you—a living part of your intelligence in evolutions.

THE BUNCH WITH THE "PEP"

What does that walk-a-heap infantryman know about a horse? To the cavalryman he is like the landlubber to the sailor: a plodder outside the romance of life. The cavalryman's horse is his vehicle; a breathing machine which is the object of his tender care—if he is a good cavalryman. If he is not, Uncle Sam does not want to spend money in mounting him. His horse, the medical men say, gives the cavalryman something to think about besides himself, keeps him occupied; and you notice the therapeutic result in the sick reports.

For a hearty welcome in camp, commend me to the cavalry, where the messes have the atmosphere of hunt breakfasts or cowboys around the chuck wagon. Sit down at troopers' camp-fire and you are immediately one of the gang, particularly if you like horses—because they are horses, no matter how much care they require. There is a fellowship among officers and men which the comradeship of the horse brings; a liveliness of spirit, a dash of the "pep," which suggests the jingle of spurs.

Promotion may be slow—but don't forget that they are the cavalry; the men who ride; who grin as they trot past the "dough-boys" kneading the mud; who sweep around the enemy's flank and dismount to act as infantry; who scout along the roads like swift-moving, sensitive fingers of an army's body, to flush the enemy's strength and return to tell the infantry what they have to face, with maps already made if the staff has none on file.

"Now Sergeant Doherty," said Captain Read, as he introduced me to one of his sergeants, "says he is going to quit the service and try civil life when he gets his discharge next month."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant.

The sergeant had a pretty square jaw and a pretty keen eye. He looked as if he would soon be making a good deal more than a sergeant's pay in civil life, though he had worked his way up in the army to sixty dollars a month, with Uncle Sam furnishing him bed and board.

Captain Read gave the sergeant a look of pained reproach such as he might give a backslider from the throne of grace. A good cavalry sergeant is not grown on every bush; and even when he is grown, he takes a lot of training.

"But he'll not," declared the captain, turning to me. "I know. He'll go home and loaf around for two or three weeks, seeing the folks, and then he'll have the homesick feeling. He'll hear the horses munching on the picket-line and the bugle calling boots and saddles, and he'll be right back with the old Sixth."

"No, sir. I'm out of it for good," the sergeant said; but I noted something in his tone which promised to make it hard for him to give up boots and saddles forever.

THE "DOUGH-BOYS"

Over at the headquarters of a battalion of the Seventh Infantry, a few hundred yards away, however, this boots and saddles business had no more appeal than a string of Sanskrit verbs. There we enter the world of the "dough-boys," of the body, bowels, and legs of the army; of the men with their packs and rifles, asking no means of locomotion except those of nature; of the men who blaze out death from the long firing-line; who take and hold strategic positions, and regard the other branches as fringe and trimmings.

We shall make our visit in highly critical company, that of Major Dade, Inspector-General of the Expeditionary Forces. Majors and captains and sergeants inspect in turn; and he inspects everybody.

The battalion occupies a match factory and yard which is like a court, enclosed from the street, as is the fashion in yards in Latin-American countries. At one corner of the court is a roof over a skeleton support, enclosing screens for walls, with a camp-stove at the end, where the cooks preside and send the food to the mess-tables,

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PART OF THE WAR ON THE MOSQUITO. A BUNCH OF MEXICAN LABORERS READY TO START IN ON JOB OF DRAINING THE SWAMP-LANDS AROUND VERA CRUZ.

free from the imprint of any fly's foot. Major Ely, the battalion commander, who receives the inspector, calls attention to a little pond of water in the court which was left by the heavy rain of the previous night.

"We're getting some earth to fill that in —then we will be perfectly dry," says Ely. Instantly the inspector's eye lights on the spot. Score one for Ely.

There follows a little discussion about the kitchen. Instead of putting the pipe through the roof, wouldn't it have been better for the comfort of the cooks and the men at table to have carried off the heat of the stove through a ventilator? A small detail this; but the attention to detail, with its routine drudgery, is as essential to an army's efficiency as to a department store's.

In turn the companies are formed in the courtyard. The crowns of their campaign hats make a faint slant, from the tallest man at one end of the line to the shortest at the other. There is no dress-parade finish in the effect. Their comfortable, loose-fitting shirts conceal, rather than emphasize, their sturdiness. Rigid, with eyes straight ahead, they await the fly-specking. Each man for a few seconds is the only man in the world to Major Dade, while a clerk in attendance is ready to make note of his criticisms for his report. He is fastidiously critical about the rifles. For all the detail of the army is built around the efficient action of the rifle, by which battles are won or lost. Detection of any rust in the mechanism, or any sign that it may get out of order, and the Major takes the rifle himself for a closer examination.

And this is only parade inspection. The men break ranks and hasten back to the big factory building, which is their barracks and their home in Vera Cruz. There isn't any room here for taking dancing-lessons. The floor is a field of cots in lines, with just enough room between them for a man to stand. His field cot is the soldier's bed, sofa, chair and library table.

Draped on the framework over the cots for the day is the mosquito-netting which keeps the Stegomyia and his malaria-charged proboscis out when it is lowered at night. Arrayed on the canvas is all the occupant's equipment and belongings, his shelter tent, his blankets, his waterproof, intrenching spade, mess-kit, mosquito-net head-covering, his extra pair of shoes and his socks—everything which makes an infantry ready to take the road immediately.

Every man of the company to be inspected stands in his place in the aisle, with

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MEXICANS COMING ALONG THE SEASHORE ARE STOPPED AND EXAMINED FOR CONCEALED WEAPONS BEFORE THEY ARE ALLOWED TO PASS.

his metal identification-tag, which hangs around his neck like a scapula, pulled out between the buttons of his shirt. His name is on the tag. There will be no unknowns in the casualty lists in case of battle.

As I followed Major Dade I began to appreciate that I could inspect about one company while he was inspecting a dozen. While I had to count off each article with one-two-three deliberation, he knew at a glance if anything were missing. He was particularly keen on socks and shoes. The soldier's feet carry him on the weary march; they take the rifle to the firing-line.

If the shoes on the cot were in doubtful condition, the inspector took them up and looked them over as carefully as if they were eighteen-karat diamonds; if the shoes on the soldier's feet appeared too worn, he was told to hold up a foot to allow scrutiny of the soles. Uncle Sam gives his men a clothing allowance, but they are not allowed to save money on it by too much economy.

Even in the most flagrant cases of socks or shoes, Major Dade did not raise his voice above a conversational tone. There have been days and there have been officers in the army who would have grown oratorical over a missing pair of socks. But the 'scare-'em-to-death' martinet's bruskness has gone out of fashion. It does not make good soldiers of the young Americans of our time.

"Something always goes wrong," said one of the captains after the inspection was over. "This time one man was without his metal tag."

"Was that really pretty bad?" I asked.

"Yes, certainly. And one of the bandsmen failed to show up in his place. It's the confounded musical temperament. You can't make bandsmen military."

And what has all this fly-specking to do with fighting? you ask. For the public only thinks of an army as fighting. And truly the inspection did make a lot of grown men —potential heroes—seem like schoolboys in the presence of a master. But the sharpshooters' medals on their breasts reminded you of another kind of detail—that of the target range and skirmish firing. They do not seem schoolboys to you if you have ever lain behind them on the firing-line and heard bullets from an enemy singing by, and seen those shoulders of olive-drab pour a steady and accurate fire which stopped that nasty hissing over your head. And not schoolboys when they rise to the charge.

If they are to keep well and fight well, all this routine is necessary, the officers tell you: modern war is not heroics, but work

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CONVALESCENTS IN THE COURT OF THE "COLLEGIO PREPARATORIO." SOME OF THESE MEN HAVE BEEN PRETTY ILL, BUT THEY ARE NOW ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY.

and preparation. Courage is never wanting in red-blooded men, but the skill that directs it comes only with training. Some one has to submit to the drudgery if we are to have a regular army worth having.

But the real arm of the service is the guns —all the gunners say so. The aristocratic, exclusive guns! As between field-guns and mountain-guns, why the mountain-guns are the thing. All the mountain-gunners say so. As we have no field-guns at Vera Cruz to dispute the contention, it must be true.

I am sorry Colonel Berry of the mountain-guns insists on getting so moody at intervals. He is worried lest he has an officer who does not know how to shoot. He should cheer up and consider that a little thing like that would not worry Huerta at all. He is depressed, too, because he was not allowed to bring all the necessary transportation for his batteries from Galveston to take field for a long hike.

In fact, Funston's whole command was sent to Vera Cruz short of transportation. It is possible that there was method in this. Woodrow Wilson may have thought it the one sure way of keeping expeditionary forces from becoming forces of pursuit in case of an attack, and going all the way to Mexico City before they could be stopped.

If the navy took a town when it was ordered to take a custom-house, why should not the army take a capital if some of the Huertistas began firing off their rifles? I guess we soldiers can show as much spirit as you sailors—only give us a chance.

Then the curtain would be up; the play begun. That line of pack-mules which the colonel commands, instead of circling around the suburbs, would continue right on along the road which Scott took when he went after Santa Anna. Only innocent-looking, hollow pieces of steel would interfere with the impression that they were bound up-country to set up a mechanical plant. But make no mistake. The freight which the mules carry is organized, concentrated, quick-on-the-trigger, explosive hell. A word of command, and for an instant all seems confusion. But apparent disorder is the last word in order. Without your realizing what has happened—it is all a kind of taking-a-rabbit-out-of-the-hat business—this machinery on the mules' backs becomes the parts set around that hollow tube of steel which is a gun.

The Colonel has only a battalion plus two extra guns, a major's command, which is in this case Irwin's, if we are going to mention names. To you they are simply a major and

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a colonel, though one day their names might be in all the dispatches. In that case they would remain the same colonel and the same major.

These gunners are men of character. They have the air of men who know their jobs without bothering to brag about it. There will be no ifs, buts and ands in giving a range, and no loose traces when they are around. There is a conspicuous absence of avoirdupois about their waists—fat does not go with mobility. If efficiency is judged by slimness, I don't know but the honors go to the veterinarian. A mighty man is he—compared to the doctors of the humans in the battalion, for he looks after the health of the mules, which are to the guns what the feet are to the infantry. If you want to see him in action, tie to the picket-line a native horse not yet submitted to the Mallein test for glanders. Only, the sentries would not let you do anything of the sort.

While we are on the subject, I will tell you a little secret about the field-artillery officers. They had their choice: they might have gone to the coast-artillery, where they would live next door to the big coast cities. Rather than forts on fair harbors and the luxuries of town, they chose isolated frontier posts; they chose the spirited leadership of guns which leave a trail of dust along the road behind the thunder of hoofs. Thus the field-artillery really has a title to aristocracy—the finest kind of aristocracy—which loves its work for the work's sake. The men share the quality of the officers. They get it by sheer association and absorption—this pride of corps which is the life-giving strength of any organization.

THE FREIGHT THESE MULES CARRY IS CONCENTRATED, QUICK-ON-THE-TRIGGER, EXPLOSIVE HELL.

Colonel Berry, who has the quiet, studious manner of a college dean, though he is boss of the concentrated hell-fire machine, would not be a real soldier if he had not looked in the direction of the snow-crowned Orizaba on clear mornings and imagined his shrapnel bursting a hail of projectiles on a real target as he supported an infantry charge. For such an hour as this the drill, drill, drill, and the gunnery classes grind on. The life of the regular is like that of a ball nine which prepares for a world series set for an indefinite date; prepares as earnestly as if it expected the test to-morrow.

Take the easy view that war is but a remote possibility and laxity breeds inefficiency and dry-rot. The state of the foreign men-of-war in the harbor tells which European countries take the easy view. Certainly the German and the English do not. War to them is ever a proximate reality. There is a story of how, recently, a Spanish cruiser in Caribbean waters, whose captain had not had his gun-turrets turned for three months. He was quite vexed to find, when he had an energetic moment, that they refused to move. Still he was not as depressed as Colonel Berry over a battery officer who failed to spot the range at the first go-off.

Any news? Any news? The question seems to beat in the heat-waves on dry days and patter with rain-drops on wet days. If there were any news the Signal Corps

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would not be long in telling it. This city of an army's life within a city's life has its own telephone system, which is of its very living existence—its nerves of communication. From the portable field-boxes, battalion talks to regiment and regiment to brigade and brigade to division headquarters. Signal flags speak along the outposts to the telephone. The signal-corps men look at their reels of wire and wonder if they are ever to be stretched to Mexico City.

The climate drags and wears and draws; there is a loss of stamina as the weeks go by, such as you know if you are shut up in the city through July and August without any vacation or even a week-end trip to the country. Soldiers who have come to the army dentists for extractions have fainted—to their manly disgust. This never happened in the camp at Texas City. Many suffer from nostalgia—plain old homesickness—which would quickly pass with the advent of action. Let firing begin, and only a guard could keep most of the men in the hospital from rushing for their rifles. There is the restlessness of being on the leash. We have had days when the heat was so great that this army, in the spirit of the sortie of a besieged garrison fighting for food, was ready to make war in order to reach the cool airs on the slopes of the beckoning peak of Orizaba.

Meanwhile, you may settle down for an afternoon's gossip with soldiers around their cots and sink the plummet into their ideas and emotions. You may foregather with the officers in their rooms in barracks or in their tents at the foot of the hills, or go with them to the trenches on the hilltops. There is leisure for getting acquainted, which would be lacking in a fast campaign when an officer would be only another officer, and a soldier only another soldier. I feel that I know our lines of defense as well as a G. A. R. guide knows the battlefield of Gettysburg.

"The captain says that it's good practise," remarked a marine, who mopped his brow and rested from his task of cutting underbrush to make a free field of fire. "Maybe it is. But why act as if we were afraid of the spiggoties? Let's go out after them or go home. Yours to say, Woodrow."

It is hard to keep your perspective in Vera Cruz; hard to realize that war with Mexico means more than going after the force in front.

The LABOR FUSS in Butte

by

C P CONNOLLY

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF MONTANA," "BIG BUSINESS AND THE BENCH," ETC.

ONCE more the copper city of Butte, Montana, is furnishing its quota of excitement. A gory conflict has broken out between two factions of the Miners' Union, representing the Industrial Workers of the World on the one side and the Western Federation of Miners on the other. Like everything else about Butte, it is unique in that it is probably the first sanguinary outbreak within the ranks of a local union. Meetings of citizens and of the Chamber of Commerce were called to form a committee for protection and safety of persons and property, and to demand the resignation of Lewis J. Duncan, the Socialist Mayor of Butte. They failed because of warnings that every man who attended such meetings would be marked.

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The uprising is a general one among the union miners against alleged domineering and autocratic methods of union officials; but a radical element, including Industrial Workers of the World and Direct Action Socialists, encouraged by the fact that a Socialist city administration was in power, took the leadership and violence was precipitated. Committees have waited on and intimidated newspapers. Business in Butte at present writing is paralyzed.

INSURGENTS PLAN NEW UNION

The insurgent elements in the Butte Union are incensed at Charles H. Moyer, President of the Western Federation of Miners and at "Bert" Riley, the president of the local Butte Union, who with other officials finally resigned.

There was a meeting of 4,000 insurgents on June 21, when plans were made to form an independent union. An executive committee of twenty was appointed, the majority of whom were members of the Industrial Workers of the World, and "Muckie" McDonald, the president of the new Mine Workers' Union of Butte, is also said to be a member of the I. W. W.

On the same day that the new union was organized the regular faction in the old Butte Union obtained the resignations of its officers and elected new ones. Speakers at insurgent meetings of the miners charged that the ballots cast in the Butte local for officials of the Western Federation at large were not counted until returns were in from other locals, and that whenever necessary the Butte count was so manipulated as to insure the election of Moyer and his friends. Both Moyer and Riley emphatically deny this.

In few respects is there any similarity between the recent happenings in Colorado and the present ones in Montana, although the Standard Oil interests control Amalgamated. The coal-miners in Colorado, as in other sections of the country, are under the jurisdiction of the United Mine Workers of America. The metalliferous miners in Montana and elsewhere are under the jurisdiction of the Western Federation of Miners.

Interest in the Butte situation is much heightened by the fact that since the trial of William D. Haywood, who was jointly indicted with Charles H. Moyer and George Pettibone for the murder of former Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho, there has been a marked unfriendliness between Moyer, then and now president of the Western Federation of Miners, and Haywood, then secretary of the Western Federation and now influential in the Industrial Workers of the World. At the trial of George Pettibone in Boise, after Haywood's acquittal, the two men were not on speaking terms. Moyer was afterward retained as president of the Western Federation of Miners, and Haywood was relieved as secretary.

The followers of these two former friends and co-workers in the Federation are now at daggers' points in Butte. The faction representing the Industrial Workers of the World used their dynamite on the very Miners' Union Hall where the Western Federation of Miners was organized.

President Charles H. Moyer, in a recent interview in Montana, said that the Industrial Workers of the World tried six years ago to "get" him, and that now they are trying to "get" his organization. Moyer's life has been threatened in Montana, and he is under the constant protection of a body-guard. He went to Montana after the first outbreak on the 13th of June, but is making his headquarters at the capital of the State. The Mayor of Anaconda, on behalf of the business and union men of that place, urged Moyer not to go to Anaconda, on account of the proximity of the latter place to Butte.

THE UNIQUE CITY OF BUTTE

Butte is the heart of the great copper industry of Montana. It has had a voltaic career. It is named from a large peak which rises high into the air just to the west of the city. It has a population of some seventy thousand. Some of the mines are directly under the city. One-half the mining population of the city proper sleeps by day, the other half by night; but always the underground city is awake and at work.

As one approaches the city by train or other conveyance at night, Butte seems a veritable inferno. It is a miniature Pittsburgh. Great shafts of opalescent fire shoot momentarily skyward from slag-heaps that receive the fiery discard of the converters. The hill, just north of the city, out of which has been taken over a billion and a half in actual wealth, is at night like a great dome studded with glittering, electric stars, under

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whose sharp glare thousunds of flitting figures work as under the noonday sun.

The general aspect of Butte is that of a barren, treeless city, tilted on the slope of a natural amphitheater, walled in places by jutting, spire-like rocks. Once, in his argument to a Butte jury in a celebrated case, the late Robert G. Ingersoll said that gold seemed to have the same effect on the region where it is produced that it had on the human heart—all the roses fade, and the green trees lose their leaves, and there is nothing but sage-brush.

FAIR PLAY FOR BUTTE

Much misapprehension has always existed in the country at large as to the alleged lawlessness of the Butte Miners' Union, owing doubtless to its affiliation with the Western Federation of Miners. As a matter of fact, the Butte Union has been one of the most prosperous and law-abiding labor unions in the country. Unwelcome ones have sometimes been driven from the community by physical force, but generally by individual hotheads among the miners, unless, as has been charged, recent deportations grew out of political differences and had the sanction of union officials. There has never been, strictly speaking, a labor strike of the union proper in the history of the camp. The activities of certain Butte leaders in the Cœur d'Alene troubles of former years gave an unsavory reputation to Butte; but the membership of the Butte Miners' Union was for years made up of a splendid body, many of whom were heads of families and owners of their own homes. In recent years there has been an influx of a polyglot population from Europe which has changed the old conditions.

One of the factors in precipitating the present trouble is the charge made by the insurgents that the Amalgamated Copper Company has been playing politics in the Union for the purpose of instaling its own tools in control. Furthermore, a large contingent of the Butte miners resented the assessment of five dollars per month each for the support of the striking Michigan copper-miners. This is an unusual attitude; for heretofore the Butte miners have been the most liberal of contributors to strike benefit funds.

The sudden rise of President "Bert" Riley to affluence has, too, aroused in the miners a suspicion of Amalgamated influences, and the cry has gone up "No more automobiles for Riley." It is a striking coincidence that Moyer last winter was roughly handled by sympathizers of Michigan mine-owners. Now the tables are turned, and the miners in Butte are after Moyer with cries of "Lynch him!"

The first outbreak occurred on Miners' Union day, June 13th. During the parade on that day the insurgents rather roughly handled "Bert" Riley and compelled him to flee. Others were roughly handled. The safe of the Butte Union was taken from the Union building by rioters, who had previously partially wrecked the building, and carted to the flats a mile below the city, where it was blown open and its contents rifled and carried away in the presence of hundreds of spectators. The crowd claimed they were after evidence of the wrong-doing of Union officials. The home of P. K. Sullivan, another officer of the Union, was dynamited. Two prisoners arrested during the disturbances were taken from the jail and carried away on the shoulders of miners.

TOUCHING OFF THE FUSE

A false alarm of fire was turned in, and the firemen tried to run the fire apparatus through the crowd. The insurgent miners scrambled on the truck and threw the firemen off. The truck was finally returned to the firemen, with the warning not to try to run through a crowd again. The crowd hunted for the fire-chief, but he remained in hiding. A delegation of insurgents visited the three newspaper offices and demanded that no further mention be made derogatory of the Industrial Workers of the World, and that the words "mob" and "rioters" should not appear in any story of the situation. The excitement lasted two days.

On the evening of June 23, Moyer, Riley, and their following were attempting to hold a get-together meeting in the hall of the Butte Union Building, when the structure was completely destroyed by dynamite, at a loss of $50,000. Moyer, Riley, and the others escaped by jumping from a rear window to the roof of an adjoining building. Moyer fled in an automobile and reached Helena, seventy-five miles north, in safety.

The destruction of the building was

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caused, not by the fact that a meeting of Moyer and his followers was in session in the building, but in retaliation for shots fired from the Union hall by Moyer sympathizers, the first of which struck Joseph B. Bruneau, a miner, who was ascending the stairs to attend the meeting. The sight of blood aroused the anger of the crowd of insurgents assembled in the street, and shouts of "Get the powder" and "Lynch Moyer" were heard. Shooting continued from the hall, and was returned from the street. One of the shots struck and killed Ernest J. Noy, an innocent bystander, and another injured Charles Kramer, a traveling man from Los Angeles, who was experiencing his first taste of Butte excitement. The demolition of the building followed. Two hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite were exploded under the building in twenty spaced blasts. The broken glass from the windows in adjoining stores and buildings was taken away in car-loads.

The Miners' Union hall had been completely surrounded, anticipating Moyer's escape from the rear. The fact that the crowd was attracted to the front of the hall by the first shots undoubtedly saved the life of Moyer. He remarked at the time that it was the tightest corner he had ever been in.

MOYER VS. DUNCAN

Moyer claims that there is a conspiracy between the Socialist city administration of Butte, headed by Mayor Lewis J. Duncan, and the Industrial Workers of the World, to control the Butte Union, failing which they are determined on its destruction. He also claims that while the perpetrators of violence are known, no arrests have been made; that the mob has been given a free hand on two occasions, and $100,000 worth of property destroyed.

Mayor Duncan, on the other hand, claims that the first outbreaks on the 13th and 14th of June were the expression of a widespread revolt against a long train of abuses in the local union and alleged Amalgamated interference. The Western Federation of Miners has contracts with the Amalgamated Company whereby the local union has the power to say who may be lowered into the mines, and the union agent has the power to order any engineer to refuse to lower any man whom the union agent may point out. Mayor Duncan claims that the moderation of the police in the two outbreaks of the 13th and 23d is generally commended in Butte; that police interference would have caused greater loss of life and greater destruction of property.

WHERE SOCIALISM HAS GROWN

Mayor Duncan has twice been elected Mayor of Butte on the Socialist ticket. He was formerly a minister of the Gospel. A few years ago there was hardly a Socialist in Butte. There were some hundreds in Anaconda, where the Washoe smelter of the Amalgamated is located, but these were discharged from employment in the smelter immediately after a local election, on the avowed and only ground that they were Socialists. At that time, something like five years ago, the miners in Butte feared to be seen listening to a Socialist street orator, dreading discharge.

Duncan was elected Mayor on the Socialist ticket, with the support of many citizens who were dissatisfied with conditions under the old parties. But the real rise of Socialism in Butte was no doubt due to the fear of proscription, and that is probably one of the causes of the present trouble. Persecution is often the forerunner of political success.

The latest from Butte reports that Mayor Duncan was stabbed three times on July 3 by Erik Lantala, an I. W. W. leader, because of the Mayor's refusal to be a party to the deportation from Butte of the editor of a Finnish paper published at Hancock, Mich., who had criticised the rebel movement in Butte. Mayor Duncan shot and mortally wounded his assailant.

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WHEN *is* A POSSUM

BY
ELLIS PARKER BUTLER
AUTHOR OF "PIGS IS PIGS."
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL CRAWFORD

JUST as every man is the center of his own horizon, every post-office is, parcel-postally speaking, the center of the First Zone; and if you are a butcher you are permitted to cut a nice, juicy steak, wrap it so the steak can not escape from the package, stick the proper postage on the wrapper, and send it to any one you choose inside the First Zone. You may do the same with a veal-cutlet or a lamb-chop, for Section 17 of the Parcel-Post Regulations, which is full of prohibitions, has to step aside for Section 35, which provides that fresh meat in any form may be transported only within the First Zone, thus bringing producer and consumer together and giving the High Cost of Living a knock-out blow.

Captain Garth Billings, having gone up to Washington to see the Representative from his district, returned to the town of Orlando less sure of getting the appointment of postmaster than he had been when he started. The eight-page petition—three lines of petition and seven pages and twenty lines of signatures—which he had taken with him had not been as magical as he had hoped. The Representative admitted that Captain Garth Billings had every claim in the world on the office—he had worked day and night to elect the President and the Vice-President and to elect the Representative himself, and the list of petitioners was not to be scoffed at; but he explained to Garth that things were all "bally-come-fiddle" this administration.

"Senator he says to me," said the Representative, shaking the ice in his glass slowly, "he says to me, 'Lonzo,' he says, 'I'll get that post-office for Billin's if I can, but dinged if I think I can,' he says. 'You've no idee,' Senator says to me, 'how crazy this crowd is down here at Washin'ton. They've got a new-fangled idee that as long as a man is makin' good in an office he's better off left where he is. So long as he's a Democrat, of course.' So I says to the Senator, 'Senator,' I says, 'that's right enough. That's good politics and good gover'ment, generally speakin',' I says, 'but what th' Sam Hill has that got to do with you and me when a man like Captain Garth Billin's is willin' to take office? There is a citizen the administration can be proud of havin' represent it,' I says, 'and, anyway, I owe it to him, Senator, and I promised it to him, and he mighty near worked his head off for me, expectin' to get the post-office as a little souvenir of the occasion. Captain Garth Billin's has got to have that post-office, Senator,' I says."

"Why 'n't you go right up to the White House and 'tend to it yourself?" asked Captain Billings.

"Me?" said the Representative. "You mean cut in over the head of Senator? Cap, they don't do things that way! No, sir! And let me tell you the man at the White House is the worst of the gang. He don't

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have the slightest idee what an office is for, he don't. You and me may know that offices are to give good, honest workers a suitable reward for good, honest work done durin' a campaign; but he don't know it. He don't think offices at all. He don't think 'This is a good office to give to Bill Jones.' He thinks, 'Bill Jones is a good man to handle that office.' And if Bill Jones is already in, *and* is a Democrat, in he stays. But I'm doin' all I can for you, Billin's."

"I heard somethin' about things goin' like that," said Captain Garth. "And if it comes to efficient, you don't compare me and old Raleigh Henderson, do you? Why, old Rawl Henderson don't know what end he's standin' on half the time. He gets all flustered and— Fetch him down here and let the President see him once, why don't you? Line him up alongside of me and I'll be satisfied to let the President take his choice; and if he takes old Rawl, I'm satisfied plenty. I bet you a dollar bill that old Rawl gets so mixed up over this parcel-post business he won't know tail from head. Now, what did I do? I sat down the minute the rules and regulations came out, and I studied them. I *know* them. Why, Joe, I never thought for a minute I wouldn't get that office. I went right in and started to qualify myself. Why, old Rawl himself thinks I'll get it."

"He don't know everything," said the Representative.

"He don't know anything!" said Captain Billings. "Why, Joe, if efficiency is what they're after down here, tell 'em to look up old Rawl Henderson's record. Get 'em to look him up in the Post-Office Department files and things. I'll bet a dollar——"

"Looked him up the first thing," said the Representative. "His record is as clean as a whistle. Writes a hand like a Choctaw Indian, but he never made a mistake since he took the office."

"Don't believe it!" declared Captain Billings. "Bet the old grizzly bear makes ten mistakes a day. Bet he gives out five two-cent stamps for a nickel, and sends mail wrong and——"

"Nothing against him in the department records, Garth," said the Representative.

"Well, there will be, now this parcel-post thing is started," said Captain Billings. "He'll make twenty-five mistakes out of every twenty-five packages he takes in at the window. He can't——"

"There you are then, Billin's," said the Representative. "Everybody will try to work that parcel-post every which way. It's goin' to be the dickens this Christmas—parcels pilin' in and all. You've got a month or more before old Rawl's term expires. Why 'n't you go home and sort of wait round, and me and Senator will hold up the appointment as long as we can. Let old Rawl make his mistakes, and then we'll get to work."

It seemed the only thing to do, so Captain Garth Billings went back to Orlando and took his usual seat in Hillman's drug-store and waited. He was sitting in the drug-store, his feet on the rail of the stove, when he heard the druggist laugh in the front of the store, and he looked over his shoulder to see what made the dry little man chortle. The druggist was leaning over the counter, gazing down into a box on the floor, and Colonel Pease Buckley —his face as stern as when he charged at Gettysburg—was taking the mirth in bad part.

"I see no cause for mirth, sir!" he said haughtily. "You may choose to laugh at *me*, or you may choose to laugh at my gift, but you have no right to laugh at my gift to the President of the United States, sir! The high position of that eminent man now occupying the presidential chair of our nation should protect him from your cheap ridicule, sir! I entered your ill-smelling bolus shop, sir, expecting that the worthy thought of a patriotic Southern gentleman would at least meet with respect."

"What's the matter, Colonel?" asked Captain Billings, coming forward.

"This pill-maker has had the effrontery to laugh in my face, sir," said the Colonel wrathfully, "because I see fit to remember the President of our United States in this time of rejoicing. Because I have chosen one of the finest fruits of our Southern forests——"

Captain Billings looked down into the box. It was a light pine box, with a few strips of wood nailed across the top.

"Hello!" he said. "It's a 'possum!"

"Certainly it is a 'possum!" said the Colonel belligerently. "And it is the finest, fattest 'possum it has ever been my good fortune to set eyes on, Captain Billin's. It is a noble 'possum, sir. It is a very king of 'possums. And I claim, in spite of the scoffs of this mortar-pounder here, that it is a

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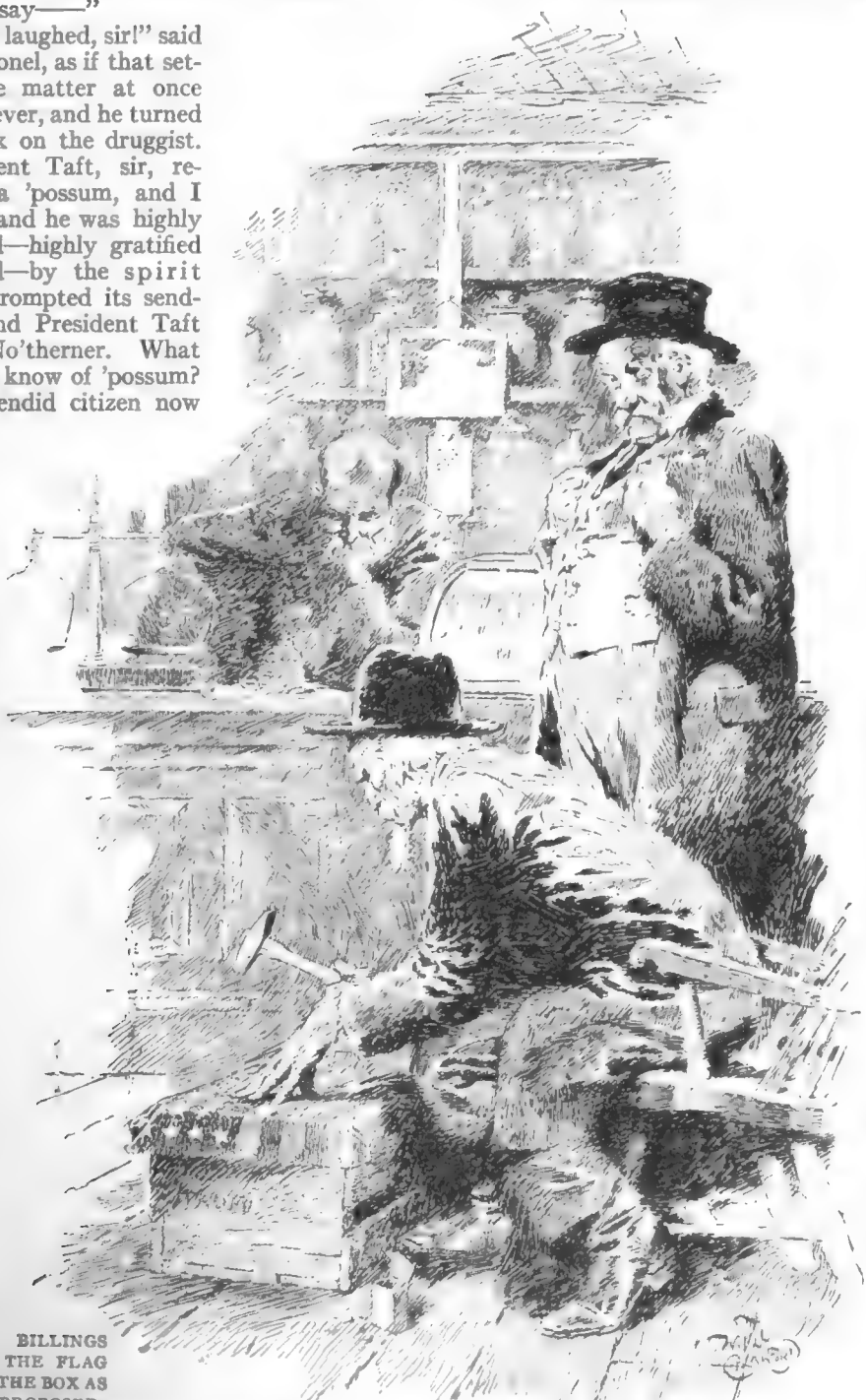
suitable and highly acceptable present for the President of the Republic."

"Now, Colonel!" said the druggist. "I did not say——"

"You laughed, sir!" said the Colonel, as if that settled the matter at once and forever, and he turned his back on the druggist. "President Taft, sir, received a 'possum, and I understand he was highly gratified—highly gratified indeed—by the spirit which prompted its sending. And President Taft was a No'therner. What does he know of 'possum? The splendid citizen now occupying the chair is a different man——"

"You bet he is!" said Captain Billings.

"And he will appreciate this gift," said



CAPTAIN BILLINGS TACKED THE FLAG AROUND THE BOX AS HE HAD PROPOSED.

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the Colonel. "Since the day of Abraham Lincoln folks have sent turkeys to the Presidents, as was fittin'. The turkey is an Abolition bird; it is the bird of the No'th. It was a fittin' gift for a Republican president; but for the reunited country——"

"The 'possum!" said Captain Billings.

"The 'possum, sir!" agreed the Colonel. "And this is a fine one," he added.

"Never saw a finer, Colonel," said Captain Billings. "How are you goin' to send it?"

"I considered that question seriously, sir," said the Colonel gravely. "I was loath to send it by a co'poration that sits a-straddle the neck of the American people, houndin' the life out of us and—and half the time I have to pay the express cha'ges myself, sir! It is an outrage, Captain Billin's! And if I exert the prerogative of an American and refuse to pay, they refuse to leave the packages, sir!"

"I judge, then, that you are not going to send it by express," said Captain Billings.

"No, sir!" said the Colonel. "We have in this country an institution, now in its tender youth—an institution created for the good of all the people—an institution purely democratic in its spirit and aims—an institution that is as yet endurin' its period of trial. Such an institution, conceived by the minds of our national legislators, however faulty and—and half-cocked it may be at present, deserves the suppo't of every good citizen. The money-gettin' folks of the No'th will be quick to rush to its suppo't; and should we of the South be so unpatriotic as to neglect our opportunity to suppo't it?"

"I judge, Colonel, you mean you are going to send this animal by parcel-post," said Captain Billings.

"Your perception is correct, sir," said the Colonel.

"Well, then," said Captain Billings, "if you don't mind company, I'll just help you carry this box over to the post-office. A present for the President should have a guard of honor, yes? And—Hillman, have you one of those paper muslin flags you use on Fo'th of July? Get it. Colonel, to tell you the truth, I don't like the looks of this box. A box containing a present for the President should be more in keeping with the spirit of the gift. Imagine a postman climbing the steps of the White House with this box under his arm. Looks like something from the grocery. We'll tack an American flag around the box. Make it look like something."

"I thank you for the suggestion," said the Colonel. "It will be a most seemly improvement."

Captain Billings tacked the flag around the box as he had proposed, and together he and the Colonel left the drug-store. The air was rather chill, and but few persons were on the street; but those who were, seeing the two men carrying the gaily decorated box, stopped and looked into it, and heard why the 'possum was on its way to Washington. Colonel Pease Buckley, proud of the attention given his gift, recited for them portions of the letter he had written the President, notifying him of the coming of the 'possum and of the spirit that went with it, and it was quite a little guard of honor that entered the post-office.

Old Rawl Henderson, sitting by his stove behind the glass partition that was divided into "boxes," looked up and, seeing the little crowd, with Captain Garth Billings at its head, was sure that Captain Garth had received news of his appointment as postmaster. His face flushed wrathfully at the thought that this procession had come to exult at the triumph of his rival, and he combed his long, iron-gray whiskers with his fingers, tugging at them as he would have liked to tug at the hair of Captain Garth Billings at the moment. Captain Billings put his face to the window.

"Rawl," he said, "we've got a package here we want to send by parcel-post."

He stood the box on the sill of the window, and turned to the small crowd. "Now, I tell you, boys, this gift is the gift of Colonel Buckley, but we can all have a part in it. We'll find out what the postage is and we'll each pay a part. Is that all right, Colonel? We'd like to have some share in it, and——"

"You can't get that box through this window," said old Rawl, his anger still showing in his tone. "I aim to have this window cut bigger, so as to take in pa'cel-post packages soon as I can, but it ain't so now. Go around to the door and I'll let you in."

"If I was postmaster," said Captain Billings, "I'd have had that window cut bigger before parcel-post started."

"If you was postmaster you'd do a lot of things," said old Rawl angrily, "but as long as you ain't, I'll do 'em my way. My way seems to suit the Gov'ment well enough, I notice."

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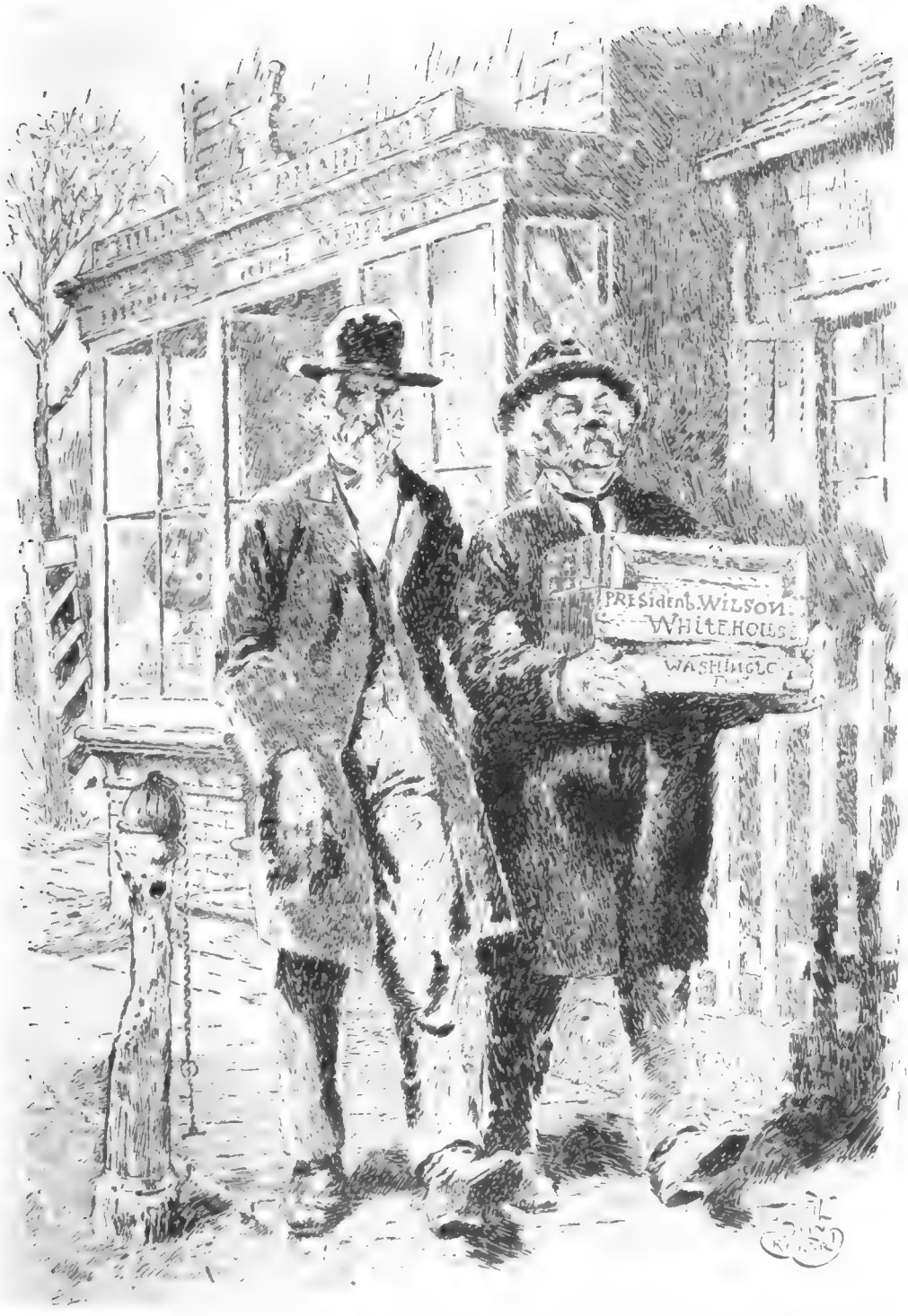

CAPTAIN BILLINGS AND THE COLONEL LEFT THE DRUG STORE TO START THE 'POSSUM ON ITS WAY TO THE WHITE HOUSE

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He unlocked the door in the partition and Colonel Buckley, Captain Billings, and the rest pushed into the inner office. Old Rawl put his horn-rimmed spectacles on his nose and looked at the box.

"Who's sendin' this?" he asked. "Any one in particular or the whole lot of you?"

"I am sending it," said the Colonel.

"What you got in it?" asked old Rawl.

"In that box," said the Colonel, "there is a 'possum, Mr. Henderson, sir. There is in that box as fat a 'possum as ever met my eyes. It is a present for——"

The postmaster removed his spectacles. "Can't send a 'possum by pa'cel-post," he said shortly.

The Colonel's jaw dropped. He stared at old Rawl with bewilderment. "But, sir!" the Colonel exclaimed. "But, sir, this is a gift to the President of the United States! Do you stand there and tell me that a citizen of the United States may not send a gift to the President of the United States by pa'cel-post, sir? This is an infernal outrage! I declare this is a most unheard-of outrage, sir. That I, a free-born American citizen, can not send a free gift to the man who, by the suffrage of free-born American citizens, occupies the post at the head of this Gov'ment? Do you dare say——"

"It's nonsense," said Captain Billings shortly. "Of course you can send a 'possum by parcel-post. Henderson don't know what he's talkin' about."

The postmaster's face turned as red as the stripes of the flag wrapped around the box. "Do you try to tell me my business?" he asked, shaking his forefinger at Captain Garth. "Well, don't! That's all I say to you; don't!"

"I'll tell it to you if you don't know it," declared Captain Garth Billings. "Section 17 of the Parcel-Post Regulations——"

"Section 17," said old Rawl. "Section 17? What do you know about Section 17? Section 17 says——"

"All right! What does it say? Tell us what it says," the Captain dared him.

"Section 17," said old Rawl, putting on his glasses again and opening the tan-colored book of regulations, "says 'Live or dead (not stuffed) animals, birds or poultry (excepting as prescribed in Sections 29 and 34), shall not be admitted to the mails.' That's what it says, and that 'possum is an animal, and it shall not be admitted to the mails. Not while I am postmaster. Not if all the Billingses in creation come a-whoopin' and a-yellin' around my office!"

"Yah!" sneered Captain Billings. "Yah! And what does Section 35 say? You're so all-fired glib with your Section 17—what about Section 35? Are you goin' to send this free American citizen, bringing a gift for the President of the United States, wrapped in the American flag, away——"

"I don't care if it's wrapped in a Confederate flag! I don't care if it is a present for the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of China! Section 17 says——"

"And — what — does — Section —35 — say?" asked the Captain. "You know it all. You know everything there is to know about the post-office business. We admit that. We admit that you are the morocco-bound encyclopædia of post-office knowledge. But maybe *we* don't know. Maybe we would like to know what Section 35 is all about. Maybe we think it says American eagles can't be sent by parcel-post unless they are hung to flag-poles by their tail feathers. We're so ignorant."

Old Rawl glared at Captain Billings. His jaws worked. His hand trembled.

"I know what Section 35 says," he declared. "And it don't say nothin' about 'possums. There ain't no way you can send 'possums by pa'cel-post. You can send more kinds of all-fired foolishness than man can think of, but you can't send 'possums. That's what the regulations mean. That's my rulin'. I stand by it."

Captain Billings drew a small book from his pocket. He turned to Colonel Buckley.

"'Parcel-Post Regulations,'" he said, reading the title on the cover of the small book. He turned over a few pages. "'Section 35,' he read; 'Provided—only—that—fresh meat—in *any* form—may be transported only within—the First Zone.'"

He turned to old Rawl. "Maybe you will deny that Washington is in the first zone," he asked sneeringly.

"And maybe I won't," said old Rawl.

"Maybe you don't know what meat is?" said the Captain. "Maybe you don't know that 'possum is the best kind of meat, and that a fat 'possum like that in the box is the finest meat this world affords. What do you think my honored friend, the Colonel here, is sending that 'possum for? For an ornament? Something in the way of bric-à-brac to put on the White House mantel? For a playmate? Think he is sending it as a piece

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THE POSTMASTER REMOVED HIS SPECTACLES. "CAN'T SEND A 'POSSUM BY PA'CEL-POST," SAID OLD RAWL SHORTLY.

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of fur to make a rug of? Maybe *you* think that, but I don't. I think he's sending it as meat—good, fresh, tasty meat, to be eaten on Christmas Day by the President of the United States. What are you sending that 'possum for, Colonel? As a toy? As a jewel for the President to hang 'round his neck?"

"I'm sending it in the hope that it will form a part of the President's Christmas banquet, sir," said the Colonel.

"There you are!" said the Captain. "Meat! Nothing but meat, and fresh meat, and addressed within the First Zone. That's all I have to say. I'm done with the business. A patriotic citizen comes to this post-office with a pa'cel of fresh meat, addressed to the President of the United States, wrapped in Old Glory, sent from within the First Zone, and this bull-necked postmaster refuses to accept it for mailing. I'm done! You may do what you please, Colonel, but I won't stay another moment in such a place. The Postmaster-General shall hear of this!"

He darted out of the door and out of the post-office, slamming the door behind him.

"Well, sir?" said the Colonel in his most stately manner. "What am I to expect at your hands? Justice or insult?"

Poor old Rawl Henderson turned his head on one side and screwed up his face and scratched his chin under his beard. It was a perplexing moment. If, in the eyes of the Post-office Department, a 'possum was meat and he refused to accept the box for transportation, Garth Billings and the Representative would make things pretty hot for him. If, on the other hand, the department had well-defined ideas that 'possums were *not* meat, but merely dead animals, and he did accept the box for transportation, there would be trouble ahead.

"Well, sir?" demanded the Colonel impatiently. "Am I to stand here like a ninny on a rock, waitin' all day?"

Old Rawl looked down into the box. "A cow ain't meat," he said slowly, "and a pig ain't meat."

"I fail to grasp you' meanin', sir," said the Colonel stiffly.

"Beef is meat," said old Rawl, "and pork is meat. A sheep ain't meat; mutton is meat. Live 'possum ain't meat—it's 'possum. Dead 'possum is meat."

"Just so!" said the Colonel, grasping the logic. "And this——"

"Live animals ain't meat," said old Rawl. "And live animals can't go by pa'cel post. Meat can go, but live animals can't go."

"But I tell you, sir," said the Colonel impatiently, "this 'possum *is* meat. It is a dead 'possum. My cousin Harley Buckley——"

"Maybe it is dead," said the postmaster, "and maybe it ain't. Maybe it's playin' 'possum. I got to be careful. If I was to send a live animal through the mails I'd lose this job as sure as Jeff Davis is dead. Queen bees, rightly done up, I can send, but this animal ain't no queen bee, is it?"

"It is not," agreed the Colonel, "and it's not a live 'possum. This is a dead 'possum. My cousin Harley Buckley killed this 'possum, sir, with a club, which is the only proper way to kill a 'possum. I offer this—this meat for transportation through the mails. Do you accept it?"

The Colonel was growing red in the face now.

"Now, Colonel," said old Rawl appeasingly, "you can't ever tell about a 'possum. A 'possum can play dead just as long as it wants to. I don't say you would do it, but if you had a mind to send a 'possum to the President and you wanted to be sure it got to Washin'ton nice *and* fresh—well, knowin' 'possums the way I do, *I'd* send it alive. And if I wanted to send it by pa'cel-post I'd just take a pin, and I'd prick that 'possum right hearty, and nobody could tell if that 'possum was alive or dead. *And*, if I was a man by the name of Billings, and I was after the post-office job of the town of Orlando, I'd get a 'possum and send it by pa'cel-post that way. And when the 'possum quit playin' 'possum, whoever saw it and reported it would just push me right out of this job. I've known 'possums ever since I was a boy, and I've known 'em to play dead for hours and for more'n a day, and as long as anybody was around. You can mistreat 'em and whang 'em, and they stay dead until they want to be alive again. I don't say you know that this 'possum is playin' possum, but——"

"Mister Henderson, sir," said the Colonel solemnly. "I swear to goodness this ani—this meat is *not* playin' 'possum. This—this meat is not a 'possum; it is meat, sir. My cousin, Harley Buckley, went out last night with his dogs, he treed this mea—this animal, and he climbed the tree, sir, and knocked this ani—this meat to the

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ground with a hickory club, sir. He gave it a blow, sir, that would have killed an ox. He told me so himself, sir, and my cousin Harley Buckley is a man of his word."

"You can't tell when a 'possum——"

"I asked him especially," said the Colonel, "if the animal was dead, for I had no wish to send the President of the United States a living animal, not knowin' what facilities for slaughterin' the White House afforded, sir, and my cousin Harley Buckley assured me this was no longer an animal, sir, but 'possum meat!"

Slowly Raleigh Henderson opened the drawer in which he kept his parcel-post stamps.

"Well, boys," he said to those still waiting to see the outcome, and to the Colonel, "you see I got to be careful. That Billings is mighty slick, and he'd like to get something on me, sure. I'm takin' a risk. I'm liable to be given a bad mark. There's no tellin' whether the depa'tment considers dead 'possum meat or just dead 'possum; but when a pa'cel is brought in here, addressed to the President of the United States, and wrapped in the American flag, and two men as honest and truthful as Harley Buckley and the Colonel here, tell me a 'possum is dead, why, then—why, then—the answer to 'When is a 'possum?' is——"

He stopped short. He stared into the box, a postage-stamp on his tongue.

Slowly, cautiously, the 'possum in the box opened one eye and returned old Rawl Henderson's stare. It looked at him steadily for seven seconds. Then it winked.

Postmaster Raleigh Henderson did not return the wink. He swallowed the postage-stamp.

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new play

"ANDROCLES AND THE LION"

Reserved Seats
Fifteen Cents

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Tickets selling one month in advance

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The Dollar

by

Chalmer B Traver

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FREDERIC DORR STEELE

I ALWAYS thought it might have been worthy of the serious attention of O. Henry—Bert Crale's dollar story. But O. Henry died before it happened and Bert has gone into the hardware business. And the other fellows who were at the club that night never heard the story—the whole story. So it is rather up to me, though writing isn't exactly in my line.

Bert is now the possessor of many dollars. But the events of this story occurred when just one looked very large to him. He received eighteen of them every Monday down in the business office of the *News*, and sixteen went for board and room and laundry, leaving Bert two each week to squander on pure foolishness, including clothes. What Bert had done with his other dollar that sleety March night when he came loping up the Press Club stairs three at a time, as was his custom, is not told in this story. But it is recorded that when he sat down to one of his rare penny-ante debauches he had just one dollar in the treasury.

Bert played poker so infrequently that he had never quite developed his poker nerve, which is supposed to lie dormant in all men. Consequently he was prone to be conservative; and games where he sat in were not exciting. When one of the players looked to Bert for a bit of supreme battling over a pair of theoretically potential hands, he usually lay down in the opening skirmish. The boys tolerated him for his losing gameness rather than for his fighting courage. For none held Bert a poor loser.

He invested the whole dollar in chips, and then promptly subsided after this dashing opener and played his usual game. The cards seemed to favor a quiet game that night, and Bert won and lost and lost and won, now ruefully watching his pile get nicked, and again gladdened when the deficit was made up. Therefore it was not surprising that through deal after deal his capital neither increased nor diminished to any great extent. This is known to have happened before with players of Bert's methods. At ten he got up with a yawn and asked to be let out.

"How much?" Pete Hand wanted to know. Bert counted his chips. Then he recounted them, more slowly.

"One dollar," said Bert, looking over at Hand.

"Good boy, Bert" — "Broke even" — "Big night for the standpats"— "What you going to do with all that money?"— came the chorus. Even Bert looked a little elated. Breaking even after two hours'

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play was a new sensation. He generally played out his stake and left. He was very methodical about this. And here was a whole evening's enjoyment that hadn't cost him a cent.

"Guess I'll buy some gloves," he answered the last questioner good-naturedly as he drew on his frayed coat and pushed his hands deep in the frayed pockets. "Seems like there's lots of winter still ahead." He approached the table for his winnings.

"Suppose you want your dirty old one-spot back again?" said Hand.

"Anything'll do so long as it crinkles or jingles," said Bert.

Pete hesitated, then slowly reached into his pocket and pulled out a silver dollar, which he handed to Bert. "When it's all you've got it's better to have it jingle," he advised.

Bert pocketed the dollar and clattered off downstairs.

To keep up with Bert and the dollar, we have to change the scene here from the warm card-room at the club, bathed in its smoke-yellowed glow of light, to the forbidding stone front of the Carter House half a block up the street. Bert had to pass the Carter House on his way home, and he hunched farther into his coat and shivered at the mere prospect of passing that columned front. Chill winds from all quarters met at that point, disputing possession, and to-night they would come armed with deadening sleet and snow. Bert ducked instinctively as he passed under the stone canopy.

Perhaps it was because of these precautions that he did not notice the girl cowering in the shelter of one of those columns until he was almost upon her. Perhaps he

"SEEMS LIKE THERE'S LOTS OF WINTER STILL AHEAD." HE APPROACHED THE TABLE FOR HIS WINNINGS.

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would not have noticed her at all if he had not caught the beginning of a sob, a sob that, starting out bravely from the shadow, was caught up and lost in a vicious gust. But he heard the sob, saw the girl, and stopped, all at once. And he joined her in the blackness.

"What's the matter?" he ventured, playing safe as usual, and waiting for the other fellow's lead. A lot appeared to be the matter, from the way the girl floundered for an opening. While she was deciding just where to begin a second gust made a terrific onslaught and almost threw him against her.

"Better come inside—if—if it's a long story," gasped Bert.

"No, no—I can't go in there," cried the girl in dismay.

"Why not?" asked the practical Bert.

"Because—because I just can't," she elucidated, beginning to cry again.

Bert thought of cafés. Then his hand struck the dollar. It wouldn't go very far in a café, even if she drank beer, he thought. And besides, he needed the dollar. His cold hands reminded him of that.

"Well, fire away here then," he said resignedly.

So standing there in the wind with her skirts whipping about her, the girl told the story; and Bert, hands crammed in pockets and hat pulled tight over his forehead, listened. As he listened he gradually came to forget the cold. It was not a new story, to be sure, but the setting and the teller were in its favor.

She had come to the city from a little southern town. That was the way most of the stories began. She had eloped with a traveling man. They usually eloped with traveling men, reflected Bert. They had come north two days before to meet the man's folks, so he said, as a mere formality before the marriage. He had secured her a room at the Carter House and behaved in most exemplary manner for a whole day. . . But the folks did not show up. Out of town, he had explained, and not to return for a week.

He also suggested that they economize by going to his home, where an old and trusted family servant would anticipate all her wants and make things wholly respectable until the family arrived. But the entire respectability of this proceeding did not strike her forcibly, and she argued for the hotel, offering to relieve him of the burden by paying the bill herself. He was surprised that she should have money, and she exhibited six hundred dollars, the savings she had surreptitiously taken from the bank at home. He was astounded.

"Utterly wrong, the idea of your carrying all that money around with you in a strange city. You might be robbed any minute," he had said. And he suggested that she deposit it in the hotel vault. But she preferred to keep it. She was bashful before knowing hotel clerks. Finally he went down with the money, the whole six hundred dollars—so great was her innocence—and returned in a few minutes with a brass check and a key.

"When you want any money, turn in the check at the desk, and the clerk will get a safe-deposit box from the vault, which your key will open," he explained.

She was ashamed of her doubts the instant he had left the room with the money, and they went down to a very pleasant dinner.

He did not come the next morning to meet her for breakfast as usual. So she went without breakfast. By noon she was famished and also worried. She had some change and thought she would go into the dining-room for something to eat. On the way down it occurred to her that she might not have enough to pay the waiter and she determined to brave the clerk and get a few dollars from her deposited funds. She was very ignorant of hotel methods; and anyway, Jim, her fiancé, had paid the waiter at each meal. She presented the check at the desk.

"What's that for?" asked the tall young man in charge, dubiously fingering the brass.

"My money, I have some in the safe," she answered.

"This is a baggage-check. If you have a suit-case here I can get it for you," said the clerk obligingly. "But," he added, "I thought your baggage had all been sent to your room."

"But my money, the money Mr. Brown deposited for me yesterday—six hundred dollars—that's what I want," insisted the girl.

"I do not know Mr. Brown. But I do know that there was no six hundred dollars left here in your name. I also know that we do not give out baggage-checks for house

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valuables," said the clerk very concisely and lucidly.

The girl fled to her room to think it all out and cry and then think again. She was interrupted by a gentle tap at the door and rose to let the clerk in. He was very gentlemanly about it. But he sought information as to the probable length of her stay; also what, if anything, she intended doing about the money she had mentioned. He offered the services of the house detective.

The place suddenly became very loathsome to the girl and she announced her intention of leaving immediately.

"Then I will have your bill ready at the desk when you come down," he answered, and bowed himself out. The bill. That was another matter. She had thought Robert had sponsored the bill. But the clerk said he did not know Mr. Brown. So she determined to await his return.

THE GIRL FLED TO HER ROOM TO THINK IT ALL OUT AND CRY AND THEN THINK AGAIN.

But if he had been so negligent about the money, would he not be just as negligent about returning. . . . Things came upon her with an overwhelming clarity all of a sudden, they numbed her into inaction. The waning afternoon had darkened into night and still she lay on her bed trying to figure it all out. Disillusionment had come. And with it a narcotic sluggishness of mind and body. She thought she must have slept. The shrill ringing of the room telephone brought her, startled, to her senses.

"Your bill is ready, Miss," It was the clerk. "Did you intend leaving?"

She did not at first know what to answer, and in the helplessness that goes with youth finally fell back on the truth, and told of her straits.

"In that case I don't see just how we can allow you to remain here another night," answered the clerk. "Perhaps you have friends?"

No, she had no friends. But she left, just the same. She packed her trunk and asked that it be kept for her until she could return and settle; to which proposition the clerk heartily agreed. She behaved much better than many under similar circumstances, and as he watched her walk haughtily out, he doubtless thought himself well out of what might have been a bad scene.

But her courage failed her outside the big revolving door and she had stopped for just one more little cry when Bert found her.

"But why didn't you stay and telegraph home?" asked the practical Bert, who understood many things, but not women, and especially young and inexperienced ones. She was silent for some time, and then in a wavering voice that none the less betokened unwavering determination, answered slowly: "Never! I can never call on my folks for help—after this—"

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The "this" that she referred to in such a tragic tone didn't seem to Bert such a tragedy after all, if her story was true. But he was beginning to see that tragedy is merely relative at most. Nevertheless, he thought she would renounce the "never" after a good night's sleep and breakfast and go immediately to a telegraph-office. Bert knew enough of tragedy to appreciate its respective dimensions on a howling cold night, with an empty stomach, and in the morning, with a bright sun to evaporate it with the morning mists.

But—he again touched the dollar—just how were the night's sleep and hearty breakfast to be secured? His hand lingered long over the dollar. Then he drew it out, blushing furiously, although the merciful darkness hid his face.

"I am a poor newspaperman," he prefaced deliberately. Funny how those two words are always found together. "But I have a dollar here, my entire worldly goods. I won it at poker." He suddenly remembered that he had not really won it, but continued unfalteringly: "So I suppose it is ill-gotten gains. Anyway, you are welcome to it if it will do you any good." That seemed to Bert to cover the situation pretty well.

"One dollar," she whispered, and smiled wanly. He mistook the smile for one of contempt, and stiffened. "Of course it will hardly carry you to midnight here," he said, nodding toward the dimly lighted lobby of the Carter House. "But there are less expensive places in the city, and I recommend them to one in your position."

She noticed his pique and hastened to make apology. "A dollar," she smiled again. "I was only thinking what great wealth that means to me now."

"It's yours," he said. "But wait. Do you know any place to go?"

She didn't. So he escorted her three blocks north and a block east to a less pretentious hostelry, and held open the vestibule door for her.

"You'll be all right here," he reassured. "It'll look better if I don't go in with you. But all there is to do is go up and register. Having no baggage you'll probably be asked to deposit. That's the cue to lay down the dollar. All the rooms are a dollar, flat, so you'll find it easy going. Good night."

"But—but—won't I ever see you again?" she whispered. This phase of the matter had not occurred to Bert. His failure to grasp opportunities was probably what kept him at eighteen a week on the *News*. But he managed to stutter out:

"Why, if you need any help, I'm on the *News*. Just ask for Bert Crale. And how about you—your name?" he added as a civil afterthought.

"Margaret," she whispered, smiling with upturned face. "Margaret Manny—and I don't know how I can ever thank you."

" 'Sall right. Look me up if you want me. Good-night."

"Good-night."

She pushed the inner door open and entered the "office," for this place boasted no lobby worthy of the name. He gazed after her an instant and then quietly slipped out of the street door.

The sharp wind, chilling his hands, reminded him of the gloves that he could not now buy until Monday. And of the dollar. And with the thought of its easy letting-go he felt a slight remorse. It might be just another game, he reflected—for which he had fallen like a chump, beguiled by a sob and a smile, and a story not particularly different from many he had heard.

"Well, I had a run for my money, anyway," he reflected as he entered his own boarding-house.

The chill of the room countermanded his alarm-clock the next morning and the extra forty winks lengthened to half an hour. Consequently he arrived at the office at eight, a scandalous hour on the *News*, which was an afternoon paper. A severe arraignment by the "old man" consumed fifteen minutes more, and there was a big bunch of rewrite on his desk. It was nine-thirty when he left the city room, and the police-court, his particular responsibility, was called at nine.

The hoodoo followed him all day. A long-drawn out jury case crowded out luncheon, and he quit at five, disgusted and hungry, and to the acrimonious reminder from the old man that the next day was Saturday and not Sunday.

As he again breasted the cold, he was reminded of the gloves, and the dollar, and the girl, and although it was two blocks out of his way, he found himself drifting toward the place where he had last seen her. He convinced himself it was all foolishness. But he couldn't convince his feet. Perhaps

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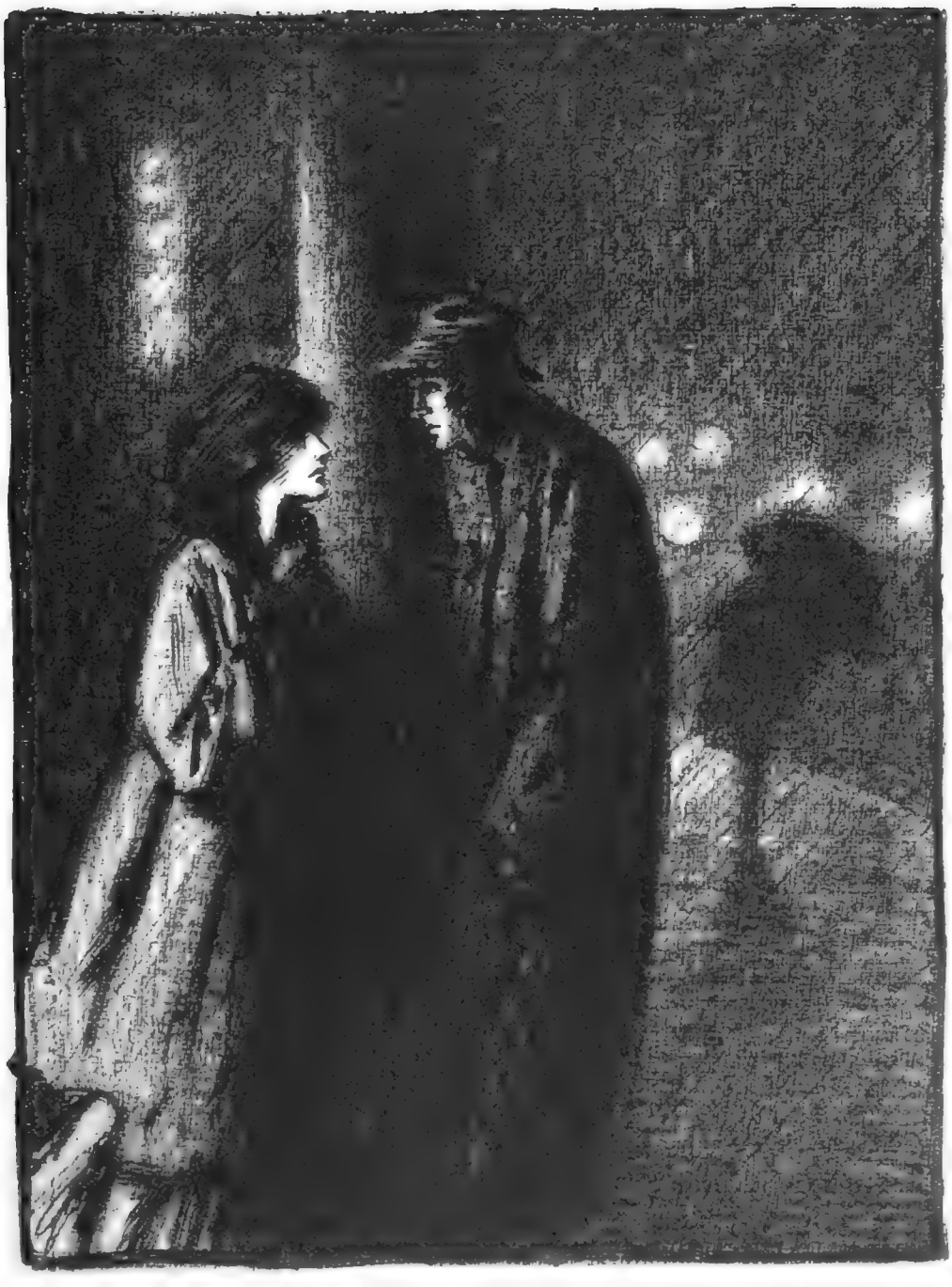

SHE ANSWERED SLOWLY: "NEVER! I CAN NEVER CALL ON MY FOLKS FOR HELP—AFTER THIS—"

he had been a little offish last night, and the girl wouldn't come to him even if she needed help. Then the thought of what he would do if he found her was succeeded by the fear that he might not find her at all. He approached the dingy desk in trepidation.

"Miss — er — Miss Margaret — Manny

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here?" he asked as nonchalantly and connectedly as his shyness and halting memory permitted. He did not know how he recalled the name, which he had made no effort to remember. It came to him, though, when it was most needed.

"No, sir," said the clerk, glancing at the register.

Bert stared at him, wondering if this, after all, wasn't the answer he had expected.

"No, sir," repeated the clerk. "When did she come in, sir?"

"Oh, last night—about ten-thirty," said Bert. "I left her at the door."

"No arrivals after six," said the clerk. Under the man's scrutiny, Bert's feet were now as anxious to get out as they had been to get in a few minutes before. He walked apologetically toward the door.

"Must be a mistake," he mumbled.

The clerk remembered something and started to call Bert back. But he didn't call. Bert was almost to the door. In another instant he was gone. The clerk returned to his newspaper, Bert to his fears. It had been a stall—but with a wonderful girl behind it. All in all he didn't begrudge her the dollar. Occupied thus it was not surprising that he all but bumped headlong into Manning of the *Morning Star*, hastening forth.

The sight of this familiar, bustling figure brought Bert back to the world of tangible, workaday things and he welcomed the jog.

"Hold up," said Bert. "The way you're speeding, there must be a murder and suicide, or possibly a double murder." He smiled tolerantly.

The smaller man fidgeted under the heavy grasp. "No, only a floater. It's up at the morgue now," gasped Manning. "If you've got to hang on that way, come along. We'll get there faster. Anyway it's five-thirty and your old sheet's been on the streets two hours.

Bert went the way the impatient Manning pulled. They entered the morgue.

"Have a look?" invited Manning as he turned toward the grim door at the right.

Bert followed as a matter of course. He had had many a look in those ghastly sanctuaries within the year.

But no look had staggered him as the one he took then.

It was she, the waif of the Carter House column.

He looked again to make sure, and turned away, faint. But he summoned courage to get additional reassurances from the coroner, who produced letters and cards with her name found on her body, and thinking Bert on duty bent, offered him a cigar. It was all too unreal to be taken seriously. Bert laughed, or rather chuckled, a bit hysterically, as he stumbled into the street.

He did not think. It was all too sudden, too unbelievable to shape into thought. But eventually his intelligent feet guided him through one street after another to the Press Club. He stopped at the familiar door, amazed. That was what he needed, the company of his fellow-workers, the boys who would understand when he told them about it. His feet had divined the want before it had occurred to him. He entered and went up the stairs, but not three at a time as on the night before. This time he slid his hand along the rail at every step. He knew the rail would lead him safe.

A shrill whoop greeted his entrance to the rooms.

"Here's old Bert"— "Came up for another penny-ante debauch"— "Beats the Dutch how he can keep it up, night after night," were the cries that assailed his ringing ears. He looked dubiously around, furtively, as if seeking escape. His eyes encountered Pete Hand, grinning in the corner.

"Blown in that dollar yet?" queried Pete.

"What dollar? Oh," Bert came to himself, "well, I didn't exactly blow it in. I rather think it was useful—as far as it went—"

"Strange," ruminated Pete out loud, in mock solemnity.

The rest had grown quiet, instinctively aware of a crisis, and breathlessly awaited developments.

"Strange?" repeated Bert. "Why—strange?"

"Strange that it should go—as far as it went," finished Hand lamely.

"Why?"

"Lead," was the answer that came to Bert through immense, misty spaces. "It was phoney, clear through."

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The MERMAID

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. LUTHER HALSEY GULICK

THESE remarkable photographs are instantaneous pictures of a young girl swimming under water. They were taken under conditions not easily duplicated, and have aroused great interest among artists and others who have seen the originals.

The photographs were taken by Mrs. Luther Halsey Gulick at her private summer camp for girls on Sebago Lake, Maine. The subject was a girl who possessed the unique accomplishment of being able to swim under water as far as one hundred feet. By a long under-water swim the ripples caused by her plunge had plenty of time to die out before

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she passed the rock on which Mrs. Gulick stood with the camera.

The experiments were made on a brilliantly clear day. The water also was extraordinarily clear and the swimmer passed the camera's field two or three feet below the surface. The final clue to success was found when a flowing garment of cheese-cloth was substituted for the dark-colored bathing-suit, which was too nearly the tone of the rocks to give definition. Both the figure and the draperies, under the equalizing buoyancy of the water, give a rare representation of poise, as they are entirely unaffected by the force of gravity.

How far short this description fails of conveying the art value of the photographs, their rhythm of line and beauty of form and tone, is significantly obvious; for in this margin of appeal to the imagination lies the motive that produced the pictures. They were taken at the birthplace of the Camp-Fire idea of which Mrs. Gulick is one of the chief sponsors.

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The photographs are a suggestive interpretation of the first law of the Camp-Fire, "Seek beauty;" a revelation of the poetic side of one of the simple, wholesome, normal acts of life. This is the principle, full of possibilities yet undeveloped, upon which the Camp-Fire ceremonial and symbolism are based.

The first ideal of the Camp-Fire girl is the development of a well-proportioned physique; a body under perfect control and responsive to every call of the spirit within. Her other ideals include an all-around training in the art of home-keeping in the modern sense, which involves a knowledge of community conditions as well as of the simple processes of home activity. This points to the further ideal of patriotism in the sense of loyalty to country, to church, to humanity, and of service in its broadest meaning.

But to hold forth these aims and say "These are the Camp-Fire"

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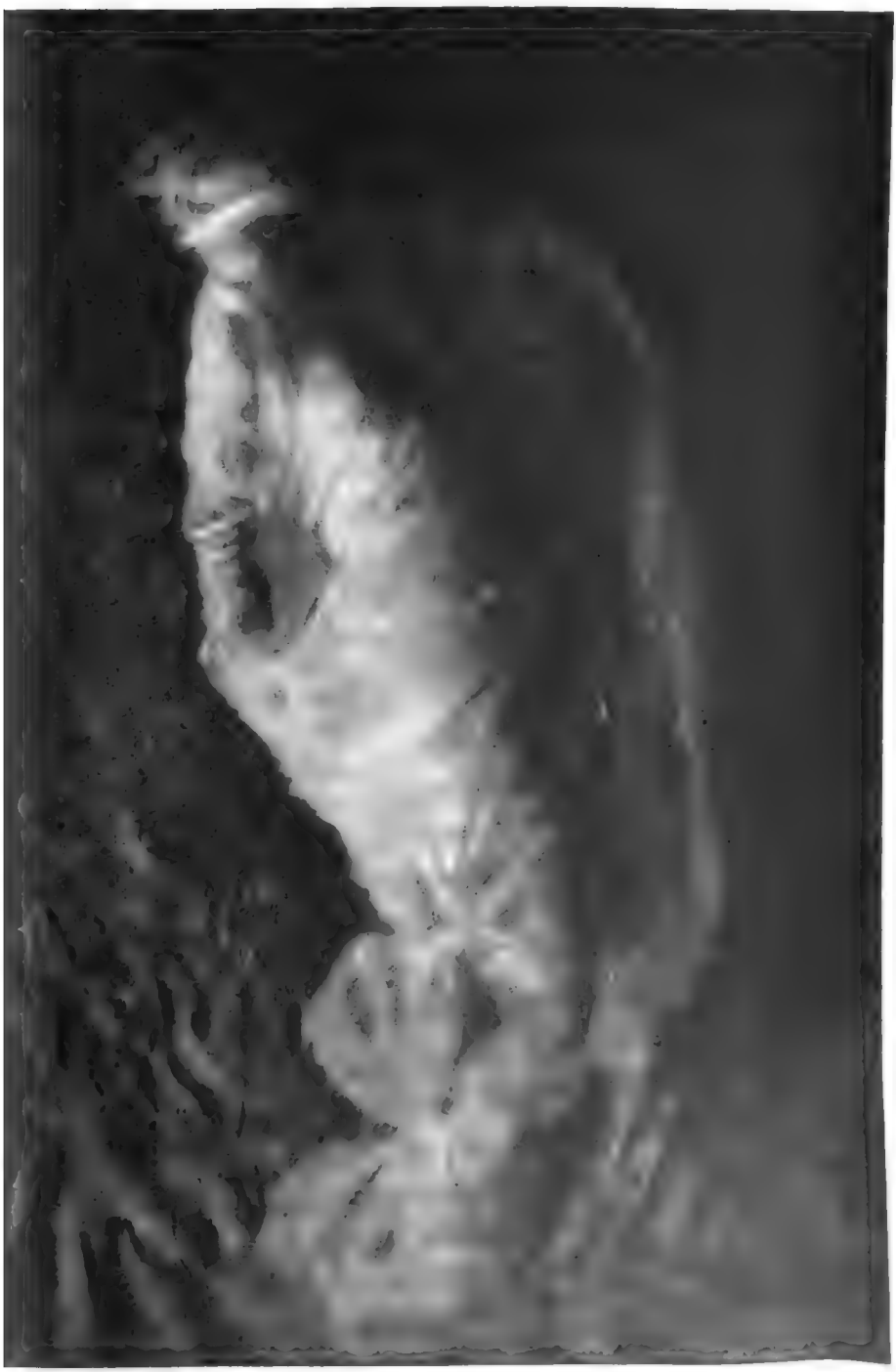

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would be as inadequate as to inscribe beneath these rarely beautiful photographs the legend, "A Girl Swimming," and consider the story told. The Camp-Fire girl makes an art of living. She finds in the mystic glow of the Camp-Fire the joy that burns at the heart of simple things, and life for her is never without beauty and romance.

A girl swimming can not always be a creature of mystic beauty, any more than speech can always be lyric or motion be always grace. But when once the beauty in a simple act has been revealed, even in a single poetic moment, a reflected glory is thrown over the commoner moments of which this is but the type. This is the poetry that the Camp-Fire girls all over America are writing into life.

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"PERSONS UNKNOWN"

BY VIRGINIA TRACY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS: James Ingham has been murdered in his apartments. Suspicion at first centers on Christina Hope, an actress who had been Ingham's fiancée. But testimony at the inquest points to a woman who had gone to Ingham's rooms late on the night of the murder—a red-haired woman who somewhat resembled Miss Hope, but who had one blue eye and one brown.

After the inquest blackmailing letters from "The Arm of Justice" are found among Ingham's things. Then Bruce Herrick, a young writer who has devoted himself to Christina's service, is run down by an automobile driven by an Italian. Later this same man and other Italians attack him in Central Park.

Meantime Herrick and Christina have become engaged, and Christina, evidently in deadly terror of something, has promised to tell him her secret after her "first night." But when Herrick goes to the stage-door after her wonderful triumph he sees her drive off with her enemy the coroner, Cuyler Ten Euyck.

The next day Herrick stumbles into a moving-picture show where Christina, several years younger, is shown making the very same gesture which he had seen reflected upon Ingham's blind on the night of the murder. This shock is followed by the news of Christina's disappearance. Herrick at once sets out on a search. Clues focus about a little farmhouse owned by Italians, but he finds the house empty. Then Herrick comes upon reason to search for Christina in a great country estate. He finds part of the house brilliantly lighted and, hiding in a balcony above the ballroom, he sees the red-haired woman busying herself in the preparation of a chafing-dish supper.

CHAPTER XXVI—THE EXPECTED COMPANY

SUDDENLY, as she turned to leave the room, all her quick humors swarmed in her in a threatening storm. She was not so much like a woman as like a great, bad, lovely, furious child that runs its tongue out in defiance. But there was a power in this defiance like the power in that soft panther of her grace. So that it was a sort of curse her swirling movement cast upon the pretty table as she flung one arm up and out above her head, the hand clinched, and then the fingers slowly spreading and stiffening in the air. Then she went out of the room and up the stair and overhead.

Herrick, scarcely knowing what he did, rose to his knees in his little balcony. Just then he thought he heard a slight noise behind him. As he turned, something struck him on the head; he fell millions of miles through a black horror, stabbed with pain, and forgot everything. . .

When he came to himself he was trussed up like a bundle, with arms and ankles tied too tight for comfort. He still lay on the

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floor of the musicians' gallery and the room below him was still lighted. He rolled over and again could look through the valance. Only a little time must have elapsed, for the room was still empty. Who had found him out? And for what fate was he reserved? He lurched up and sat quiet, waiting for the dreadful nausea that came with movement to pass off. Then, through the density of silence, he heard a step upon the terrace.

His curiosity rushed back on him like fire in a back-draft. He held his breath. The step was a man's. It crossed the threshold of the great door and sounded on the tiling of the hall. The next instant the guest of the red-haired woman was in the room under Herrick's eyes.

Removing a long driving-ulster and a soft hat, he lifted a face the color of tallow and, staring straight at Herrick's balcony with blank, black eyes, the visitor drew a quivering breath. This visitor was Cuyler Ten Euyck.

The sound of his entrance had evidently been remarked. Again there was a light footstep overhead, and Herrick guessed that enough time had elapsed for the toilet to have been completed. The hostess came forth at once, and could be heard slowly, and with great deliberation, descending the stairs.

Ten Euyck did not go to meet her. Only his eyes traveled to the door and he stood stiff, with little swallowings in his throat. Herrick could hear, as she came into the room, a swish, a tinkle about her steps as if she walked through jeweled silk, and before her on the waxed and gleaming floor there floated a pool of additional brightness, so that he saw she had not been satisfied after all with the lighting of her supper-party, but carried a lamp to her own beauty as she came.

Another step and there swam into his sight the beautiful, tall figure, carrying her lamp high, and incomparably more than before the mistress of that great apartment.

This time it was Christina herself.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE SHIPS AT ACTIUM

She stretched out one arm, keeping Ten Euyck at the tips of her fingers. He seemed content to stay so, looking at her.

She was dressed in a trailing gown of silken tissue that was now gold, now silver, as the light took it; but the long, vaporous slip beneath was of pale rose; molded to her motion and stirring with her breath, there dwelt in the gauze which covered her a perpetual faint flush. The stuffs were cut as low about the breast as if she had been some social queen, and her fair arms were bare of gloves. Their adorable young flatness below the gleam of the slim, smooth shoulders was now shimmered over and now revealed by short fringes of silver and gold, of cooler-colored amber and crystal, which were their only sleeve; and these fringes hung about the borders of her gown and trembled into music as she moved.

In the high-piled softness of her hair diamonds glimmered like stars in a fair dusk; diamonds banded her brow in an inverted crescent; diamonds and topaz dropped in long pendants from her ears; diamonds and pearls clung round her arms; the far-famed necklace drooped down her breast, and the peep and shine of jewels glanced from her everywhere, like glowworms.

She seemed to be clothed in fluctuant light, and yet it could not dim one radiance of her beauty. This was more than newly crowned; the rose was fully open; her loveliness had spread its folded wings and come into its own. There was no shyness now in those wide eyes; her spirit shone there, all in arms, and moved with a new and deeper strength in her young body. Very faintly, on the pure and delicate oval of her cheek, burned the soft, hot stain of rouge.

This was the pale girl in the gray suit who had once sat beside her mother in the corner of the coroner's office! It may be Ten Euyck thought of this; it may be she did.

"Well," she said, "have I made myself fine? Do I please you?"

He broke from his trance, took the lamp out of her hold, set it on the mantel-shelf, and returned to her without a word.

"Pray speak," she said. "I am all yours!"

"Christina!" he broke out, and caught and covered her hand with kisses.

"It is quite true. Do I do you credit?

> "Look at me here,
> Look at me there,
> Criticize me everywhere."

He leaned toward her and she swayed

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past him to the piano. Over her shoulder she sang to him:

"From head to feet
I am most sweet
And most perfect and complete!"

She struck the chords a crash and whirled round to him with her hands in her lap. "Yes, it is quite true. From my head to my feet"—here she thrust forth, through the music of the shaken fringe, a slim gold shoe with its buckle winking up at him—"you have paid for every rag I stand in. It would be hard if you were not suited. Would you like to go to your room a moment? It's all ready."

He must have considered this jabber at something like its true worth, for what he did was to draw up a chair and take and hold her hands. "Christina," said he, studying her face, "do you hate me so much?"

She remained a moment silent. Then, "Yes," she said. "I am a good hater." And she smiled at him—a soft, stinging smile, with her eyes lingering on his.

"And yet you come—willingly—to me?"

"Willingly?" she said. "Oh, greedily!"

"On my terms?"

"Ah no!" she cried. "On mine!"

"Well, then, for simply what you know I have?"

"For that," she said, "and nothing else."

"Great heavens!" he cried. "You're a cool hand! You, who value yourself so well, are willing to pay so high for it."

She replied, "To the last breath of my life!"

He leaned down and kissed her wrist and then her arm, and she sat quiet in his grasp.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked, looking up.

She replied, "Of other kisses."

He sprang to his feet with a kind of snort, going to one of the windows, and Christina purled at his broad back: "Don't be angry. How can I help what I think? Have I not kept my part of the bargain? Have I not come here to meet you without another soul? To a house I never saw before? That

SHE WAS NOT SO MUCH LIKE A WOMAN AS LIKE A GREAT, BAD, LOVELY, FURIOUS CHILD.

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you tell me you have hired? . . . Would you like some supper now? If you ordered it, I am sure it must be good. I am very obedient. All the same, I am rather hungry."

He came back to the table with a little pink line showing about his nostrils. "I do not mind your not desiring me," he said, "and perhaps, after all, I shall not mind your desiring another man. As you say, it is not a question of what you desire, but of what I do. Well, Christina, I am satisfied with your preparations for me; do you approve mine for you? How do you like my trysting-place? You gave me very little time. If you consider it a cage, is it sufficiently gilded?"

Christina drew a long breath. "It's wonderful. A palace—wonderful! Surely I was born to walk rooms like these! And a far cry from the little boarding-house I lived in when you first met me!"

"You like it, then?" he cried eagerly. "It's for sale. It shall be yours to-morrow."

"Give me some wine," she said. "I am tired."

The wine brought back her brightness; it was she who lighted the wick, heated the supper, and set the smoking chafing-dish before him. Till it came to the serving she would not let him stir and he could only lean forward on the table, looking and looking at her. During this she said little enough, except that he must be sure to praise her cooking, for she had always boasted she could be a good wife to a poor man. But once she was seated she poured out a stream of chatter which he sometimes answered and sometimes not, being intent upon but one thing, and that was to drink deeper and deeper of her presence.

Now through much of this Herrick lost sight of them, for he had come upon an interest of his own. He had discovered, in one of the balusters against which he lay, the jutting head of a nail. Never was an object, not in itself alluring, more dearly welcomed. For he saw that his legs were bound with only the soft cord that had once looped back the curtains between the inner and the outer balcony; there must have been two of these cords, and if his arms were but fastened with the other, the edge of the nailhead might make, in the course of time, some impression upon it. He sat up and found the nail of a good height to saw back and forth upon. Even this was better than to lie there and let those below saw upon his heart instead.

But he must stop at last from pure exhaustion; and at that moment there was the sound of a chair pushed back. "I thank you for your hospitality," said Christina's voice. "But now to business. I have played in too many melodramas to sign a contract without reading it. The yacht sails at sunrise?"

"Or when you will."

"And takes with her Allegra and Mrs. Pascoe and their Nicola, if they choose?"

"Safely and secretly to Italy! They must be aboard of her already."

"You are very generous," said Christina dryly. "But there is only one way I can be sure of the end of all this. You know what is most important to me." Herrick, leaning against the banisters, had got his eye to the opening in the valance again, and he could now see Christina with her hands in her lap facing Ten Euyck. "Have you got that letter?" she said.

Ten Euyck gave his breast a smart rap so that Christina, being so near, must have heard the paper crackle there.

"Very well," said she; "so much for the district-attorney's mail."

Ten Euyck sprang up, and his voice croaked with triumph as he talked. "Christina," he said, "it was a great day for me, my dear, that you had a sister! God forgive me if I say it was a greater day still when I followed my suspicions of Joe Patrick's testimony to their end, and forced her to admit that she killed Ingham!

"I am an officer of the law; I have always dreamed of giving the law a great triumph. When I made her write her full confession, in a letter to the district attorney that I should deliver to that conceited ass, I thought my triumph was won. Yet I renounce it at your bidding. I have brought you that letter—it's the price of my professional, my political honor; it may yet be bought with my career, with my disgrace. Think of the risk I run! One of the wretched women under my hand must be made to assume what now seems to be your crime and, as she escapes, she must take with her a little fortune. Do you think she will not guess that that scheme, escape, and fortune, come from me? Great Heaven, I must be mad to think of it! Yet I risk it! I've somehow always been ridiculous to you, Christina; but it's the despised policeman

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who lays at your feet what no other man can offer."

"You got it," Christina said, apparently casting away her gratitude with the crumbs out of her napkin, "by bullying an unhappy, wronged, defenseless girl. Don't forget that!"

"Forget! What I shall never forget—not one word—is the thrill of your message to me—to me!—when all the world was looking for you. 'My pride is in the dust, as deep as you could wish it. I have run from a shadow in a moving-picture show. You know with what that charges me. If, as you dared to admit to me the other night, you are an acquaintance of my sister, you must know the truth. You must know well that what I fear is being made to tell it. You of the police, you who pretend to like me, the day has come when I must ask: Can you like me well enough to help me?' Christina, can I forget that?"

"No," said Christina, "I never thought you could."

"And you will remember my answer, my dear. That you, who last Monday laughed at and left me with a shrug—you should have another chance. That I had her confession in my hand, to publish or destroy, as you should choose. You haven't forgotten that?"

"No," said Christina again. "But the destroying—that's the thing! You'll burn it?"

"Yes."

"Before my eyes?"

"Of course."

"To-night?"

"To-morrow!"

She seemed for a moment to take counsel with herself. "Very well."

An extraordinary limp helplessness, a kind of dejection of acquiescence, seemed to melt her with lassitude at the words. It was enough to sicken the heart of any lover, and even Ten Euyck cried out, as if to justify himself, "Ah, remember, you gave me the slip once before!" And at the memory he seemed to lose all control of himself, falling suddenly forward, clinging to her knees and hiding his face in her skirts.

She sat for a moment motionless. Then, with fastidious deliberation, as if they were bones which a dog had dropped in her lap, she plucked up his wrists in the extreme tips of her fingers, and slowly pushed him off. "Quietly," she said. "You are one who would always do well to be quiet."

He sat on his heels, the picture of misery, already ashamed and almost frightened at himself. And suddenly, "Christina," he whispered, while another flash branded itself across his face, "whose kisses were you thinking of?"

She did not at first understand; and then, remembering, "I will take a page from your book. I will tell you to-morrow." She went and sat at the piano with her elbows on the keyboard and her head on her hands.

This was the first moment in which Herrick began to be sensible of a little hope. It seemed to him that the edge of the nail was beginning to make some impression upon the soft silk cord that bound him. He ground away desperately, but always there was the dread of any sound, and quivers of terror that the violence of his pressure might loosen the nail. The blow on his head made him easily dizzy, and as he leaned there quiet, to recover himself, it was plain that Ten Euyck with a dozen protestations had endeavored to follow Christina to the piano, and been checked where he was.

"No, we are both getting fussed. It is my right, perhaps, but hardly the man's. As for me, I'm all for decorum. Sit back and smoke, and when you have smoked you will not fidget. I will play and sing to you—yes, I should love it," softly laughed Christina, her fingers moving on the keys and her voice breaking into song:

"They dressed me up in scarlet red
And used me very kindly;
But still I thought my heart would break
For the boy I left behind me."

The color rose up in her face and her eyes shone. "You see, I sing my own version," she smiled, and her bosom rose and fell in long, triumphing breaths.

"Damn him!" Ten Euyck cried. "It's not me you think of when you sing that! Who is it?"

"Now Heaven may truly guide me,
And send me safely back again——

"Isn't it?" Christina broke out. "Who knows?

"And send me safely back again
To the boy I left behind me!

Oh, far! Too far! Ten Euyck!"

"Christina!" he cried, "I won't bear it!"

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He had his two hands on her shoulders and as she continued to play she lifted up toward him at once a laughing and a tragic face. "What does he matter to you?" she said. "Aren't you here with me, and isn't he down and done for, and lost to me? As good as dead!

"He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his heels a grass-green turf;
At his head, a stone!

"Come, pluck up spirit!

"Tramp, tramp, across the land they ride!
Hark, hark, across the sea!
Ah-ha, the dead do ride with speed!
Dost fear to ride with me?

"'Dost fear to ride with me?'" she sang, on the deepest note of her voice, and turning, rose and held Ten Euyck off from her, seeming to study and to challenge him, and then the excitement and the wild emotion which she had kindled in both of them died slowly from her face, but not from his.

She released him, and, going to a little table, unclasped her necklace and slipped the strings of diamonds from her arms. The crescent round her head came next. "What are you doing?" he almost whispered.

"Unclasp this earring. Thank you!" She lifted one foot and then the other and tore the buckles from her shoes. She did not hesitate above that bewildering heap, but pushed closer and closer together those fallen stars and serpents of bright light. "There!" she cried. "Are they all there? No—here!" At her breast there was still a quivering point or two; she wrenched off the lace that held them and flung it on the pile. "There!" she said again, "they are all there! My poor fellow, I have changed my mind."

She walked away and leaned her forehead on the tall mantel-shelf. Whence she was perhaps prepared to have him turn her round and, holding her by the wrists, say to her through stiff lips, "Explain yourself!" He shook from head to foot with temper; doubtless, too, with the scandalous outrage to common sense.

"There is so little to explain. I thought I could. I can't. It wouldn't pay."

"Not pay!"

"Oh," said Christina, indicating with a scornful glance the mirrored, golden room and piled-up jewels, "these were only incidents! Try to understand. Long ago, when I was a child, I set out to vanquish the world. Not to belong to it, not to be of it, but to have it under foot. I was so poor, so weak, so unbefriended. I thought it would be a fine day when I could give this great, contemptuous, cold, self-satisfied world a little push with my shoe and pass it by. It was a childish ambition; well, in some ways I have never grown up. And to me, since our first encounter, *you* have always typified that world."

He started back, and released her hands.

"All that I really wanted I won for myself last Monday. And Allegra's trouble steals from me, again. You tell me that you can save it for me in saving her, but it's not true. It was easy to think of you as the world, to feel that you were giving me yourself and it to play with. It's easy to imagine that you would be under my heel. No, I should be under yours. I shouldn't have vanquished the world: I should be vanquished by it. No, I thank you."

"And Allegra?" he asked her grimly.

Christina shuddered and closed her eyes. But she said: "Has Allegra been so tender to me that I should lose myself for her? Ah, Ten Euyck, I have been a good sister! I have had but the one thought all my life. She has no home, because she came into this world too soon. Here was I — and where was she? My elder sister, born in wedlock, born of my father and my mother, grown up among strangers, among peasants, and come to harm—for she *did* come to harm—lost, thrown away, forsaken and denied—for what? For any fault of hers? For a convention, a cowardice, done in obedience to the chatter of fools, done to stand well with those that have no hearts! What could I think of my poor mother but that in weakness she forsook and denied her child to please the world? What could I think of any shame or sorrow that touched Allegra but that this was what the world and her own family had made of her? It was then I learned my hate against the world. It came to be my madness that I was in her place. I could never win love from her. 'No matter!' I said. 'All that I am and have and ever shall be I stole from her, and give her back again only to repay what never in this world can be repaid. . . . But it's too much. I can't do it. I have thought of nothing but her. It is time I thought of myself."

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SHE SPRANG AWAY, PRESSED OUT THE FLAME UPON THE BOSOM OF HER GOWN, AND THRUST THE LETTER IN HER BREAST "YOU FOOL!" SHE CRIED

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"But—murder," Ten Euyck suggested.

The girl's face trembled as if he had struck it, and he pushed home another thrust. "Why did I ever believe in you? You deserted her in her trouble; she's never laid eyes on you since she shot Ingham. She thought you never came to her because, being suspected, you feared to be followed, never wrote because you did not trust the mail. All your boasted devotion! But now I believe it's your own safety that you follow——

"I can't give up my own life. I've fought too hard to make it what I wanted!" Christina cried. "And I can't — forget! Ah, goodness and youth! Why, why, just now, did you let me sing of him?" Her look changed and darkened. "Oh!" she cried out suddenly, and, flinging forth her arms, buried her face in them.

The effect on Ten Euyck was electrical. Hitherto drugged and fascinated by the mobility of her beauty, the lights and emotions varying in it, he now shot forward on his sofa as if in a mechanical toy a spring had been touched.

"It isn't possible!" he cried. "That calf! That milksop! Christina, you don't mean —Herrick!"

She let her arms fall, and without raising her head, lifted her eyes for him to read.

He broke into a loud laugh that jangled, hysterically cold, round the great, brilliant room. "And to think," he said, "that all this time I have thought of him as my pet diversion, my wittol, my moon-calf! It has been my one jest through all this wretched business to see the importance of that great baby. To watch him industriously acquiring bumps and bruises, and getting more and more scratches on his innocent nose. I waited to see it put out of joint forever when you threw him flat upon it. I thought that we were laughing in our sleeves at him, together. When I had this appointment with you safe, I smiled to see him careering up and down the country like Lochinvar in a child's reader—

"He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river——"

Ten Euyck sprang up and catching Christina by the elbows snatched her smartly to her feet and shook her till, on her slim neck, her head bobbed back and forth. "What did you tell me for," he cried, "if you hoped to be rid of me! I, at least, am no baby, and I have had enough of this! Your dear Lochinvar is doubtless swimming and riding somewhere in the neighborhood, but not within call. And let me assure you, though 'he stay not for brake and he stop not for stone, yet ere he alights here at Netherby Gate'——"

"Go on!" said Christina. "You know the end of the verse." She flung it, with a gallant backward movement of her head, straight in his teeth——

"For a laggard in love and a dastard in war——

"Oh, listen, listen, listen! Now you know. Now you know whose name I would not speak. Not in this place. Yes, I've fought hard to make my life, to make my name. But he is all I am not and long for. He is life outside myself, to meet mine. He is my light and my air and my hope and my heart's desire. Love him? Oh, God!" cried Christina, "what must he think of me!" And she began to shake with weeping.

"That cub!" said Ten Euyck. "You love that cub!" And he took her in his arms, and, covering her throat and hair with kisses, he held her off again, and tried to see into her face. "Do you?" he cried. "Do you? Do you?"

"Give me a handkerchief!" Christina snapped.

He was surprised into releasing her; and, plucking forth her own scrap of lace, she wiped her nose with some deliberation. "I look hideous. I should like those lights out!"

He went about putting out light after light, till she said, "Leave my lamp!"

She was standing beneath it, pensive and grave and now quite pale, with her back to the mantel-shelf, her soft, fair arms stretched out along its length, and her head hanging. She might have been bound there, beneath the single lamp, like an olden criminal to a seacoast rock before the rising tide. The pale light floated over her as Ten Euyck came up, and seemed to illumine her within a magic circle.

"My dear," Ten Euyck began, with a kind of solemn fierceness, "when you made me accomplice in a crime, when you came here to me like this to-night, did you really dream that you could change your mind? Did you suppose you could make me ridiculous again? Do you know where you are? And under what circumstances? There is a

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slang phrase, Christina: Do you really think you can get away with it?"

"No," Christina replied. She quietly lifted her head. Her eyes rested soberly on his. "I am here, with you. I am alone. There is no Rebecca's window, here, to dash myself from. You see I have counted up everything. And this is what I will do. If I can not die now, I can die to-morrow. You can not watch me forever. And in the hour when you leave me I shall find a way to die."

His face grayed as he looked at her.

"By Heaven!" he said, "you know how to defend yourself!" And his arms dropped at his side.

He was a moment silent, his mouth twitching, his eyes drinking her up. Christina had in argument that better sort of eloquence that calls up convincing pictures. Doubtless he saw her then, clay-cold, lost to him utterly. So that suddenly he broke out in a kind of high, hoarse whisper: "Christina, there's another way! I never meant to marry—but—Christina, shall it be that?"

"*What!*" she exclaimed. It was a volcanic outcry, not a question. She stretched out her two arms, with the palms of her hands lifted against him, and laughter and amazement seemed to course through her and to wave and shine out of her face, like fire in a wind.

"Christina," he said, "Christina, I will marry you! Oh, Christina, isn't that the way? There's your ambition! There's your satisfaction! There's the world under your shoe! Christina, will you?"

"Is it possible?" she said. And again, "Is it possible? What? Peter Winthrop Brewster Cuyler Ten Euyck and the girl in the moving-picture show? Mr. Ten Euyck and the sister of a criminal? Eh me, my poor soul, is it as bad as that?" Her laughter died and her brows clouded. "It's a far cry, Ten Euyck, since you stole my kiss on the sly. You laid the first bruise on my soul. You put the first slur and sense of shame into the shabby little girl in the stock-company. And does the pure patrician and representative of high life now lay the cloak of his great name down at my feet? To walk on it, yes! But to pick it up? After all, I think it would be stooping! Ah, my good fellow, I don't jump at it!"

"I know you don't. That's why I want you. I've been jumped at all my life." He held her fast, his face burning darkly under her little blows of speech, and his pulse rising with the sense of battle. "I think I've never known a woman who wouldn't have given her eyes to marry me. I've never taken a step among them without looking out for traps. Christina, I long to do the trapping and the giving, yes, and the taking, for myself. You don't want me; well, I want you! Yes, for my wife! I see it now. You dislike me, you despise me. Well, your dislike doesn't count; believe me, you'd not despise me long! I'd rather see you bearing my name—you, with another man for me to wipe out of your heart; you, as cold as ice and as hard as nails to me—than any of those soft, waiting women! See, we'll play a great trick on the world! We'll be married to-morrow. We'll sail for Europe. From there we'll send back word we've been married all along. People shall think that when you left me the other night I followed you; that we fooled them from the beginning, and when next they see you, you shall be on my arm. Come, Christina, will not that be a re-entry? Will not the world be vanquished, then?"

"Hush!" she said, with lifted finger. "I thought I heard some one!" She lifted the lamp from the mantel-shelf and, going to the window, held it far out into the darkness with an anxious face. "No!" she breathed.

Ten Euyck observed with joy that her manner to him had changed: it had become that of a fellow-conspirator. Up and down the terrace she sent the light, her apprehensive eyes searching the shadows and the bushes. "No," said she again, "I was wrong."

She came back to him flushed and eager, and, setting the light upon the table, he caught her hands. But still her nostrils widened, her eyes contracted, doubt succeeded to triumph in her face. "If it were not the truth!" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"If there were no such necessity! If you did not have us in your power at all! If you have no such letter!"

"Christina!"

"It is what I have doubted from the beginning. How do I know you haven't lied to me all along? I ask you if you have that letter, and you thump your breast. I ask you to show it to me and you answer, 'To-morrow.' Did you think I was to be caught

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in a trap? If you had that proof to show me, you wouldn't hesitate. There is no such letter—I can see it in your face."

He took the letter from his coat and held it up.

"Oh, well," Christina said, "I see an envelope. Am I to marry for an envelope?"

He cast the envelope away, folded the letter to a certain page, and held it for her to read.

She read it, and a faintness seized her. She stood there, swaying, with closed eyes, and he put an arm about her for support. She leaned upon him, and he put down his mouth to hers. "Christina, look up!" he cried. "Don't be afraid! Don't tremble so! My darling, here's your first wedding-present!" And, alarmed by her half-swoon, transported by that surrender in his arms, he held the letter above the lamp and let its edge catch fire.

Christina opened her sick eyes, and they dwelt dully on the paper and then with pleasure on the little flame. "Let me," she breathed. "Yes, let me. It's my right."

He put the burning paper in her hands, smiling on her with a tender playfulness. "Take care!" he said.

"I will take care!" She held up the paper, intent on the thin edges crisping in the growing fire, and then, swift as a deer and wild as a lion's mate, she sprang away, clasped her hands hard upon the burning paper, pressed out the flame upon the bosom of her gown, and thrust the letter in her breast. "You fool!" she cried. "You miserable, monstrous fool! Thank God, I've done with you!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

"TURN, FORTUNE, TURN THY WHEEL"

Ten Euyck's face blazed white with anger. Sick with rage, driven with bewilderment and some touch of vague suspicion, all his cold strength gathered itself. He was no longer merely a harp for Christina's fingers. She stood at the far end of the room with her back against the wall, barricaded, indeed, by a little gilded table, but not at all alarmed or even concerned, and the master of the situation forced himself to say quietly:

"I am tired of play, my dear. I shall not run after you. Bring that letter here."

Christina laughed.

"You will come to me, quite obediently, and give that letter here to me."

"Oh, I think not!" Christina said. "Not to a captain of blackmailers! Not to the proprietor of the Arm of Justice!"

A profound silence fell upon that house. It was as if, in that great golden room, among the mirrored gulfs of shadow, something held its breath. Night seemed to look in at the windows with a startled face. Then, somewhere, a hawk cried. And still there was no movement in the room. The homely sound of crickets rose from without like the stir of a world immeasurably far away. And Christina, in the changing lusters of her gold and silver gown, stood half in shadow, flushed and radiant, a little shaken with triumph, like a spent runner who has touched his goal, and with her hand above the letter on her heaving breast.

Ten Euyck did not make one sound. But his face had a paralyzed, chalky stiffness, and the jaw dropped, like the jaw of a corpse.

"You fatuous hypocrite!" cried the girl. "You pillar of society! And could you ever imagine it was for *you* I came! For your name, for your position! I thank you, I prefer my own! For your protection? Can you protect yourself? It took all your greed, all your vanity, all your stupid, cruel pomp and dulness to be fooled like that! Did you ever really think I could stoop to such a scene as this, to-night, for you—or me? Oh, blind, blind, blind!"

Ten Euyck, though he never took his eyes from Christina's face, put out a groping hand, drew a chair to him, and sat stiffly down.

"But was I to rest quiet, then," Christina asked him, "and let you turn your heel on her? She to tremble like a criminal for a moment's madness and to hang upon your sufferance! And you to be bowed down to, to swell and strut and smirk, and look smooth and glossy and respectable, and be brushed by valets, and have prize cattle raised for you to eat, and carry gold umbrellas! Did you think I didn't guess why you wrenched this letter out of her—that what you really wanted of it was to bring me to your feet? There's nothing in heaven or earth could have brought me here except to steal it back!"

"How did you—" he tried to say. But the machinery of his throat was rusty and would not work. He swallowed once or

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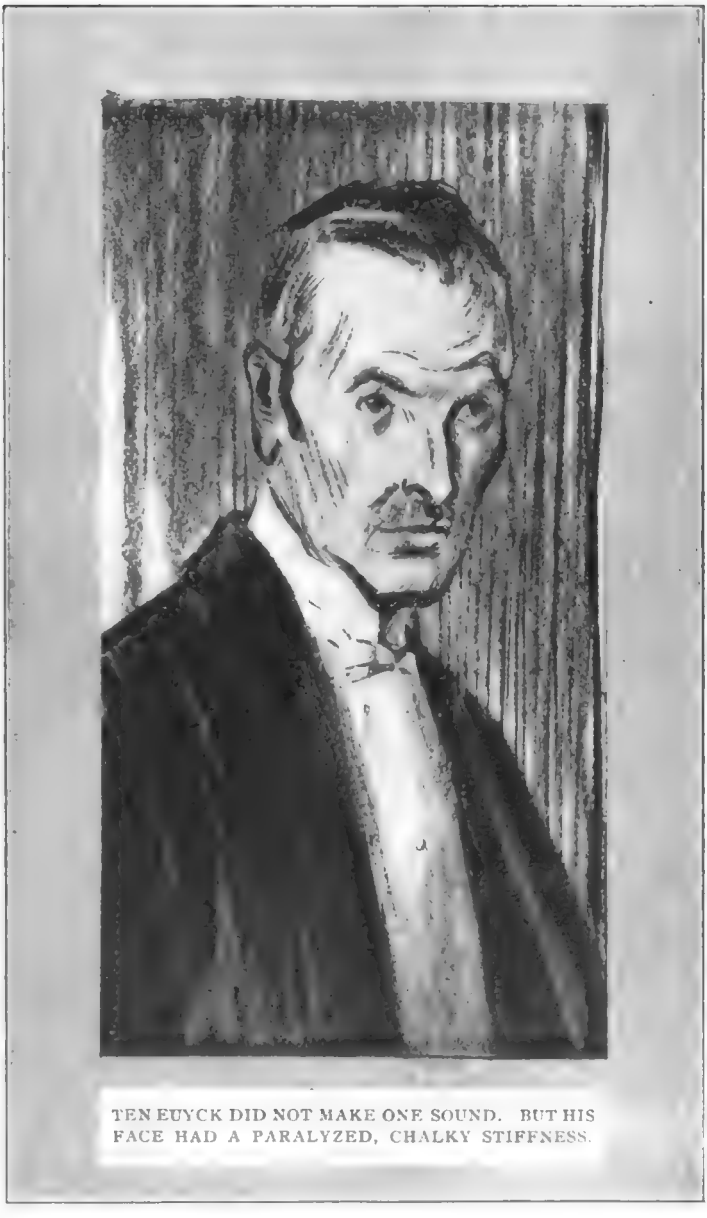
twice; and then, dropping his dulled eyes, he got out, "When—did you—at first——"

"When you came to call, so grandly, in New Haven last week—after the inquest; and would talk about that red-haired woman. 'Let her tell the jury how ill he treated her,' you said. Don't you remember that I answered: 'How do you know how he treated her?' A strange confidant for Allegra! Then came Bruce Herrick's letter about his fight in the park and the dead man with his card—1411, and full of all that talk of the district attorney's about the Arm of Justice and its spite against good families, and all its strange revenges. Somehow I remembered your old grudge against me. It was all formless, nameless, still—just clouds. Only I watched you; and I saw that if you hadn't got over your grudge, you hadn't got over your weakness either. I didn't like the assurance with which you hung about; I wondered what you knew. I took a train cross-country to my sister's—she was away. Desert Allegra! Not see her! Thank God, she lied to you from the beginning! Thank God, she kept you from dreaming that I could have learned with what she sought to save herself in this letter! I waited for her—and I stumbled on something that brought my clouds together. My good Ten Euyck, you never made a bigger mistake than when you lost one symbol of respectability—than when you forgot your umbrella!"

He lifted the heavy stare of his eyes again.



TEN EUYCK DID NOT MAKE ONE SOUND. BUT HIS FACE HAD A PARALYZED, CHALKY STIFFNESS.

"I found it at my sister's house," Christina went on, "the gold handle, like a staff of office, with your name. When I could wait for Allegra no longer I broke the rod, and have the handle still. You knew! You knew: why hadn't you told? In what other way than telling were you gaining something? Then, in New York, just before the curtain rose, there came your necklace and your note, and I saw you were a violent, greedy creature, for all your ice, who would

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go a long way to get your will; I saw you could be managed, and how." Christina paused and smiled at him. "When I left you and went to my Deutches, I found they had already tried to 'phone you about me. Your house-number wasn't in the book, and the girl at first gave them a wrong address—they called up some quite strange person. Then the girl remembered that was your old number, which you had just had changed. It was the same district, of course, but the old number ran 1-4-1-1."

Ten Euyck gave a sort of creaking breath.

"I could not wait to get to my sister. And once more I found her house without its mistress. But when she did come I convinced her that I knew about you—that she must tell me what there was between you. She was half wild. And why? She had been to meet you; to deliver this confession you had forced from her to keep your protection—you volunteered never to use it except in case of the worst—to save me."

Ten Euyck laughed out.

"Oh, I wasn't fooled by that. Nor had she trusted you. She knew your ambitions as a prosecutor. And so she would not write one word of what would have been her death-warrant, unless she wrote also what would stay your hand. She told how she had hard work to keep Nicola from being drawn into your gang of Italians, which you had found ready-made, newspaper and all, and simply used to break your enemies with—she knew what to write! She had a terrible struggle with you when you found what she had written—you unhappy creatures, who could only tie each other's hands!

"But when she told me you had yielded, do you think that did not prove to me you meant to use her letter only to bring me down? You deliver it to the district attorney—you, who arranged to have not even a servant in this house! You thought her accusations would never leave your hands, that not even I need ever see them. You thought I should never know from Allegra! You thought you could destroy the whole paper comfortably when you had gained your end with me.

"Dear sir, that hope is past. Our side shall never fall alone. If she is to be punished, she will never be punished by you. The day you lift a finger against her your career as a criminal, your career as a shining light, they are both at an end."

Ten Euyck, still slowly, rose from his chair, and for one moment he stood with his eyes upon the reckless girl who was driving him to the last terrible extreme of self-defense. He had come there a happy and indulgent conqueror, and now even the sweetness of a necessary revenge was black and poisoned in him. Then, in that moment, he heard what Christina, flushed with victory, did not hear at all—a little sound behind him and above his head.

His driving-coat still lay across a chair, and he went slowly to it and drew the case of his revolver from its pocket; the revolver was fully loaded; he looked at the barrel a long time, as if he were thinking something out, and then he heard Christina laugh. "Take care!" she said. "I did not come without a guard."

He did not turn upon her. He still stood with his back to her, and from under his bent brows his glance shot up and found the parting of the valance. Now, since the lessening of the lights, Herrick, half-mad and goaded by the continual slight weakening of the cords, had grown careless of concealment. There, in the opening, his face showed. Not much, indeed, not enough to be easily recognized; all masked, too, with blood and sweat and with the gag across the mouth. But still whiter than the Italian face which Ten Euyck knew about that house. Then he caught a glimpse of the brown, ruddy hair, and guessed. This was a Pascoe idea of a joke.

"A guard?" he said. And he turned then upon Christina.

"Don't come near me!" the girl cried. "And if you want to live, don't shoot! My friends are all about this house. They are in waiting down the road. They have waited the whole evening long, watching for my signal. They started to close in on us when I waved my lamp. Let me cry out my name and you will hear, in answer, the horn of an automobile. It will blow three times—two short notes and one long. That means: 'Stand out of the way, Christina Hope; the men are ready!' Don't come near me!"

"Cry out your name!" Ten Euyck replied.

The girl lifted up her voice, and gave forth the words 'Christina Hope,' so that they leaped out in the still darkness and went shrilling and searching through the night, the vibrations dying in the distance,

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and the air giving back an echo of their call, till, after an age-long moment, their last note died away.

And nothing happened. No note from the horn of an automobile broke forth in answer; there was only a profounder stillness. Christina was left face to face with nothingness and Cuyler Ten Euyck.

"You spoke too soon!" he said. "You were always foolhardy. This time you have outdone yourself. The clever Christina was not the only person, on coming here, to take precautions. I suspected nothing, but I took no chances. And my little army is made of surer men than friends. I prepared for accident. No automobile can pass that lodge. No spy can creep about these grounds. One tried, my dear. They caught him. He is lying in that little gallery gagged and bound. When his body is discovered he will have been shot by blackmailers, whom Cuyler Ten Euyck never so much as saw. I thought you wouldn't leave me!"

Christina had gathered up her train for flight, and had been maneuvering nearer and nearer to the window that gave deepest into the shelter of the dark. Only at the first word of a spy she had stood still.

"Yes," Ten Euyck went on, "I see that you guess his name. I am not a bad shot, and he can't move, poor fellow. Give me that letter!"

Christina looked along his arm, along the lifted revolver, to what was now only a dark opening in the valance. Her mouth opened, but no sound came. The life went out of her like the flame from a dying candle, and she seemed to shrink and crumple and to sway upon her feet.

"That letter, if you please," Ten Euyck said.

"Bruce!" Christina called, quite low. "Bruce, are you there? Let me see!" she screamed out, and ran forward.

Ten Euyck held up a finger, and she stopped dead. "Do you understand that I, too, have a signal and these fellows will come at it? Do you understand what cause they have to love Herrick? Fetch that chair!"

She brought it forward.

"No, under the balcony. Pardon my not helping you. I dare not lower my hand. Stand on the chair! Can you reach those little curtains? No? Take this candlestick—push them back! What do you see?"

Christina shuddered like a stricken birch and gave forth a lamentable cry. The candlestick fell to the floor. She had met Herrick's eyes.

"Have I won?" said Ten Euyck. "You are a brave girl, but you lack discretion. Get down! Take that letter from your breast. That's right. What a pretty change in manners, my dear! Come here!"

"Persons Unknown" will be concluded in the September issue.

A NEW SERIAL

Beginning in the very next number
and continuing for three more.

Comedy—Mystery—Comedy

YCLEPT

"ONCE OVER"

BY

JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON *and* FRANK LEON SMITH

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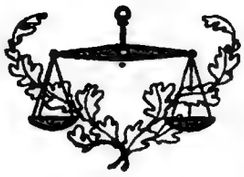
HERE IS JUSTICE!

by

CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH



SOME months ago the city of Los Angeles awoke to the conviction that courts of justice do not invariably dispense that commodity. As a new city charter was in process of preparation by a freeholders' committee, the time seemed right to provide for any desired changes, and to this committee was entrusted the task of framing a provision for the establishment of the office of Public Defender, a functionary who should be as active in the defense of an accused person as the district attorney was in his prosecution.

Los Angeles said, in effect:

"If you engage a talented man, give him unlimited resources, equip him with great legal powers, endow him with the moral support of the community, and demand that he vigorously prosecute one of your citizens, then common sense, human right, and the essential basis of the rule set forth in Matthew vii. 12 demands that you similarly equip and endow an equally talented man and set him to that citizen's defense."

Two men in Los Angeles, practically unknown to each other, had been working along parallel lines of activity during some years. One was David Evans, a practising attorney of the city, a member of the freeholders' committee aforesaid. To him fell the actual work of framing the provision for the Public Defender. He is known as the father of this law. The other is Walton J. Wood, who was appointed to the office a short time after the legislature of California ratified the charter. Evans had long reasoned thus:

"The law provides an equal chance for plaintiff and defendant. The fact that the state may happen to be the plaintiff in no wise alters the situation. If the defendant chances to be an ordinary citizen, there is no equality whatever. The district attorney's office has the machinery and wealth of the county behind it. To say that the average offender enters court on an equal footing with the state is absurd."

If you had gone about among Wood's acquaintances with inquiry as to his character, the general run of replies would have been something like this:

"A bit of a crank on some things. He believes the criminal doesn't get a fair chance in the courts, and has ideas about the duty of judicial officers that won't work. He doesn't believe there is such a thing as a 'criminal class.' Says we're all the same, with little differences of right and wrong, only some of us more unfortunate than the rest."

Wood had returned some time previously from the practise of law in the Philippine Islands. He had gone there immediately upon his graduation from Leland Stanford University, and he returned with innumerable instances of judicial wrong at his tongue's end. He was appointed a deputy city attorney, and had been preparing the way for Evans's charter provision long before that provision had been talked of, by preaching judicial equality and human rights wherever he could find one, two, or three people who would listen to him.

An Evans and a Wood may be found in nearly every community. To the machine politician they are "reformers." To wide-awake humanity they have "the vision." Wood's idea was precisely the same as Evans's. Both men wanted to have the scales of justice balance even; both wanted to push the bandage up from the goddess's eyes so that she could *see* that they did so balance instead of being told about it. In a phrase, both were tired of short-weight justice, with the unfortunate consumer continually getting the worst of it.

When David Evans presented the draft

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of the new charter it contained a section that read specifically as follows:

> Upon request by the defendant or upon order of the court, the Public Defender shall defend, without expense to them, all persons who are not financially able to employ counsel, and who are charged in the Superior Court with the commission of any contempt, misdemeanor, felony or other offense. He shall also upon request give counsel and advice to such persons in and about any charge against them upon which he is conducting the defense, and he shall prosecute all appeals to a higher court or courts, of any person who has been convicted upon any such charge, where, in his opinion, such appeal will, or might reasonably be expected to, result in the reversal or modification of the judgment of conviction.

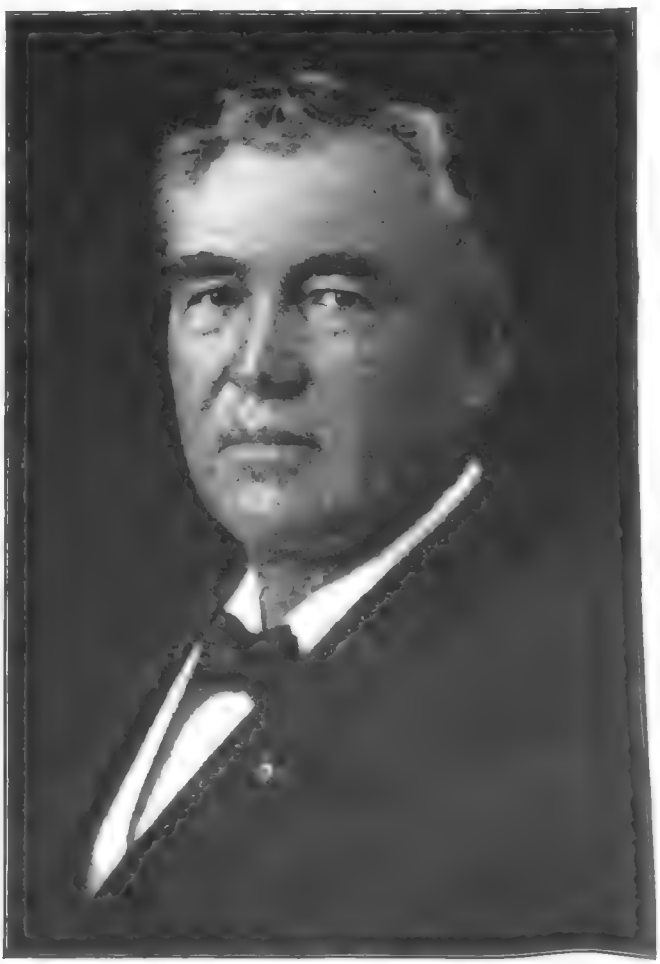
This section also provides for the prosecution of civil suits, minor actions, liens for wages, and the like, in the cases of persons unable to institute an action and pay counsel fees on their own behalf, and to defray all such costs of action out of the county treasury in the usual manner.

The new charter was passed by the people of Los Angeles and ratified by the state legislature a short time later. It became effective June, 1913; but the Public Defender was not appointed until January 6, 1914, because the Civil Service Commission did not conduct its examination of candidates for the office in any month before December. At the conclusion of that examination Walton J. Wood was appointed Public Defender. When he was handed the key of his office his instructions were brief, and bore the snap of a sincere public sentiment:

"See that absolute, impartial justice is done every man, woman, or child who may appear for your assistance. Advise them upon their rights and see they get these. Be as vigilant in defense of these persons as your co-laborer, the district attorney, is in their prosecution. Consult with that officer, assist him, and ask for his assistance. Justice is a divine attribute; the more justice we demonstrate, the closer we approach divinity, and—there is some distance to travel."

Wood's instructions, boiled down to their essence, would read substantially like that. When he had digested these he went down to the Hall of Records, opened his door, engaged his assistants, instructed them in their duties, and sat down to see whether any one wanted justice. He began to get action immediately. Every one wanted to see the Public Defender the minute a policeman laid a hand on a shoulder.

"Since January 6th, nearly every person accused of crime in the Superior Court, which in this state is a court of record, upon being arraigned has called for the services of this office," said Mr. Wood. "That



DAVID EVANS—KNOWN AS THE FATHER OF THE LAW PROVIDING FOR A PUBLIC DEFENDER.

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seems to speak eloquently for the need of just such an office. This, naturally, excepts those able and preferring to employ their own counsel. In cases where we have been called for, it has always been where the judge has given the accused his choice between our services and those of an attorney appointed by the court. In less than two months we had forty-five cases of persons accused of felony, and the civil cases are averaging over a hundred a week. We have four lawyers and two assistants here, and so far no one has found time to loaf."

As to the actual working of the plan, Los Angeles feels she has established an efficacious improvement upon the former one-sided application of justice. She has learned, as have most other cities, that the law as usually administered is a highly imperfect engine, and that the complexity of human life has bred legal complexity and inefficiency in its turn.

There is no question that the office of district attorney is a judicial office, and that while this officer's duties are the prosecution of crime, he has an equal duty of seeing that the law is administered to secure justice for the accused. Custom, popular opinion, and personal considerations have warped these judicial duties out of their true line, and the prosecutor rarely concerns himself with that broad view, but confines himself to securing convictions, upon which the record of his office is judged.

To most persons familiar with legal prosecution has come at one time or another some such question as this:

"In the preparation of a case, should the prosecutor discover witnesses or evidence not serving his purpose, but strongly favoring the defense, would he be likely to inform the defense of this discovery, or would he keep silent?"

Los Angeles has furnished the only direct answer to that question by her appointment of a Public Defender. Individual offenders charged with crime do not trust the prosecutor, however great his personal probity, to safeguard their rights when they have the means to employ counsel. It is their plainly manifest belief that no man can serve antagonistic interests. And yet in the beginning justice for the state and justice for the offender were not considered antagonistic.

It will be asked if the Public Defender is not likely to obstruct justice or the work of the prosecutor's office. One of the first cases that came to Mr. Wood answers that question. It was that of Fred Lacy, accused of forgery. Says Mr. Wood:

"Lacy had pleaded guilty in the Superior Court at San José and was released on probation by the judge, who knew there was a similar charge against him in Los Angeles county, but from which he lacked authority to free him. Lacy was turned over to the Los Angeles authorities and committed to jail. He was afflicted with tuberculosis, and confinement was tearing him to pieces. He sent for me. Getting the facts, I laid the case before the district attorney, and that officer took immediate steps to have the indictment dismissed. Between us we got Lacy into a hospital, and he has at least a chance for his life."

Then follows the case of Harris and McCormick, two men accused of burglary. It was brought out that both were starving when the offense was committed, and the Public Defender's office proved they had made sincere efforts to secure work and food. On first statement the court did not believe the story, but when the facts were presented one man was released and the other got a light sentence. There is little doubt that had the court appointed an attorney for them, no rigid investigation would have been made because of lack of funds, and both would have been given long terms.

It is fairly obvious that the Los Angeles experiment is in actuality a blanket indictment of the whole machinery of the law as applied to criminal prosecution; for if a prosecutor's duties are largely judicial, so are the individual lawyer's, no matter in what capacity he may be acting. In essence the lawyer is admitted to the bar under the administration of an oath binding him to uphold the law and labor diligently in the behalf of justice. In a word, he is supposed to act, not primarily in the interest of his client, be it state or person, but in the interest of impartial right. Were this true in practise as it is in theory, it is conservatively estimated that nine-tenths of existing legal controversy would be absent. Mr. Wood believes, from his experience as Public Defender, that such impartiality is impossible, or at least impracticable, so far as criminal cases are concerned.

"I believe it to be impossible for a prosecutor, anxious to fulfil his duty, to act with equal fairness to the accused and the

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accuser," he says. "In every criminal prosecution one citizen is arrested at the instance of another, and the law provides an officer to take the side of the complaining witness. It can not be doubted that the public demands convictions from the district attorney; demands that he prosecute vigorously; demands that he represent but one side of the issue, and the law practically so provides in practise. Indeed, were it true that the district attorney could adequately represent both sides there would be no need for either prosecutor or defender, for the judge could handle the situation alone in almost every case.

WALTON J. WOOD, THE FIRST PUBLIC DEFENDER OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

"And there is another phase, largely psychological. Prosecuting attorneys are daily pitted against able lawyers employed by persons of means, or commanding means. In this country we have many such exhibitions. These prosecutors necessarily become wary, skilful in meeting legal trick with legal trick, vigorous in conduct of a case, resourceful in technicality. It would not be natural, were it possible, for them to change suddenly the habit thus formed when an indigent defendant appears. In support of this view I may cite a decision rendered by a Supreme Court judge in this state last February.

"'It is to be regretted,' said this judge, 'that prosecuting counsel in the heat of contest and his desire for victory sometimes forgets that he owes the defendant a solemn duty of fairness, as he is bound to give the state full measure of earnestness. We have no doubt that in the present case the prosecutor's demeanor and his improper questions deprived the defendant of that fair trial which should have been his under the law.'"

In effect the City of Los Angeles by its action has announced to the world at large what the world has long been aware of: that under existing conditions the law is a purchasable commodity, not in the sense of wrongful influence, but because the longest purse may buy the services of the ablest lawyers, the highest-priced experts, and the most complicated and efficacious machinery with which to block or invoke legal results.

In effect the City of Los Angeles has said:

"We shall so order the conduct of our courts that no man, be he merchant prince or pauper laborer, shall say an advantage has been had over him when placed on trial for his life, his liberty, or his possessions."

HAVE YOU SEEN THE EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS, BEGINNING ON PAGE 225?

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Grey Cloud

by

Jack Hines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

GREY CLOUD had six sisters and never a brother. And when Octtoonah, the Norton Sound Indian who owned Grey Cloud's mother, saw him cuddled up at her side—the only male in the litter—he felt convinced that a great dog had been born into the Arctic.

Directly bred wolf-dogs are all famous in Alaska. Every one has distinguished himself and his master. And Grey Cloud was surely a wolf-dog. His mother was a wolf-dog, and she had disappeared from Octtoonah's camp one night when the timber-wolves were howling. The Indian had shrugged his shoulders and grunted—it was natural, after all, that the dog should go back to her own. But another night, several months later, after he had come in from a round of his snares and traps, he was overwhelmed to find her returned. She had renounced the pack and come back to her Indian master's camp, to bring into the world her half-wild young. And she was rapturously happy in anticipation of her coming motherhood.

Oh, yes, Grey Cloud was a wolf-dog! And the only male of such a litter was surely destined to kingship among northern dogs.

Octtoonah had promised his choice of the males in the brood to Till Price, his friend at Council City, a hundred miles away. And the word of a North American Indian holds. So, after his first sight of the seven little fluff-balls, nestled beside the ecstatic mother, the Shaktolik set off straightway to tell Price the news.

Immediately Price strung out his dog-team to the long basket-sleigh and followed the Indian back to camp at top gait. He was boyishly excited over the new dog, which he too felt was to be mighty among northern trailers.

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What he saw was an active little gray mass of fur—like his six sisters in marking, but of a build that already promised power; the strain of his sire was clearly evident.

"A little cloud of gray you are," murmured Price, as he played with the pup. We'll show 'em a thing or two when you get a bit bigger. Say, what you'll do to that swing-team, hey, boy!"

Two trips more Price made to see the pup before Octtoonah handed him over with the good-luck wish of the Shaktoliks that no evil spirit might hover near the son of the wolves, nor his master, favored of the sons of the North. On that return trip Grey Cloud was snugly nestled in the bow of the sleigh, wrapped in the folds of the master's lynx robe; and the master caressed him and cared for him all the long hundred miles.

This was the beginning of the hostility toward him of Whiner and Brownie, Price's star swing-team. Three times they had made the hundred-mile trip—the sleigh light; nothing aboard but dried salmon for them, and the blanket ropes and weapons of the master—just so that he might see this little ball of gray fur. And now, as they carried him home, they sensed Price's pride and hope in him; they seemed to realize that he was destined to be their leader.

And they were prepared to make the life of a leader perilous. Old Bob, Price's outrunner leader, who was just about to be pensioned, was the only leader out of four that Whiner and Brownie had left in peace. The other three Price had found cold and stiff, badly torn about the throat and body, while Whiner and Brownie nursed cut legs and flanks—evidence of their guilt. Old Bob had been safe only because he ran out ahead of the team so far away from the swing-dogs that they were the true leaders, and the jealousy they felt of any dog hitched to the lead-line ahead of them was not aroused.

But the absolute leader of the team—the dog that took first position in the working scheme and first place in the heart of their adored master—such a dog might not live. Whiner and Brownie would plot his destruction.

They were magnificent far-North trail dogs, these two. They were strikingly marked for wolf-dogs, with white on sides and legs, and a wide black ridge from the jet tip of their noses to the silver tip of their bushy tails. Their eyes were a bit more than usually slanted, giving them a look of cunning and craftiness. Brownie, despite his black and white, had been named for his coffee-brown eyes, which at times glowed like goldstones. Lean and powerfully muscled in shoulders and fore-arms, deep-chested, short-coupled in the barrels, they were the incarnation of strength and endurance.

Coupled with their power was an exceptional quickness. The rapidity with which they comprehended every move of their driver, sometimes even anticipating his signals, and their quick execution of his commands, made them a star pair. And as for courage on the trail, they would no more shirk, no more relax the close fold of their tails from over their backbones, even in the fiercest blizzard, than they would—abandon a feud.

In Grey Cloud their fiery jealousy found abundant fuel. He was indeed the new leader, and within the first year he was known from John Dexter's to the trading-station at Point Barrow, beloved of all men of the North and all the dogs he had met—except these two.

He had proved his superiority in more ways than one. However swift they were to comprehend and execute Price's orders, Grey Cloud was quicker. He always outguessed them or maneuvered with just a bit more finesse. At the first two words of the "Come in gee" or "Come in haw" command, he was as lightning to draw a taut lead-line, ready for the word that would tell whether he was to lead the eight dogs behind him to the back of the sleigh on the right side or on the left. And when the word came he almost shot about, retracking not two feet from the trail he'd just been following. He was easily sovereign of the team; and besides that there was about him some wild suggestion of kingship, too, in the black spruce forests which Whiner and Brownie so dreaded. Grey Cloud, they knew, could lick both of them any time they would attack in open combat; and, watch their chance as they would, they could find no way to outwit him.

Before the end of his first season Grey Cloud realized that not all his mates loved him. As a leader he had no reproaches for his string on the score of working together. And between times, Peg and Dick, the powerful wheelers, and Joe and Saxon, the

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breast-team, were ready with friendly advances. But Whiner and Brownie, the two who were directly behind him in action, turned surly the minute he offered a friendly sniff or wig-wagged his brush. And the looks these two shot him set tingling in his breast a strange network of sensations which he did not yet understand.

Presently he noticed that the master kept him close by his side all day when not in harness—and all night, too. At first, as soon as he was unhooked—after he had stood erect with the lead-line bearing off his hitch like a drum-string, until not a dog remained attached to it—the master would chain him to a stake. But now he always led him to the cabin and gave him the freedom of the couch near the open fireplace. Grey Cloud would have preferred the clear of the outside even to the hospitable furs of his master's house; but once when he made this evident, he saw a distressed look on the beloved master's face. Master must have some reason for isolating him from the rest of the team.

But one day Price relaxed his precautions, and Grey Cloud romped out of camp, picked up a ptarmigan scent while cavorting, and was off in a flash on a delightful hunt.

Suddenly, just beyond the timber line, where he had paused with his nose in the air, the white and black swing-malamutes sprang on him. Pounced on him from behind, as they had done with the other hated leaders. Brownie made for his throat. Whiner grappled for the hamstrings.

But Grey Cloud was a different proposition from the assassins' earlier victims. They had taken him off guard, and he was bewildered for a second. He had not known they hated him this much! But in a flash there came to him the meaning of those strange tingling sensations. They meant the will to fight, the consciousness of power.

His throat was too well guarded with thick fur for Brownie's teeth to penetrate. A wolf-hound would have been dangerous, but not this malamute. So Grey Cloud centered his defense on Whiner—in the haunches he was indeed vulnerable. Wheeling, he sank his tusks into Whiner's back ridge and tossed him over his shoulder as a terrier tosses a rat. And the moment Whiner recovered, he lit out for the cabin, yelling and whining at top pitch—a thoroughly licked dog.

Then Grey Cloud turned his attention to Brownie, pouncing on him like a Polar bear on a salmon, and gave him a drubbing that filled the air again with wails. All the way down the hill to the kennels he trickled blood—down to where Whiner lay trying to reach the rent in his back with his tongue.

Hearing the uproar, Price rushed out of the cabin. He understood the situation at a glance, and for a moment he was tempted to go back for his rifle and end once for all these two troublesome dogs' lives. But, after all, Whiner and Brownie were not exceptional in their jealous hatred. It is almost the rule for high-bred Alaska dogs to hate their leaders. And besides, Grey Cloud was abundantly able to look out for himself.

Grey Cloud, meantime, had abandoned all thoughts of his ptarmigan hunt. He stood quivering with excitement and indignation, hurt to the depths of his friendly dog soul. Why, even now he would fight for Brownie or Whiner against any alien!

Slowly he trailed down the hill till he could see Price bandaging the rents in Brownie's breast. There was a blacksnake on a hook over the couch in the cabin. Grey Cloud had seen it used on these very dogs. Now he felt it would be his turn. The master would know very well who had torn Whiner and Brownie. Stealthily he skirted the cabin, approaching the door on the side farthest from the kennels.

The whipped dogs saw him before Price did, and from the security of their chains and the master's protection they snarled out their hatred. No acceptance of defeat for them. No peace with the victor. The feud was not ended.

Grey Cloud cringed as Price came up to him, and cowered into the cabin at his master's heels. He knew what was coming. In a moment he would feel the cut of the leather bit across his shoulders. But Price only dropped on the couch and reached out his arms to the dog. Instantly Grey Cloud crushed himself into the master's embrace, licking his hands and face in a transport of gratitude and adoration.

Before a week had passed the two plotters were at it again. They tried to get on friendly terms with Peg and Dick, the giant malamute wheelers, so they could count on their help in dispatching the leader. But the wheelers would have none of them.

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BUT GREY CLOUD WAS A DIFFERENT PROPOSITION FROM THE ASSASSINS' EARLIER VICTIMS.

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And Grey Cloud, confident now of his powers, strolled about the home camp with a complacency that exasperated the two unendurably.

One night, after a hard day's run that should by rights have left them fagged and spent, they flew at Grey Cloud in blind fury. They did not trouble to catch him off guard this time, and he met them squarely. Again he caught Whiner by the back and again threw him over his shoulder. Then Brownie got the unleashed wrath of Grey Cloud's wild blood. The leader was seeing red now. Blood was what he wanted. His shoulders set in a deadly hunch, every guard hair on end, the gray-black ridge brush abristle, his tail aloft, he sank his tusks deep into Brownie's throat. Whiner had disappeared. . . .

When the great wolf-dog finally unlocked his jaws and looked on the result of his frenzy—saw the still thing of black and white and red—much red—a wave of fear and horror swept over him.

He could never face the master again.

Already he was moving away from the home cabin, making his way up the incline which leads to the divide between the home valley and the Fish River valley. He fell into the gliding stride of his kind. He was going—he did not know where, but away from the master's frown.

Presently the dark of the timber was past, and the dog came out on the high, open places. On the crest he slackened pace, then came to a standstill and, turning, gave his home a long, sorrowful look of farewell. Then he began the down-grade to the strange valley.

For two days he went forward. He was free, but there was no joy in the return to the wild life of his sires. The love of his master was more to him than title to all these vast stretches of country.

Besides, hunger cut its way into his nerves. How he missed the juicy salmon that the dear hand had fed him! The boiled rice with bits of bacon in it! In what content he had watched the master as he stirred the pot and tasted its contents before feeding the pack. Here there was not even a squirrel nor an ermine. Once he had flushed a covey of ptarmigan, but they were too swift and wild for him. He was too hungry to stalk patiently.

Go back? No! He couldn't. He, Grey Cloud, had killed one of the master's pets—one of the pets for whom he cooked rice and salmon just as he did for Grey Cloud. Yet Grey Cloud himself was a pet—he knew the master had loved him. Why must he grieve for the two of them?

Suddenly a faint call reached his alert ears. . . . There it was again! A distress signal from one of his own breed. . . . A third time he faintly caught it: a mournful cry mounting higher and higher in shrill appeal to any living thing that might be within the boundaries of its great range.

The cry came on the breeze—the chill wind that blew from out the north. Grey Cloud turned his muzzle toward the sound and gave an answering signal, which rose to the heavens in a deep, reverberating tremolo and carried far across the wilderness to the creature calling for help—miles away from Grey Cloud.

Again came the call: stronger it seemed, as if sent in a delirium of urgency.

The wolf-dog bounded in the direction of the appeal. Gradually the intervals between calls became greater, though the cries were louder as Grey Cloud ran on and on. At last he was met by a little female malamute—a pitiful, emaciated little creature that tried to show her delight at sight of him by circling and side-jumping. But they were pathetic attempts, for she had hardly strength to keep her feet. Like Grey Cloud himself, she was half starved.

She began to back-trail at once, flying ahead of him as fast as she could. At times she stumbled and had hard work to regain her footing. Presently Grey Cloud's nostrils were filled with the scent of his master's brothers, and then the little creature gained a well-worn trail that cut off a point where a creek flowed into the main Tubucktulick, and almost slid down the slippery path into the doorway of a log cabin.

The wolf-dog was close at her heels, and the leader yelped ecstatically to announce him. Here was what her lord required. This great gray king would help him!

Grey Cloud faltered at the threshold. A voice from within called to him. It was not unlike the master's voice, but much weaker. "Hello, boy, where did you come from?" it said feebly.

Grey Cloud entered.

"Come on, boy, don't be afraid. Here I am over here, boy. Lord, what a dog!"

Grey Cloud went to the bedside. The man was wrapped in a great fur sleeping-

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WRAPPING THE NOTE CAREFULLY IN A PIECE OF OIL-CLOTH TABLE-COVER, HE BOUND IT TO THE COLLAR OF GREY CLOUD.

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bag, and only his head was visible. There was no fire in the cabin.

Laboriously, painfully, he raised himself on his elbow and, suppressing a groan, reached for a match. Striking it, he lighted a candle and held it on Grey Cloud, who nosed up to him with the solicitude almost of a fellow human. The stranger held the lights on the name-plate of Grey Cloud's collar. With tremendous control he maintained his senses as he read the name of "Till Price."

"Till Price," he repeated over and over. "Till Price. Then you must be Grey Cloud," he said to the dog.

It sounded friendly and chum-like to Grey Cloud to hear his own name. He wagged his great, bushy tail and looked deeper into the eyes of the stricken man.

"How did you get way over here?" The man puzzled. "I don't make it out. Unless you've been sent by God. God's the only person knew I was here—God and Fannie. Grey Cloud, could you eat?"

The man had a meager store of biscuit and raisins within reach; he threw a biscuit to the wolf-dog, who devoured it ravenously.

But how about Fannie? This man, this brother of master, couldn't get up and cook rice and bacon for little Fannie, his guard. Somehow Grey Cloud realized that here were things that master should know.

The blood of kings was telling in Grey Cloud!

"Say, dog," the man's voice babbled on, "d-o-g spells dog, and G-o-d spells God. That shows the dog and God are not far from each other. And if there ever was a God among malamutes you're the dog, or the god—how they mix!"

Then his tone altered. Grey Cloud had not taken his eyes off from his face.

"Could you do it?" he cried. "Will God help you to do it?"

Taking a leaf from a tablet, he wrote with the stub of a pencil these words:

For Till Price or whoever else gets this first. I'm over on Discovery Claim, El Dorado Creek, Tubucktulick River. Both feet frozen! Very little grub left. Bring a dog-salmon for Fannie. William Kerrigan.

This he folded and, wrapping it carefully in a piece of the oilcloth table-cover, he bound it to the collar of Grey Cloud, and lay back in the bag to wait and watch for a move from the dog.

He had no time to wait. Hadn't Grey Cloud been just on the point of turning back when Fannie's mournful call reached him? Hadn't he been in a hysteria of impatience ever since to be off—to feather-tread it back to his master without stop or swerve! . . . When Kerrigan looked up after settling himself back in his bag, Grey Cloud had vanished!

A mystic streak of gray, the dog was flying on his mission, straight to the trail as the raven tulukark of the Arctic. There was no "longest way round, shortest way home" on Grey Cloud's return trip.

The next night, just as Till Price was about to close his eyes in an endeavor to sleep, the team-dogs outside suddenly set up a wild chorus of howling. Before he could bound from his couch and slip on a mackinaw he heard a scratch on the door, and as he lifted the latch Grey Cloud lunged into the room!

They met each other in an embrace which for tenderness and transport of bliss is seldom equaled even between human beings. Then, faint for want of food and care, the great dog dropped to the floor. To Price's caressing hands he seemed a mere mass of bones. Murmuring words of pity and affection, with hands shaking and heart fluttering, he gave the dog a reviving draft and began preparing a savory broth.

Suddenly his eye caught the packet at Grey Cloud's throat. He tore it off and held it to the light.

"Bill Kerrigan with his feet gone! The Tubucktulick—that's a good two days for the team. Old Cloud, where were you headed to—back to Octtoonah and the Shaktolick? . . . Yes, I know. You were ashamed, old fellow. Too bad about Brownie, but it strikes me that he got what he was trying to give you. Gad, I'm glad you're back, old Grey Cloud—my star dog!"

Price fed the weary beast, and the broth sent the blood coursing through his veins. Oh, how good it was, and how delightfully drowsy he felt. Heavier, more leaden grew the great head—nodding, dropping, as Grey Cloud fought the sleep that was enveloping him.

His master was moving about the cabin. Through the thick walls of sleep, Grey Cloud thought he could faintly hear the tinkle of the bells of his leader breastplate, and he dreamed that he was off for the cabin where Fannie had led him. . . .

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When he awoke, the cabin seemed strangely lonely and deserted. He got up and arched his back, stretched his legs, and yapped an expressive yawn. Then the smell of a rich dog-salmon assailed his nostrils, and when he rubbed the sleep from his eyes he saw the red dried fish at his feet.

The odor of the master's touch was on it and Grey Cloud ate it with relish. He felt that he was himself again. Then he went into the harness lean-to adjoining the main living-room of the cabin; on his hook hung his own harness. And next it hung another —Brownie's. But the others—they had gone and left him to sleep, to dream lazily by the fire. He recalled the faintly-heard jingle of harness-bells. That must have been master changing the lead-bells from his harness to the dog who was to lead.

There was a master! He had fed him, made him comfortable for the night, and left him a delicious breakfast. Then he had gone out into the heart of the dark Arctic night—across the wastes of the mountains—to the little log-cabin and Fannie!

The night held no terrors for Till Price. When he grasped Kerrigan's message, he knew there could be no "starting in the morning." The start must be made *now!*

Grey Cloud could stay in the cabin and enjoy the rest he had earned. He had the knack of opening the door by nosing the latch over the notch, so could manage very well by himself. Whiner should lead. He was a corking leader. Not of course a Grey Cloud, but still an exceptionally good lead-dog, and he would serve the purposes of this relief expedition. Poor Bill Kerrigan must be fetched in and cared for without delay.

"If we can only get there before Bill's feet begin to mortify—if there is only a chance to save them," he muttered, as he loaded the basket-sleigh with necessities for Kerrigan. He shuddered as he loaded a can of kerosene on the sleigh. "That's the stuff to pull the frost out of your feet, Bill. But Heavens, what you go through when the blood seeks your toes again! Yes, and here's two fat salmon for Fannie. Bill didn't forget the mut."

Whiner was keenly impatient as the midnight start was about to be made. He gloried in the joy of the lead-hitch. This was what he had wanted. This was what he had killed to get. Wild for the "mush-on" command from the master, he tugged away at the lead-line; and when the words came he fairly shot ahead into the blackness, the six eagerly pacing behind him.

Price had to tax his skill in managing the handle-bars. The team seemed possessed—they flew over the trail, seeming in some way to know that they were on a relief expedition.

Just before the close of the second day they heard the call of a dog. Fannie had heard the jingling of sleigh-bells and had howled to direct the rescuers. She stood on the rise of the trail, just above the cabin where Kerrigan lay.

"There's Fannie!" Till shouted to the dogs. "Come on, boys—this is the finish! Yip-yip! Here we come. Whoa, Whiner, steady-so!"

The sleigh slid down the embankment and stopped before the door of the cabin. Till called from the open door. "Hello, Bill. This is Price."

The reply within was scarcely audible as Price entered, with a lighted lantern.

Kerrigan was a sight to shake the nerve of a strong man. But he managed to get a hand out from the bag and reach it to Till. The touch of it sent a chill tremor through Price. It was icy!

"Here, old boy, don't talk; don't try to talk. Take a pull of this." Price held a flask to Kerrigan's lips, and the fiery spirits brought back a flicker of life. Next Price built a fire of the well-dried alders that lay at hand, and soon the cold cabin was glowing with heat.

Kerrigan revived rapidly. Tears came to his eyes as he tried to speak. "Is that you, Till? God sent Grey Cloud. Yes, God did it. Come, Grey Cloud. Come on, boy."

A gray muzzle was forced into the fingers which hung over the bunk—but it was Fannie's.

"He's home, Bill, the Cloud is. You'll have a chance to thank him when you get there. But now I must see about getting a feed into you and your little guardian."

Price busied himself about the cooking and getting things shipshape, and Kerrigan lay gazing and dreaming hazily—three letters stood before his eyes, repeating and interweaving themselves again and again. Three letters that meant life! Till was holding his head up, was bathing his face. The sleeping-bag was being removed from his aching body. The two leaden, pearly hued

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dead weights were being deftly treated and dressed. The hands of a Samaritan were passing over him. Ah, and then a great, soft, furry robe was being wrapped all about him.

His lips touched a delicious meat-soup. Oh, how good it tasted! The bunk seemed to rise on clouds—gray clouds, and there they were again—the three letters—d-o-g! G-o-d!—and clouds, gray clouds.

Kerrigan slept.

It seemed to him that he slept no more than an hour when he was roused by a touch on his shoulder. Till had waked him to eat a savory breakfast and prepare for the trip to Council.

"Bill, you've certainly slept round the clock, old man. I had a hard time to keep from waking you an hour or two back, too. There's some one here you'll be pleased to see. He's out flirting with your Fannie just now. Say, Bill, she's dippy about him."

Price went to the door. He was astonished to see that, instead of romping with Fannie, Grey Cloud was happily receiving lavish lickings and other dog manifestations of good-will from Whiner.

"Gad! I'm happy to see Whiner's buried the hatchet," said Price. Then he called his great leader and bade him go to Kerrigan.

"He got here this morning, Bill. Must have hot-footed it after us as soon as he ate his breakfast the next morning."

Kerrigan stroked the great gray head. He tried to speak to Grey Cloud, but choked on the words. At last, reaching over, he managed to throw both arms about the beautiful neck and stammer: "You—you dog of God—Grey Cloud!"

Jack Hines, who writes a dog story for EVERYBODY'S now and then, knows the Far North; he knows the people, and he knows the dogs that are so important to the people. His are not the highly humanized, intellectualized animals of fiction. But what dogs they are! Real dogs! People yet write to us about "Seegar and Cigareet" and "Juno from Irish Hill." "Grey Cloud" should be another hero. And then there is a comedy dog coming—the only dog, so far as we know, who was ever acquitted of sheep-killing on grounds of self-defense. He will appear in a few months.

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The Watch-Dog

By
Parker Fillmore

AUTHOR OF "THE HICKORY LIMB," "THE YOUNG IDEA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

MRS. O'BRIEN never knew the cause of her daughter Ellen's sudden determination to drop stenography and take up millinery. Ellen's own explanation that millinery was something she could really do was far from convincing. What girl in her senses, Mrs. O'Brien tearfully demanded, would be a milliner when she might be a stenographer?

This shock, however, grievous as it was, counted as nothing when Ellen made the further announcement that she was going to marry the family boarder—the young street-car conductor and farmer-to-be, George Riley. At this the pillars of Mrs. O'Brien's little world seemed to topple and fall down.

It was several days before she regained her usual complacency. "'Tain't that I've got anything against you, Jarge," she explained many times to her prospective son-in-law. "I'm really fond of you, and I treat you like one of me own. But, what with her fine looks and her fine education, I was expecting something better for Ellen. Why Jarge, she ought to be marrying a Congressman at least. Now, I ask you frankly, don't you think so yourself?"

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For George the situation was far from a happy one. To be the confidant of Mrs. O'Brien in this particular disappointment was embarrassing, to say the least. Then, too, certain of Mrs. O'Brien's objections were somewhat difficult to meet, and yet they had to be met and met often, for Mrs. O'Brien harped on them constantly.

"And, Jarge dear, if you do go marry her and carry her off to the country, what will you do with her out there? Tell me that, now! For meself, I can't see Ellen milkin' a cow."

George tried hard to explain that, in all probability, Ellen would never be called on to milk a cow. His protests were vain, for, to Mrs. O'Brien, milking a cow was not so much a definite occupation as a general symbol of country life. George might talk an hour, and at the end of that time Mrs. O'Brien would sigh mournfully and remark:

"Say what you will, Jarge, I tell you one thing: I can't see Ellen milkin' a cow!"

Moreover, life with Ellen was not at once the long, sweet song that George had expected. Not that she was the old imperious Ellen of biting speech and quick temper. She was not. All that was passed. She was quiet now, and docile, anxious to please, and always ready for anything he might suggest. Would she like a street-car ride to-night? Yes, a street-car ride would be very nice. Or the movies, or a walk? She would like whatever he wanted. Her gentleness touched him, but caused him uneasiness, too, because he could not help realizing that a great part of it was apathy.

"But, Ellen," he protested more than once, "you don't have to go if you don't want to!"

"Oh, I want to," she would insist in tones that were far from convincing.

George could not help recalling the eager joy with which Ellen's little sister Rosie used to greet each new expedition when she was training him in the ways of wooing Ellen. Why wasn't Ellen the same?—he wondered in helpless perplexity. He went through all the little attentions which Rosie had taught him and a thousand more, and Ellen received them with a quiet, "Thanks," or a half-hearted, "You're awful kind, George."

"Kind nuthin'!" he shouted once. "I don't believe you care one straw for me or for anything I do for you!"

His outburst startled her, and for a moment she faltered. Then she said: "I don't see how you can say that, George. I think you're just as good and kind as you can be."

"Good and kind!" he spluttered. "What do I care about being good and kind? What I want is love!"

"Well, don't I love you?" She looked at him beseechingly and put her hand on his shoulder. Her caresses were infrequent, and this one, slight as it was, was enough to fire his blood and muddle his understanding.

"You do love me, don't you?" he begged, pulling her to him, and she, as usual submitting without a protest, said yes.

A word, a touch, and Ellen could always silence any misgiving. But such misgivings had a way of returning once George was alone. Then he would wish that he had Rosie to talk things over with. He was used to talking things over with Rosie. For some reason, though, he never saw Rosie now except for a moment when she handed him his supper-pail each evening at the cars. At other times she seemed always to be out on errands or away on jaunts with Janet and Tom Sullivan. George looked upon Tom as a jolly, decent youngster, and he was pleased that the intimacy between him and Rosie was growing. But at the same time he could not help feeling a little hurt that Rosie should so completely forget him.

George did not know that Rosie was watching him and watching over him with all the faithfulness of a little dog, and that she knew all there was to know of the situation between him and Ellen.

George had set the latter part of September as the time for his return to the country. For four long years he had been working and saving for this very event. Several times before he had been about to leave, but always, at the last moment, some untoward circumstance had crippled his finances and he had been forced to stay on in the city another few months. Now for the first time he could go—and he was loath to go. But he had made his announcement, and all his little world was standing about waiting to bid him godspeed.

He was ashamed to acknowledge even to himself the indecision that was tugging at his heart. "Don't you think, Ellen," he ventured at last, "don't you think it might be just as well if I waited till Christmas?"

"Oh, George!" Ellen looked at him with

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a startled expression. "I don't see how you can say such a thing after the way you've been waiting all these years! Besides, what would your poor mother say if you didn't come, now that you could? You've told me yourself how the burden of things has fallen on her more and more; and how anxious you are to relieve her."

"I know," George acknowledged, "but, Ellen girl, don't you see, I can't bear to leave you now that I've got you. I've had you for such a little while!"

"Won't you have me just the same even if you are in the country? Besides, you'll be getting things ready for me by spring."

George took a sharp breath. "But I want you now!"

Ellen looked at him gravely. "See here, George, there's no use talking that way. You've got to work and I've got to work, and if we don't get our work done this winter it'll be all the worse for both of us when spring comes. Your father's expecting to hand over the management of the farm to you this fall, and it's up to you to take it. Ain't I right?"

George sighed. "I suppose you are."

"Then don't be foolish. Besides, you can come down and see me at Thanksgiving."

George gasped. "Why, Ellen, I expect to see you before that! I could come in and stay over Sunday 'most any week."

"No, George, you mustn't do that! I won't let you!" Ellen spoke vehemently. "It would only cost you money, and you know perfectly well you need every cent of cash you've got! Once you're back in the country you won't be getting in three dollars a day ready money. No! You'll come to see me Thanksgiving and not before."

Ellen was right. It would be necessary for him to hoard like a miser his little stock of cash until the farm should once again be on a paying basis. George sighed gloomily and went about his preparations for departure.

II

Ellen and Rosie saw him off.

Rosie wept openly. "And, Jarge," she said, kissing him good-by, "give your mother and your father my love, but especially your mother. You tell her that I love her, and that I think of her every day. You won't forget, will you?"

"Good-by, George," Ellen said quietly. Her face was pale and there was a strained expression about eyes and mouth.

"Oh, Ellen!" George gave her one last wild kiss and rushed madly through the gate. His coach was far down the train-shed, and Rosie and Ellen soon lost sight of his hurrying figure. They waited, however, until the train started.

As it pulled away, Ellen sighed deeply. "Thank goodness he's gone!" She leaned against the grating and laughed hysterically.

Rosie, who had been dabbing her eyes with a wet handkerchief, looked up blankly. "Ellen O'Brien, what do you mean? Are you glad he's gone?"

"You bet I'm glad!" Ellen's silly high-pitched laugh continued until silenced by Rosie's look of scornful fury.

"Ellen O'Brien, you're worse than I thought you were!"

Ellen faltered a moment, then reached toward Rosie appealingly. "Don't be too hard on me, Rosie. You don't know the awful time I've had. I feel like I was dead. I haven't been able to breathe. I don't mean it was his fault. I think as much of him as you do—honest I do. He is good and he's kind and he's honest. But if he'd ha' stayed much longer I'd ha' smothered."

Rosie, accusing angel and stern judge rolled into one, demanded gravely: "And now that he's gone, what are you going to do?"

"What am I going to do?" Ellen's laugh was still a little beyond her control, but there was a note of happy relief in it that was unmistakable. "I'm going to live again—at least for the little time that's left me!"

"What do you mean by 'the little time that's left you'?"

"From now till Thanksgiving; from Thanksgiving till spring." For an instant Ellen's face clouded. Then she cried: "But I'm not going to think of spring! I'm going to have my fling now!"

Rosie looked at her without speaking and, as she looked, it seemed to her that the Ellen of other days rose before her. It was as if a pale nunlike creature had been going about in Ellen's body, answering to Ellen's name. Now, at George's departure as at the touch of a magic wand, the old Ellen was back with eyes that sparkled once again and cheeks into which the color was returning in waves. Yes, she was the old Ellen, eager for life and excitement and

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"SAY WHAT YOU WILL, JARGE, I TELL YOU ONE THING: I CAN'T SEE ELLEN MILKIN' A COW!"

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thirsting for admiration. But the old Ellen with a difference. Now, instead of estranging Rosie utterly with careless bravado, she strove to win her understanding.

"You don't know how I feel, Rosie; you can't, because you and me are made differently. You're perfectly happy if you've got some one to love and take care of—you know you are! With me it's different. I don't want to take care of people and work for them and slave for them. I want to have a good time myself! I'm just crazy about it! Do you think I'm very awful, Rosie?"

Rosie answered truthfully: "I'm not thinking of you at all. I'm thinking of poor Jarge."

Ellen gave a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness I can give up thinking of him for a while." She began patting her hair and arranging her hat. "Do I look all right, Rosie? I got to hurry back to the shop. A feather salesman is coming to-day, and Miss Graydon wants me to take care of him. He'll probably invite me out to lunch."

"And are you going?" Rosie asked slowly.

Ellen took a long, happy breath. "You bet I'm going!"

"Ellen O'Brien, if you do, I'll tell Jarge! I will, just as sure!"

For a moment Ellen was staggered. Then she recovered. "No, Rosie, you'll do no such thing! What you'll do is this: you'll mind your own business!"

Rosie tried to protest, but her voice failed her, for the look in Ellen's eye betokened a will as strong as her own and a determination to brook no interference.

Ellen started off, then paused to repeat: "You'll mind your own business! Do you understand?"

Ellen walked on, and Rosie called after her a little wildly: "I won't! I won't! I tell you I won't!"

But she knew she would.

III

It is hard to be the self-appointed guardian of another's interests, for one's standing is not, as it were, official. In the weeks that followed Rosie felt this keenly. She gave up protesting to Ellen, for Ellen's curt answer to anything she might say was always: "You mind your own business!" Though she would not accept Ellen's dictum that George's business was not hers, yet she was soon forced to give up direct action and to seek her ends through the interference of others.

She tried her mother. "I don't care what you say, Ma, Ellen's just as crooked as she can be, acting this way with other fellows when she doesn't even deny that she's engaged to Jarge. And you ought to stop it, too! There, the very first week he was gone, she went out three nights hand-running with that feather man from St. Louis. You know she did! And now she's got that new little dude with an off eye, and besides that, Larry Finn's come back. I tell you it ain't fair to Jarge, and you're to blame, too, if you don't stop it!"

Mrs. O'Brien shared with Rosie the conviction that an engaged girl ought not so much as raise her eyes to other men. Ellen, for some reason, did not feel this instinctively, and if a girl does not feel it instinctively, how is she to be made to feel it? Mrs. O'Brien sighed. Unknown to Rosie she had tried to speak to Ellen, and Ellen had not let her go very far.

"Say, Ma, you dry up!" she had told her shortly. "I guess I know what I'm doing."

"I'm sure you do," Mrs. O'Brien had murmured in humble apology. "But, Ellen dear, I beg you be careful! There's a lot of people know you're engaged to Jarge, and I'm afraid they'll be talkin'."

"Let 'em talk!" was Ellen's snappish answer.

So when Rosie approached her mother on this same subject, Mrs. O'Brien hemmed and hawed and hid herself as best she could behind a screen of words. "As for that feather fella, Rosie dear, you mustn't get excited about him. It's a matter of business to keep him jollied. Miss Graydon wants Ellen to be nice to him. Ellen told me so herself. And, as I says to Ellen: 'If that's the case,' says I, 'of course you've got to accept his little attentions. Miss Graydon,' says I, 'is your employer, and a girl ought always to please her employer.' As you know yourself, Rosie, Ellen's certainly getting on beautifully in that shop. Miss Graydon told me herself the other night she had never had a girl so quick and tasty with her needle, and when I told her about me own poor dead sister, Birdie, she said that explained it."

"But, Ma," Rosie cried, "what about poor Jarge?"

"Jarge? Why, Jarge is all right. He's out there in the country, and you know

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"MA!" SCREAMED ELLEN, "YOU MAKE HER MIND HER OWN BUSINESS!"

yourself he's crazy about the country. And, more than that, Ellen writes him a picture post-card every week. She gave me her word she'd do it. I couldn't very well insist on her writing a letter, for you know her long hours at the shop, and it wouldn't be right to ask her to use her eyes at night. 'But, Ellen dear,' I says to her, 'promise me faithfully you'll never let a week go by without sending him a picture post-card.' And she gave me her word she wouldn't."

After three or four attempts to arouse her mother to some sort of action, Rosie had to give up. She felt as keenly as ever that George was being basely betrayed, but she saw no way to protect him. She had not written to him since he left, but she wrote every week to his mother on the pretext that Mrs. Riley was deeply interested in Geraldine, and must be kept informed of that baby's growth and health. Rosie always put in a sentence about Ellen: "Ellen's very busy but very well," or, "Ellen's hours are much longer now than they used to be, and she hasn't very much time to herself, but she likes millinery, so it's all right"—always something that would assure George of Ellen's well-being and excuse, if necessary, her silence. Rosie hated herself for thus apparently shielding Ellen, but in her anxiety to spare George she would have gone to almost any length.

She sought at last the advice of Danny Agin. Danny, she felt, was a safe person to go to because, being old and of another generation, he was philosophical rather than personal, and had long since mastered the art of forgetting when forgetting was more graceful than remembering.

"Now take an engaged girl, Danny," Rosie began.

She paused, and Danny, nodding his head, said: "For instance, a girl like Ellen."

Rosie was glad enough to be definite. "I don't mind telling you, Danny, that it's Ellen I'm talking about. I just don't know

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"AND NOW I MUST INTRODUCE JACKIE TO YOU. JACKIE'S ME SECOND B'Y."

what to do about it, and maybe you'll be able to help me."

Danny listened carefully while Rosie slowly unfolded her story. "And, Danny," she said, as she reached the present in her narrative, "that St. Louis fellow is dead gone on her—that's all there is about it. He's sending her picture post-cards every day now, and letters every day or every other day. I can't help knowing because they come to the house. I suppose he doesn't like to send them to the shop where the other girls would see them. He used to sign the post-cards with his full name but now he only signs 'Harry.' And last week he sent her a big box of candy from Cleveland, and this morning another box came from Pittsburgh. And there was a post-card this morning, and what do you think it said? 'I just can't wait till Saturday night!' And it was signed, 'With love, Harry,' Now, Danny, what can that mean? I bet anything he's coming to spend Sunday with her, and if he does come, what am I to do about it?"

Danny patted her hand gently. "Rosie dear, I don't see that you're to do anything about it. Why do you want to do anything? Isn't it Ellen's little party?"

Rosie shook off his hand impatiently. "I don't care about Ellen's side of it! I'm thinking about Jarge! This kind of thing isn't square to him, and that's all there is about it!"

"Of course it isn't," Danny agreed. "But, after all, Rosie, if Ellen prefers Harry to Jarge I don't see what we can do about it."

"But, Danny, she's engaged to Jarge!"

"Well, maybe she'll get disengaged."

Rosie shook her head. "You don't know Jarge. Jarge is a fighter. And I'll tell you something else: once he gets a thing he never gives it up. If he thought she was fooling him, I think he might kill her—really, Danny. And she's afraid of him, too. Why, if she wasn't afraid of him, she'd

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break her engagement in a minute and tell him so. I know that as well as I know anything. She expects to marry him. She's scared not to now. But that doesn't keep her from letting these other fellows act the fool with her. And if Jarge hears about them, I tell you there's going to be trouble."

Danny was impressed, but not as impressed as Rosie had expected. "That's worse than I thought," he admitted, "but I don't see that there's any great danger. Jarge is in the country and not likely to pop in on her, is he?"

"No," Rosie answered, "he's not coming till Thanksgiving."

"Thanksgiving, do you say? Well, that's four weeks off. Plenty of things can happen in four weeks."

In spite of herself Rosie began to feel reassured. "But, Danny," she insisted, "even if it's not dangerous, don't you think it's crooked for a girl that's engaged to let other men give her presents and take her out?"

"Maybe it is and maybe it ain't. I dunno. It's hard to make a rule about it. You see it's this way, Rosie: When a girl's engaged she's usually in love with the fella she's engaged to, or why is she engaged to him? Now when she's in love she doesn't want presents from any but one man. Presents from other fellas don't interest her. So you see there's no need to be makin' a rule, for the thing settles itself. Now if Ellen is getting presents from this new fella, Harry, it looks to me like she ain't very much in love with Jarge."

"You're right, Danny, she's not."

"So the likelihood is, she's not going to marry Jarge," Danny concluded with a smile that was intended to cheer Rosie.

"I wish she wasn't," Rosie murmured. Then she added hastily: "No, I don't mean that, because it would break Jarge's heart!"

Danny scoffed: "Break Jarge's heart, indeed! Many a young hothead before Jarge has had a broken heart and got over it!"

"But, Danny," Rosie wailed, "you don't know Jarge!"

There were such depths of tenderness in Rosie's tone that Danny checked the smile that was on his lips and made the hearty declaration: "He sure is a fine lad, this same Jarge!"

"Well, Danny, listen here: if Harry comes on Saturday, shall I tell Jarge? I'd rather he'd get it from me than from some one else."

Danny looked at her kindly. "Mercy on us, Rosie, what a worryin' little hen you are! If you ask me advice, I'd say to you: let Saturday take care of itself."

Rosie wiped her eyes slowly, as she rose to go. "It's all very well for you to talk that way. But I tell you one thing: if Jarge was your friend like he's mine, you wouldn't want to stand by and see this Harry fella cut him out."

Danny gave a non-committal grunt and looked away. "Well, you just be patient, Rosie dear. An' come again, won't you? You know I'll be wanting to hear about Saturday."

IV

That night at supper Ellen remarked casually: "Harry's coming to town on Saturday, and if he comes up here I want you all to treat him nice."

Mrs. O'Brien glanced at Rosie a little nervously. "But, Ellen dear," she asked, "why does he want to be coming up here?"

Ellen smiled on her mother patronizingly. "It looks like he wants to call on me."

Mrs. O'Brien lifted hands in vague protest. "But tell me now, do you think Jarge—" She hadn't courage to finish her sentence.

Terence looked over to Rosie with a sudden chuckle. "Say, Rosie, wouldn't it be fun if Jarge happened in! Let's drop him a line." He pushed away his plate and began writing an imaginary post-card with a spoon. " 'Dear Jarge,' he read slowly. 'Won't you please come in on Saturday night? We're arranging a little surprise for Ellen. Yours truly, Terence O'Brien.' Gee!" Terry murmured, thoughtfully, "I wish he would come! It sure would be worth seeing!"

"Ma!" Ellen admonished sharply.

"Now, Terry," Mrs. O'Brien begged, "promise me you'll do nuthin' so foolish as that! You know yourself the awful temper Jarge has on him, and if he was to come I'm afeared there'd be something serious. Don't you think, Ellen dear," she went on a little timidly, "that perhaps you better tell Mr. Harry not to come this week?"

Ellen looked at her mother defiantly. "I don't see why. This week's as good as any other for me."

"Well, then, don't you think that perhaps he'd better make you a little call down at the shop? What with so many children

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and things the house is a wee bit untidy."

Friday's letter put Ellen into something of a flurry.

"Ma, Harry thinks it would be awful nice if you would invite him to supper to-morrow night. He's coming to the shop in the morning. Then he'll take me out to lunch and we'll go somewhere in the afternoon, and he wants to know if we can't come back here for supper. He thinks it would be a good way for him to meet the whole family."

"Mercy on us!" Mrs. O'Brien wailed. "With all I've got to do, how can I get up a fine supper for a sporty young gent like Mr. Harry? Can't you keep him out, Ellen? I don't see why he's got to meet the family. We're just like any other family: a father, a mother, and five children."

"But, Ma, he makes such a point of it. I don't see how we can refuse. Besides, you know he's been pretty nice to me, taking me out to dinner and things."

"If he was only Jarge Riley," Mrs. O'Brien mused, "I wouldn't mind him at all, at all, for he wouldn't be a bit of trouble. Poor Jarge was always just like one of the family, wasn't he?"

Ellen drew her mother back to the subject of the moment. "So can I tell him to come?"

Mrs. O'Brien sighed. "Oh, I suppose so. That is, if Rosie'll help me. I tell you Ellen, I simply can't manage it alone."

Mrs. O'Brien called Rosie to get the promise of her assistance. Rosie listened quietly, then, instead of answering her mother, she turned to her sister.

"Ellen, I want to know one thing: Have you told this Harry about Jarge Riley?"

Ellen frowned. "I don't see what that's got to do with to-morrow's supper."

Rosie took a deep breath. "It's got a lot to do with it if I'm going to help."

For a moment the sisters measured each other in silence. Then Ellen broke out petulantly:

"Well, then, Miss Busybody, if you've got to know, I haven't! And what's more, I'm not going to!"

"You're not going to, eh? We'll see about that." Rosie turned to her mother. "Ma, I'll help you to-morrow night. We'll have a good supper. But I want to give you both fair warning: if Ellen doesn't tell this Harry about Jarge Riley, I will! She's trying to make a goat of both of them, and I'm not going to stand for it."

"Ma!" screamed Ellen. "Are you going to let her meddle with my affairs like that? You make her mind her own business!"

"Rosie dear," begged Mrs. O'Brien, "don't go excitin' your poor sister Ellen by any such foolish threats. You'd only be causin' trouble, Rosie, and I'm sure you don't want to do that. And, Ellen dear, don't raise your voice. The neighbors will hear you."

"I don't care!" Ellen shouted. "Why can't she mind her own business! She's nothing but George's little watch-dog, and I won't stand it either!"

"Perhaps, Ellen dear," Mrs. O'Brien ventured timidly, "it might be just as well if you did tell Mr. Harry about Jarge."

Ellen burst into tears. "You're all against me, every one of you—that's what you are! You're so afraid I'll have a good time! Isn't George coming on Thanksgiving, and aren't we to be married in the spring? I should think that would suit you! But no, you've got to spoil my fun now, and it's a mean shame—that's what it is!"

"Ah now, Ellen dear, don't you cry!" Mrs. O'Brien implored. "I'm sure Rosie's not going to interfere, are you, Rosie?"

Rosie regarded her sister's tears unmoved. "I'm going to do exactly what I say I am, and Ellen knows I am."

Ellen straightened herself with a shake. "Very well," she said, shortly. "I guess I can be mean, too! Just you wait!"

V

Rosie was more than true to her promise. She prepared a good supper and, in addition, made the kitchen neat and presentable, scrubbed Jack until his skin and hair fairly shone with cleanliness, and long before supper time had Mrs. O'Brien and Geraldine, both in holiday attire, seated in state on the front porch to receive Ellen and her admirer.

When Jack, who was perched on the fence gate as family lookout, saw them coming he rushed back to the kitchen to give Rosie warning, and Rosie had time to slip behind the front door and, through the crack, witness the arrival.

"And, Ellen dear," Mrs. O'Brien exclaimed in greeting, "do you mean to tell me that this is your friend, Mr. Harry Long? If I do say it, Mr. Long, I'm pleased to see you! As I've said to Ellen, many's the time: 'Why don't you bring your friend

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out to see me? Bring him any time,' says I, 'for the friends of me children are always welcome in this house.' And himself says the same thing, Mr. Long."

The florid, well-built young man who gave Rosie the impression of bright tan shoes, gray spats, a fancy vest, and massive watch-fob, waited, smiling, until Mrs. O'Brien was done, and then remarked in friendly, cordial tones:

"Just call me Harry, Mrs. O'Brien. I'm plain Harry to my friends."

"Well, I'm sure you're among friends when you're here," Mrs. O'Brien said with a downcast look of melting coyness. "But I fear you won't think so if I keep you standing much longer. Won't you sit down, Mr. —— I mean, Harry? You see, Harry," she continued, "I'm taking you at your word. And now I must introduce Jackie to you. Jackie's me second b'y. Now, Jackie dear, shake hands with Mr. Long and tell him you're glad to see him. The baby's name, Harry, is Geraldine. Besides her, I got Terence, who's a fine lad—oh, I know you'll be glad to meet Terry!—and Rosie, who's next to Terry and who's helping me with the supper to-night so's to give me a chance to say 'How do you do' to you. Ah, if I do say it, I've a fine brood of children, and never a word of bickerin' among them! Now, Jackie dear, like a good b'y, will you run up-stairs and tell your da to come down this minute, that we're waiting for him, and then run into the kitchen and ask Sister Rosie if supper's ready."

Rosie slipped hurriedly back to the kitchen and then, through Jack, summoned the family in.

When she was presented to the newcomer she added to her first impressions the smooth, pinkish face of a city-bred man who had never been exposed to the real violence of sun and wind, a cravat-pin and seal-ring that were fellows to the watch-fob, and hands that bore themselves as if a little conscious of a recent visit to the manicure. As Rosie gathered in these details, she saw in contrast the figure of George Riley: the roughened, weatherbeaten face, the cheap, ill-fitting clothes, the big hands coarsened with work, the heavy feet. Ellen, of course, and girls like Ellen would be taken in by the new man's flashy appearance and easy, confident manner, but not Rosie. Rosie hated him on sight! She knew the difference between tinsel and solid worth, and she longed to cry out to him:

"You needn't think you can fool me, because you can't! Any one can dress well who spends all he makes on clothes! But how much money have you got salted away in the bank? Tell me that, now!"

She had to shake hands with him, but when he stooped down to kiss her she jerked away and glared at him like an angry little cat.

"Why, Rosie!" Mrs. O'Brien exclaimed in shocked tones. "Is that the way you treat a family friend like Mr. Harry?"

"Family friend!" stormed Rosie. "I've never laid eyes on him before, and neither have you!"

Mrs. O'Brien's embarrassment deepened. "Rosie, I'm ashamed of you! Is that the way for you to be treatin' a gentleman who's taking supper with us? I tell you frankly I'm ashamed of you!"

Jamie O'Brien cleared his throat. "See here, Maggie, Rosie's perfectly right. There's no call for her to be kissing a stranger. She's too big a girl for that."

Mrs. O'Brien looked at her husband blankly. "Jamie O'Brien, how you talk! Do you think it's becoming to call a man a stranger who's sitting down with you at your own table?"

Jamie turned to his guest politely. "I'm sure, Mr. Long, I don't know what all this noise is about. I'm like Rosie here. I've never seen you before to me knowledge. But that's neither here nor there. You're here now, and you're welcome, and I hope we'll be friends. Now let's sit down."

It was an awkward beginning, but Jamie refused to be embarrassed, and, after a moment of silence, the others tried hard to follow his example.

Harry was evidently bent on pleasing. "Ever been in St. Louis, Mr. O'Brien?" He spoke with a certain proprietary air as one might of one's private estate, and pronounced the name of his city Louie. "Fine place, St. Louie!"

"For meself," Jamie answered unexpectedly, "I never much cared for it. It's a hot hole!"

Ellen flushed. "Why, Dad!"

Jamie looked up impatiently. "What's the matter now?"

"Dad, don't you know that St. Louie is where Harry lives?"

"I do not!" Jamie answered truthfully.

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THEY ALL LOOKED AT ROSIE, WHO SAT, OBLIVIOUS OF THEM, STARING OFF INTO NOTHING.

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"And if you ask me, Ellen, I don't see why I should."

"Jamie O'Brien!" Mrs. O'Brien gasped. "What's come over you? I haven't heard you talk so much at table in ten years!" She turned to her guest. "Would you believe me, Harry, there are weeks on end when I never get a word out of him! Sometimes I think I'll forget how to talk meself for lack of some one to exchange a word with! And to think," she concluded, "that Jamie's been in St. Louie! I give you me word of honor I never heard that before! Tell me, Jamie, when was it?"

Jamie ruminated a moment. "It must have been before we were married."

Mrs. O'Brien nodded her head. "That just proves what I always say: little a woman can know about a man before she marries him."

She talked on and on, and Harry gave her every encouragement, laughing heartily at her anecdotes, asking further details, and making himself so generally pleasant that, before supper was half done, the opening embarrassment was forgotten and Mrs. O'Brien was exclaiming:

"Well, Harry, I must say one thing: I feel like I'd known you forever!"

Harry glanced at Ellen. "Shall we tell them?"

Ellen drew a quick breath. "We've got to some time," she murmured.

Harry beamed on Mrs. O'Brien. "I'm mighty glad to hear you say that, Mrs. O'Brien. There's nothing would please me better than have you like me. In fact, I'm hoping you like me well enough to take me for a son-in-law."

Mrs. O'Brien gasped: "What's this you're saying, Harry?"

Rosie, pale and tense, stood up. "Ellen," she said, looking straight at her sister, "have you told him about Jarge Riley?"

Ellen laughed a little unsteadily. "Yes, Rosie, I told him. And I see now you were right. It wasn't fair to Harry not to tell him. And I want to apologize for getting so mad."

"Yes, Rosie was right," Harry repeated, smiling at her kindly. "She must have known I was dead gone on Ellen, and meant business."

Rosie was not to be taken in by any such palaver as that. "No, Mr. Long, you're mistaken. I was only thinking about Jarge Riley. Ellen's going to marry him in the spring."

Harry still smiled on her ingratiatingly. "She's not going to marry him now, Rosie. She can't, because, don't you see, she married me this afternoon!"

"What!" Rosie, feeling suddenly weak inside, crumpled down into her chair, a nerveless little mass that gaped and blinked and waited for the world to come to an end.

There was a pause, broken at last by a hysterical laugh from Ellen. "Don't look at me like that, Rosie! I should think you'd be glad I was married to some one else!"

Ellen's words brought Rosie to her senses. "I am!" she cried. "You never cared two straws about Jarge, anyhow! But why did you have to be so crooked with him? When he finds out the way you've done this, it'll just break his heart! I guess I know!"

Jamie O'Brien cleared his throat. "Rosie, you talk too much! Will you just hold your tongue a minute while I find out what all this clatter's about? Mr. Long, sir, will you be so good as to explain things."

There was no smile on Jamie's face, and Harry, looking at him, seemed to realize that it was not a time for pleasantries.

"I hope, Mr. O'Brien," he began soberly, "that you'll forgive me for not taking things more slowly. I expected to until this morning, when Ellen told me about this Riley fellow. Then I sort of lost my head. I was afraid of delays and misunderstandings. I've been just crazy about Ellen. The first time I saw her I knew she was the girl for me, and I came to-day just to tell her so. I suppose she knew what I was going to say, and down at the shop, the very first thing, she began telling me about Riley. Mighty straight of her, I call it. She had got herself engaged to him, but she didn't want to marry him, and it just seemed to me that the easiest way out of things was for us to get married right quick. So we hustled over the river and got to the court-house just before closing time. It was really my fault, Mr. O'Brien, I just made Ellen do it."

Jamie looked at Ellen thoughtfully. "I don't believe you'd have made her do it if she hadn't wanted to do it."

"You're right, Dad," Ellen said. "I did want to. I didn't know how little I cared for George or any one else until Harry came along. George is good and kind and all that, but we'd never have made a team. I knew it perfectly well, and I was wrong not to tell him so."

Jamie nodded his head. "You're right,

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Ellen: you've treated him pretty badly."

Her father's blame of Ellen brought Mrs. O'Brien back to life and to speech. "Jamie O'Brien, I don't see how you can talk so about poor Ellen! You know yourself many's the time I've said to you, 'I can't see Ellen milkin' a cow.' For me own part I think she's wise to choose the life she has."

"Do you know the life she's chosen?" Jamie asked quietly. "I'm frank to say I don't." He turned to Harry. "Since you're me son-in-law, Mr. Long, perhaps you'll be willing to tell me who you are."

Harry flushed but answered promptly: "I'm twenty-six years old. I'm a St. Louie man. I'm traveling salesman for the Great Ostrich Feather Company, head office at St. Louie. I'm on a twenty-dollar-a-week salary, with commissions that run me up usually to thirty dollars."

Harry paused, and Jamie remarked: "Plenty for a single man. You might even have saved a bit, I'm thinking."

Harry hesitated. "No," he said, slowly. "I'll tell you the truth. I've been kind of a fool about money. I haven't saved a cent."

Rosie sat up suddenly. "I knew it!" she cried.

"Rosie!" whispered Mrs. O'Brien. "Shame on you!"

Mr. O'Brien went on with his catechism: "Well, now, Mr. Long, since you've got a wife and no savings, is it your idea, if I might ask you, to start housekeeping?"

"Dad!" Ellen cried. "I don't see why you put it that way! We've got everything planned out."

Jamie was imperturbable. "I'd like to hear your plans, Ellen."

"We're not going housekeeping. I hate housekeeping, anyway. We're going boarding."

"Boarding, do you say?" Jamie ruminated a moment. "If you were to ask me, Mr. Long, I'd tell you that twenty dollars won't go very far in supporting a wife in idleness."

"Ellen doesn't want to be idle, Mr. O'Brien. It's her own idea to keep on with millinery, and of course I can get her into a good shop in St. Louie."

It was Mrs. O'Brien's turn to feel dismay. "Do you mean to tell me, Ellen, that, as a married woman, you're keeping on working?"

Ellen's answer was decided. "I'd rather do millinery than housekeeping. Millinery ain't half as hard for me. I told Harry so this afternoon, and he said all right."

Jamie gave Ellen unexpected support. "Maggie, I think Ellen's right. It's much better to be a good milliner than a poor housekeeper." Jamie paused and looked at the young people thoughtfully. "Well, you're married now, both of you, and perhaps you're well matched. I dunno. Ellen's been a headstrong girl, never thinking of any one but herself, and, from your own account, Harry, you're much the same. You've both jumped into this thing without thinking, but you'll have plenty of time for thinking from now on. Well, it's high time you both had a bit of discipline. It'll make a man and woman of you. I don't altogether like the way you've started out, but you're started now and there's no more to say. So here's me hand on it, Harry, and may neither of you regret this day!"

Jamie reached across the table, and the younger man, in grateful humility, grasped his hand. "Thank you, Mr. O'Brien," he said, simply. "You've made me see a few things."

Ellen got up and went around to her father's chair. "I have been thoughtless and selfish, Dad. I see it now. I hope you'll forgive me." There were tears in her eyes, and her lips, as she put them against her father's cheek, trembled a little.

Harry turned to his mother-in-law. "Is it all right, Mrs. O'Brien?"

All right, indeed! Who could resist so handsome a son-in-law? Certainly not Mrs. O'Brien. She broke out in tears and laughter.

"Ah, Harry, you rogue, come here and kiss me this minute! . . . Why," she continued, "do you know, Harry, I had a presintiment the moment you entered the gate! 'What a fine-looking couple!' says I to meself. And the next minute I says, 'I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they made a match of it!' Why, Harry, I've never seen a fella come and turn us all topsy-turvy as you've done! Here I am talkin' me head off, and Jamie O'Brien's been doing the same! Do you mind, Ellen, the way your da's been talkin'? You're not sick, are you, Jamie?"

Jamie chuckled quietly. "It's just I'm a little excited having a daughter run off and get married."

"Oh, Dad!" Ellen begged.

"I suppose," Jamie went on, "Rosie'll be at it next."

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They all looked at Rosie, who sat, oblivious of them, staring off into nothing.

"What's the matter, Rosie?" her father asked.

Rosie roused herself. "I was just thinking about Jarge. Who's going to tell him?"

"Ellen, of course," Jamie said. "Ellen 'll have to write him."

"But will she do it?" Rosie persisted.

A look of annoyance crossed Ellen's face. "Of course I will. I'll have plenty of time, because I'm not going on to St. Louie for a week. I'll write him to-morrow."

Rosie looked at her sister curiously. She wanted to say: "You know perfectly well you won't write him to-morrow or the next day or the day after; and poor Jarge 'll come down here on Thanksgiving expecting to find you and then we'll have to tell him."

This is what Rosie wanted to say, but she restrained herself. When she spoke it was in a different tone. "All right, Ellen, I won't bother you again. What Dad says is true: you and Harry are married, and that's all there is about it. I hope you'll both be happy." Rosie hesitated a moment, then walked over to Harry's chair. "And, Harry, I'm sorry I was rude to you when you tried to kiss me. You see, I didn't know you were Ellen's husband."

Rosie didn't mean to be funny, but evidently she was, for a shout of laughter went up and Harry gathered her in with a hug and a kiss.

"You're all right, Rosie!" he whispered. "I like you for the way you stand up for George!"

For the way she stood up for George! . . . Tears filled Rosie's eyes. She had tried faithfully to guard George's interests, like the little watch-dog Ellen had called her, but George would never know. How could he? All he would finally know was—that he had been betrayed.

LUNA PUERQUE

BY THOMAS P. BYRON

The Boy.

"GLEAM on, oh! gleam on
Across the restless sea.
'Tis a silver pathway, Moon-man,
That leads from you to me.
And ho! for the day I sail away
To follow the bright moon-lane,
With adventures bold, to the Rainbow's gold
Or to beautiful castles in Spain!"

The Moon.

"Dream on, oh! dream on,
Lad with the soul to roam!
Hearts like yours have followed my lures
And severed themselves from home—
From the lands of Ice to the Isles of Spice
That drowse in the tropic noon
They have sought and fought and died for naught
But the lure o' the path o' the moon."

"Sleep, lad! Don't weep, lad!
Your dreams come true," say I.
"You hear the call of the out-trails all
And you'll follow them till you die.
And yet when you're old and the fire is cold
That sent you forth to roam,
At the last you'll rest 'neath the earth's deep breast,
And dream of the road back home."

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WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT RUM

by

EVERYBODY'S READERS

Here is the third instalment of letters. As in the previous numbers, the letters present widely different aspects of the Rum question. The first describes conditions surrounding the manufacture and distilling of Rum products that demand national investigation. The second reports unfavorably on prohibition from the medical point of view. And the third gives the every-day, human experience of a woman, which doubtless will be read sympathetically by thousands of others.—*The Editors.*

FACTS ABOUT DISTILLED RUM

BY G. S., NEW YORK CITY

THE following facts about the manufacture of West Indian rum are somewhat startling. They ought to be particularly so to rum-drinkers in this country, for a large percentage of the West Indian product is consumed here. I was an overseer on two plantations in Demerara, British Guiana, on the west coast, and a year on another plantation on the east coast. In each place I had charge of the buildings and superintended the manufacture and shipment of the rum and sugar. When I was there the great bulk of our rum was shipped to New York.

In sugar manufacture the green juice of the sugar-cane is gradually heated in a tier of huge open boilers or pans, and is ladled from one to the other of these, until from the last and hottest of them the liquid is sucked into a vacuum-pan, where it boils at a low temperature and soon separates into sugar and molasses. From the vacuum-pan this mixture goes into centrifugal sieves, which, revolving at great speed, swing the molasses out of the sugar. The latter is then scooped out of the machines into wooden trays, generally by Chinese coolies, and borne on their heads to the packing-room, where negroes pack it into bags or hogsheads for shipment.

While the cane-juice simmers in those big pans a great deal of black, slimy scum rises to the surface, which is deftly skimmed off by negroes and emptied into gutters, along

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which it flows into a mighty tank sunk into the ground so that it drains every floor of the buildings. This receptacle ought to interest rum-drinkers, for the filling of it with what is aptly termed "wash" is the first act in the making of rum. It is the mother rum-tank.

Any water spilled on any of the floors is bound to find its way into this great underground receptacle. That is so arranged for the careful gathering of all waste "sweets"—more or less sugar, molasses, skimmings, etc., that are dropped on the floors. This waste, with the continuous, dense steam from the pans, makes every inch of the brick-paved floors most disagreeably moist. Particularly is this felt at night, when one treads on a living carpet of roaches, etc.

WHAT MAY BE IN RUM

The crunch of these underfoot and the incessant flight between the lamps, and often into one's face, of large insects, together with the leisurely moving of innumerable lizards and large, fat rats, make a night-round of the buildings anything but pleasant. Night and day these crawling things are foraging all over the floors; and all the time, but especially at night, roaches are crushed by thousands under the feet (always bare feet, except the overseer's) of men who are all the time pattering back and forth about their work.

At 5:30 every morning hose-pipes play on the floors and big brooms swish the water along, helping it carry its load of filth—out of doors into the canal, you may think? Not so, by any means; but forward and down-grade, until it falls like a small Niagara into the mother rum-tank.

It was indispensable that the floors be cleaned of their coating of that kind of saccharine mucilage once in every twelve hours. The night gangs washed off before they left at six in the morning; the day gangs did the same before six in the evening. The cane-mill never stops grinding out the juice, night or day, nor on Sundays, while cane-cutting is on. No stop in any of the sequence, the mill, boiling-pans, whirling centrifugals, and carrying out the sugar.

As to that general clean-up, one part deserves special notice. It can easily be imagined that those Chinamen who carry the sugar as mentioned—all naked, of course, save for the scantiest loin-cloth—working hard as they do in that hot, moist atmosphere—become more or less coated all over their yellow skins with adhering sugar. This they are carefully prevented from carrying home with them. There is a big faucet supplying plenty of warm water, as condensed from the steam of the engines. Under this faucet each sugary Celestial has to stand while the headman, or driver, lets go on each a copious sousing. Then he is allowed to leave the buildings.

To rum-drinkers the real and cruel interest of these baths must lie in following the waste rinsings; for these can be traced with deadly certainty until they fall into the rum-tank.

There is another sight not easily forgotten. There are pumping days, when the big "wash" reservoir has to be relieved of some of its contents. A steam-pump is used to lift the stuff to the great vats, two floors above. The big rose on the end of the hose lowered into the seething caldron often clogs up. The engine is stopped and something is dragged away from the submerged rose with long-handled grapples. At first I wondered what solid substance could possibly get in there; for the mother-tank was well covered by a strong wooden lid in sections, like a hatchway.

I was soon enlightened. For when about three feet from the bottom had been reached and the pump could not any longer draw, it was once more stopped, and a couple of big, barelegged negroes climbed down and began shoveling out drowned rats.

It can readily be imagined how such buildings literally swarm with rats, despite every effort to keep them out, and how the sour-sweet stench of this sunken tank, with its smooth cemented walls, made a most effective rat-trap. Pumping proceeded every few days; but the unspeakable mother-liquor at the bottom was only disturbed once a month or so, when the trapped rodents again became troublesome.

These are a few plain facts, anything but exaggerations. There are plenty more details, some that would not do to print, as to the manufacture of West Indian rum—an article with which all our devoted topers are much better acquainted than they have any idea. It is a jealously guarded secret.

It was a peculiar stroke of fate that, several years later, on coming to New York, I should, quite undesignedly, walk right into a factory which largely handled West In-

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dian or Demerara rum, there to learn wonderful particulars, through the authoritative statement of a confidential employee, and by the evidence of my own eyes.

I found that the "distillery" had a mere toy of a still, a hundred of which would not make one of our West Indian stills. The truth was, this imposing building, with its widely extending business, was merely a mixing house, into which stuff distilled elsewhere was brought, and by general doctoring—coloring, flavoring, etc., and elaborate coopering and labeling—all kinds of spirituous liquors were sent out. *But all from one fundamental basis and all from the same faucet.* The common foundation of all the mixtures—practically the only genuine spirit in the place—was that same cheap and nasty Demerara rum.

Of particular interest was the shipping department of this great business, widely known as among the leading American distilleries, where I was shown immense quantities of their output, stacked-up puncheons, barrels, half-barrels, kegs; brandy of two or three grades; tiers of whisky of various fine grades, blends, and ages; gin of various favorite brands; these with several other kinds of high-class liquors, all beautifully coopered, branded, stamped, inscribed, ticketed, and otherwise decorated into most expensive and official-looking goods, ready for the next day's shipment to wholesale liquor-dealers, cafés, and saloons.

Then taking me into an adjoining room, my confidential guide drew from a large faucet a colorless liquid into a small glass beaker and asked me to examine it. I thought it smelled and tasted very much like our Demerara rum, or "high wines," and said so. This my guide admitted to be perfectly correct, only it was considerably diluted.

"HIGH GRADE" PRODUCTS

And then he told me in a whisper (though we were entirely alone in the big building, so far as either of us knew), to my great amazement, that the whole of those fine barrels and puncheons and kegs, marked "Brandy," "Whisky," "Gin," "Port Wine," "Sherry," etc., were, each and every one of them, filled from that identical faucet and contained that liquid he had just drawn for me to taste.

The only difference between all those liquors ready for delivery, he told me, was, that a little more or less coloring was added and the proper flavors thrown in, to make one gin, another brandy, another rye whisky, another darker and therefore "older" and "riper" or "mellowed," and so on.

Let the young barroom braves ponder over these truths. Old-timers might even take such fooling of people to heart. To think that the tempting glasses they hold up critically before their eye, admiring the fine "old-age" color and "mellowness" of the contents, contain nothing better than that reeking new rum, which I have partially but faithfully described!

That and nothing more or less, colored and flavored by mostly poisonous chemicals of devilish destructiveness, and christened one name or another to meet the demands of a marvelously deceived and deeply wronged public.

PROHIBITION FROM THE MEDICAL VIEWPOINT

BY E. H. WILLIAMS, M. D., MONTCLAIR, N. J.

ONE of the greatest problems confronting physicians and legislators to-day is the control of narcotics. For, after making due allowance for the exaggerated reports of alarmists, we find that the increased consumption of alcohol, of opium products, and cocain has assumed menacing proportions in certain communities. And it is significant that the communities in which the drug epidemic appears to be most prevalent are the ones in which the sale of alcohol is prohibited.

One would be led to suppose from newspaper reports that the densely populated regions are the pestilence centers of drug addictions. But government and state reports show that even such a thickly inhabited state as New York, including the city, and her sister states, Massachusetts and New Jersey, seem like paragons of abstemiousness when compared with some of the rural states.

Thus, according to the last official reports of New York, there was 1 insane

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drug-taker to every 386 cases of other forms of insanity in the insane hospitals. Meanwhile a corresponding report from Oklahoma shows that in her institutions the proportion of drug-takers to all other cases of insanity is 1 to 9—a proportion more than forty to one greater than New York.

It has long been held by the advocates of tolerant liquor legislation that an attempt to suppress liquor traffic always results in the increase in the abuse of other forms of narcotics. The record of Oklahoma, which is a prohibition state, seems to confirm this opinion. Let us see what the records of the other prohibition states show.

In Maine the proportion of drug-takers is 1 to 76; in Georgia, 1 to 42; in Kansas, 1 to 89; in the North Carolina State Hospital, 1 to 84; in the Eastern State Hospital, Tenn., 1 to 74; in one of the Mississippi State Hospitals, 1 to 23; in Oklahoma, 1 to 9. In other words, these thinly populated prohibition states have from four to forty times as many insane drug-takers as unregenerate New York.

It will be observed that, with the exception of Maine and Kansas, these states are the ones having large negro populations. And one naturally assumes that the colored man must be in some way responsible for their bad showing. But the records exonerate him of this charge—at least as regards the drug-takers confined in asylums. For most of these victims, even in the South, are white.

When we turn to the records of penal institutions, however, we find a very different story. The cocain-taking negro, it appears, seldom reaches the insane hospital. His career ends, temporarily or permanently, in the jail, penitentiary, or death-house. And the records of these institutions, as I know from personal observation, confirm the reports that the cocain habit has assumed the proportions of an epidemic among the colored people.

WHERE DOES THE NEGRO GET IT?

In every state, North and South, there are laws forbidding the indiscriminate sale of cocain. Moreover, these laws are fairly well enforced in most localities, at least in the legitimate channels of trade. Where, then, does the negro get his supply?

In one of the Tennessee districts the officers observed that the periodic visits of a certain negro were followed invariably by unusual activities among the "dope-takers." This negro was always well dressed, and had a penchant for gaudy-colored vests. But when arrested, nothing was found in his pockets to indicate that he was a cocain pedler. In examining the flashy vest, however, one of the officers discovered that the broad strip of braid forming the binding of the edges contained something that felt like sawdust, and on ripping this open poured out a full ounce of the "happy dust"—about one thousand average doses.

Further investigation showed that the garment was honeycombed with cavities running along the seams, with a total capacity of fully three ounces, or three thousand doses—a quantity that represented three hundred dollars in returns, when retailed at ten cents a sniff. The records abound with hundreds of examples of similar clandestine methods. The drug is infinitely easier to smuggle than its bulky rival, alcohol; and the negro must have one or the other.

EFFECTS PRODUCED BY THE DRUG

The first and most characteristic effect of cocain is a mild intoxication which produces a feeling of well-being or even ecstasy. But whatever the degree of exaltation, it is followed inevitably in a few hours by a most distressing and frightful depression. Since a sniff of the drug relieves this depression immediately, it serves the double purpose of producing pleasure and averting distress.

Even a few doses of the drug blunt the moral sense. The cocain-fiend lies without compunction, and feels no remorse when his falsehoods are detected.

Moral obtuseness is an early symptom, but is unlikely to be detected, since a direct question about the habit would hardly be asked unless there were good grounds for suspicion. There are many persons in the upper walks of life who have been addicted to the drug for years without arousing suspicion. But eventually their wrecked physical and mental condition reveals their secret.

It was said a moment ago that the first effect produced by cocain is a mild intoxication. In the negro, however, this intoxication frequently becomes a homicidal frenzy —not the purposeless delirium of the ordinary lunatic, but the cool, calculating, di-

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abolical mania of the fiend. This type of cocain madness is responsible for most of the wholesale killings that have occurred in the South in recent years, and gives Northern officers no end of trouble.

Curiously enough, the cocain which throws the victim into a frenzy increases the vitality to such an extent that "ordiary shootin' don't kill him," as the officers say. And this observation of the officers is confirmed by clinical observation and laboratory experiment.

In addition to this increased resistance, the drug produces still another effect that makes the fiend peculiarly dangerous. It seems to improve his marksmanship. A few drinks of whisky make a man wobbly, and spoil his scores. Not so with cocain. The two cocain-fiends in Harrison, Miss., who scored nine outright kills and many more hits last summer certainly were not wobbly.

Thus we see that cocain produces four distinct conditions in the habitué, any one of which makes him dangerous. It produces delusions and hallucinations that make him homicidal; it gives him courage, increases his resistance, and steadies his hand and sharpens his eye for carrying out his homicidal intent. It is difficult to conceive a more diabolical combination.

WHY THE HABIT FLOURISHES

Undoubtedly the evil effects of cocain-taking are appreciated by most negroes, at least to an extent commensurate with their intelligence. Why, then, do they take it? And why has it suddenly become popular?

The first question can be answered in a sentence. The negro takes it because he has a craving for some form of stimulant, like most other human beings. The second question is usually answered by the drug-taker himself, by the statement that he took the drug because he couldn't get liquid stimulants.

Of course the drug-fiend is proverbially untruthful. But in this instance his statement coincides with the opinions expressed by the officers and physicians who are most familiar with the situation. And it is certainly significant that in such cities as Raleigh, Asheville, and Knoxville, where prohibition is rigidly enforced (at least as far as the negro and poor white are concerned), cocain-taking is rampant and increasing; whereas in Memphis, which is "wide open" despite the prohibitory statute, there are comparatively few drug-fiends, and their numbers are not increasing. These facts, and the insane-hospital records referred to a moment ago, seem to show very conclusively that there is a direct relationship between prohibitive legislation and drug-taking.

However, if prohibition influences one form of disease, we should be able to demonstrate its influence upon other diseases, since alcoholic excesses are held responsible for so many pathological conditions. If the consumption of the stronger liquors is materially lessened in prohibition territory, there should be a corresponding decrease in certain diseases for which whisky is responsible, directly or indirectly.

INSANITY AND PROHIBITION

Opinions differ as to the responsibility of alcohol in causing many diseases. But it is a universally accepted belief that alcohol is an important factor in producing insanity. Fortunately for our purpose the records of mental diseases are more complete and authentic than for any other class of ailments. Let us see what some of these records show.

In a recent Bulletin issued by the Census Department a comparative table of insanity is given by states. There were eight prohibition states at the close of the census period: Maine, Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Kansas, and North Dakota. Comparing the gain or loss in admissions to insane hospitals in these states with their immediate neighbors, we find the following significant records: Maine increased 21 for every 100,000 inhabitants, while New Hampshire decreased 7; North Dakota decreased 9, while South Dakota increased 3; Georgia increased 1, while Florida decreased 8; North Carolina increased 11, while South Carolina increased only 4; Tennessee increased 14, while Kentucky increased 12; Mississippi increased 9, while Alabama increased only 4; Oklahoma increased 20, while Texas increased 15; and Kansas decreased 10, while Nebraska decreased 28.

Thus it appears that each prohibition state has a worse record than its immediate neighbor in the number of cases of insanity, with the single exception of North Dakota.

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It may be objected that these comparisons are not wholly convincing, although certainly significant, since even adjoining states may differ greatly in the number and character of their inhabitants—conditions that influence the insane populations very materially. But no such objection can be raised against a comparison between such states as Kansas and Nebraska; for these states have practically the same geographical location, number of native whites, negroes, foreign-born whites, ratio of males to females, percentage of urban population, and percentage in increase of rural population—are, indeed, more closely alike for statistical comparison than any other two states in the Union.

To summarize briefly, then, we find that drug addictions and insanity, including the special forms of mental diseases directly attributable to alcoholism, seem to flourish best in prohibition territory, without a compensating decrease in the number of any other maladies. From a medical and hygienic standpoint, therefore, prohibitive legislation can not be regarded as being more beneficial than some of the more tolerant forms.

THE WOMAN'S SIDE

BY C. M., NEW YORK

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, the best way to insure a family's immunity from the rum evil is to have its traffic in the family.

One of my last recollections of my father, intoxicated, was when I was twelve years old. I can not recall the circumstances leading up to this "big time," as we called it. But I remember, as though it were yesterday, stealing up the back street to the bake-shop for molasses cookies, in fear that I might meet him; my brother going in an opposite direction with a large pitcher for milk; then all of us little ones gathered in a back room around mother while she apportioned out milk and cookies, whispering and listening in fear for the dreaded step. In this way we had had many meals.

His last deflection stands out in my remembrance with a kind of fierce and unnatural joyfulness. All the youthful humiliation and shame that I had suffered with mother, all the rankling injustice that had stored itself up, found a certain wicked pleasure in that last occasion. He had begun one of his characteristic tirades of shocking invective against mother, when, still shouting, he stepped into the next room and found himself face to face with his favorite aunt, who had arrived unexpectedly for a visit and whose good opinion he prized greatly. An ashamed "Hello, Aunt!" and he was off to bed without another word. Even in the deepest intoxication there was left a controlling restraining influence.

Which has always convinced me that if there had been more such influences working effectively in his sober hours, those ten harrowing, wasted years might have been spared mother; that occasions for grossly excessive drinking are made horribly easy for men by men.

Between the two incidents I have noted that other things had been happening. My mother, ever a practical woman, had persuaded my father to try bringing some beer home at night; that is, to come home for a pail and go for what he wanted, and so eliminate the sociability of the saloon that makes one lose thoughts of time and quantity. This he had been doing, and in the end became what is known as a temperate drinker. For years he took no more than two glasses of beer with a lunch at night, and with that he was satisfied.

Because of his continued temperate habits I lost in a measure my fear and loathing for rum. I was soon to learn that there is another and more terrible kind of drinking called, I think, dipsomania, a species of intoxication like nothing so much as a kind of insanity, an insane, insatiable thirst—truly the bite of the serpent that produces the mortal thirst.

This I learned bitterly in a much too eventful period of ten years. I was left penniless, with one son and four daughters.

My husband's father had been a periodical drinker, but ample means and family pride took him far out of reach of the townspeople at such times, and few knew of it. My husband was stubbornly opposed to this hypocrisy of his father, as he called it, and

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preferred to blazon his own weakness before his townspeople.

I took in sewing after the death of my husband, and with the little money my children at the time were able to earn after school hours we somehow managed. At the end of their grammar-school course my daughters sought steady employment. Our one purpose was to prepare our boy for a profession. This perhaps was our first mistake with him. He tried various things, but nothing seemed exactly suited to his temperament.

Finally we gave up the plan and consented to his accepting a lucrative position in a large city some distance away. In three years he came back to us a confirmed drunkard.

THE SALOON-KEEPER IN THE HOME

During those three years he contracted an unfortunate marriage with one wholly unsuited to cope patiently with his weakness, but to whom he is unfailingly loyal (which has made whatever influence we may have had quite ineffectual).

I have the only child of this marriage, a boy, with me now. My own son is working and living about saloons generally. I am told several saloon-keepers have policies on his life—a speculation horribly *common* among saloon-keepers.

We have never given up the fight. Now and then we sober him up for a time, fit him out with a new wardrobe, and try him with a fresh start in a new job. But it never has lasted longer than six months.

To my grandson I am bending all thought and energy, but absolutely without hope. His way has been made bad for him. All his inclinations in making friends tend toward serious, earnest-minded boys, but his overtures have time and again been ignored.

Two memories stand out in my mind: one, the night my husband first came home intoxicated, when, at three in the morning, looking up a side street, I saw him crawling home to me on his hands and knees; the other, a night not long ago, when the 'phone rang and the insolent voice of a saloon-keeper came over the wire. We had shortly before bought a new suit of clothes for my son. The saloon-keeper, who knew all the circumstances of my son's life, his dependence upon his sisters and myself, took the suit of clothes in payment for rum. After much dilatoriness on the part of the police we secured their return. It was a message for my son to call for the clothes that he (saloon-keeper) was forced to return. He asked for my son, and when I asked him what he wanted, he screamed "It's none of your business what I want of him."

When people say saloon-keepers do not come into the home to solicit, I say, out of a full experience, it's an absolute untruth. They come with the most impossible insolence.

Stepping aside a moment, I have often wished that some magazine would turn its attention to the number of United States pensioners, whose lives and the happiness of whole families have been ruined by this unearned increment. If my knowledge, gleaned in a small town, is representative at all of the number of veterans that Uncle Sam has made dipsomaniacs, dependent upon their womenfolks between debauches, some legislation would speedily be enacted to regulate or suspend such payments.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

Were it not for the reverence, innate in almost all women, a reverence for the precious privacy of family life, the liquor traffic could not have flourished as long as it has. Now and then there are certain care-free souls who rise equal and supreme to the emergency.

One of these, a slender sprite, full of untiring energy, was working for me one day shortly after my marriage when my husband walked in in a beastly state of intoxication. At sight of the hopeless despair in my face she broke through all reserve with—

"Don't take on, darlin'! Sure if ye giv the scamp a dose of the medicine I giv my man Jim, you'll never have another day's worry!"

"What was it, Katie?" I asked, at my heart thinking it might be something more effectively lasting than ipecac, which I had tried without avail.

"Well," she said, "I told him, 'Now, Jim, I ain't agoin' to stand for this no more. It ain't fair to me nor the children. So's I warns ye oncet for all. Now min—ja, I mean it. The very next time you'll get yours.' Honest to God, Mrs. ——, I don't think I meant it, but it was this way: I

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sent Jim down to get some money due me from Brown's, wid which I was goin' to tog the kids out for Easter, and what did the son of a gun do, but blow every damn cent of it for booze. Honest, I could a-killed him when he comes home. But I jest let him get to bed, and after he's been sleeping long enough to be pretty near sober, I goes and sews him up in the bedclothes [her husband is six feet, and a powerfully built man, good-natured but weak], takes the broomstick and pounds the devil out of 'im, and I've never had a day's worry since."

This I learned later was true.

Another milder, sweet, patient-faced woman I know of, caused considerable talk for a time by going evenings with her baby in her arms to a saloon where her husband spent his time, and sitting quietly in a corner, with just a "It was lonesome home, Jack, so I thought I'd come and wait for you."

The moral effect was instantaneous. Talk on the instant fell flat. Men shuffled uneasily, and then shamefacedly out—perhaps home. In a short time the saloonkeeper told her husband he was not wanted.

THE REAL RUM-SELLERS

Every intelligent, thoughtful man knows that saloons could not thrive if supported by temperate drinkers only, what with the amount of license required. Therefore every intelligent man knows what is going on in the homes of a community where saloons flourish.

But what intelligent, thoughtful men of well-ordered lives do not want to know, do not want to be told, is that negatively they sustain and nourish them by refusing to take cognizance of their destructiveness to the individual, the family, and the community.

It is this well-ordered element, always really the strongest civic factor, that makes the iniquitous segregation of rum possible. It is this kind of man, the man of well-ordered habits, of prosperous business, who walks so circumspectly to his devotions regularly of a Sunday, upon whom the distressful eyes of bereft women and children have been fixed so long and so patiently; out of whose hearts to heaven is wrung, day and night, the piteous cry, "How long, O Lord, how long!" With the eyes of pain they know this man, this smug, spiritually complacent man, know him far better than he knows himself. This man is the rum-seller's sponsor—his silent partner.

AND NOW FOR THE REMEDY

I have always regretted that when I was in school in New England many years ago I did not make an average count of the number of liquor flasks that littered on a Sunday morning the lawns of the puritanical villagers and the lovely long road I traveled to mass in the next village.

And I have not forgotten the shock that spread through that village when old Mr. B——, the most rabid prohibitionist of them all, fell down his cellar stairs one dark night as he was surreptitiously storing away a barrel of hard cider.

Which brings me at last to the only thing that seems feasible and practical—a municipal saloon, where beer only is to be had, and that in regulated quantities. Drunkenness to be made a misdemeanor, punishable on first offense with a fine, and next with a fine and imprisonment. *Like punishment to be administered to the one who furnished the excess of intoxicants.*

The sale of beer will minimize the chances of the stronger and deadlier intoxicants being secretly imported and sold at great risk. Liquor to be obtained with the prescription of a physician only. Any and all abuses of such privilege to be punishable with heavy fine and imprisonment.

The names of prize-winners in the Rum contest will be announced in the September number.

We shall be glad to have your idea for a new series, if you have not already sent one in. What, in your opinion, is now the big, live issue before the American people?

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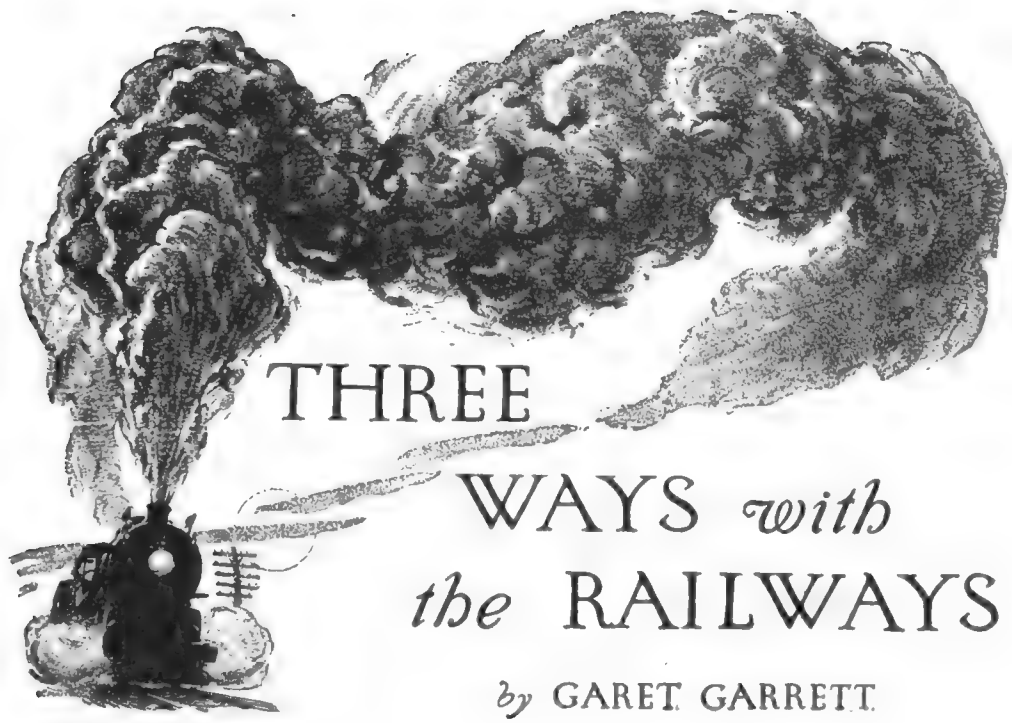

THREE WAYS *with the* RAILWAYS

by GARET GARRETT

MAN'S physical work mainly consists in moving things from where they are to where he wants them. That is transportation. In proportion as he has been able to cheapen and expedite it he has progressed in material welfare. He utilized first the docility of the beast, then the buoyancy of the water, then the impatience of the wind, and, at last, was able to command the mysterious force that popped the lid off his teakettle.

Modern civilization is hitched to that force, working in cylinders no bigger than the inside of one's hat. Day and night, without end or rest, locomotives, with one such cylinder on each side, go racing over a cobweb of steel rails, pulling wheeled carriages as large as small cottages. Those carriages are filled with society's goods, and, by a statistical average, a ton of such goods is hauled ten thousand miles a year for each family in the United States.

Our eyes are so sated with seeing, that the miracle of modern transportation is unseen. Our grandfathers saw the beginning of railways, and were skeptical. Now it is impossible to image a civilized society without them. Society, as we know it, could not exist but for railways. It would collapse utterly. Therefore, railways must endure. More than that, if society is going to make the world a better place for increasing numbers to live in, the railways must be able first to provide the transportation.

It is quite possible that the kind of transportation necessary to be provided will change. More of the slow-moving or "dead" freight may go by water in the future; but that would only increase the demands upon the railways for swift transportation of other freight.

This reads so far like an article for the railways. But it is neither for nor against them. The purpose is to set forth the only three solutions of the present Railway Problem.

The Problem, as the railway people state it, is that the increasing and changing demands of society for transportation can not be met at all without a vast outlay of new capital, which is obvious; and that the capital can not be obtained, or borrowed from investors, unless the railways are allowed to earn more money, which is at least debatable. The plight of the railways is very serious, but it is a financial plight.

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Twenty years ago it was much more desperate than is now the case. A lot of real and nominal capital represented by bonds and shares was wiped out because the railways could not earn dividends and interest upon it. The weaker railways confessed bankruptcy and were reorganized — the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Southern Railway, and the Reading, to mention only a few. And when they were reorganized, securities to the nominal value of hundreds of millions of dollars were issued against the future, in order that the old security-holders who had suffered so heavily might have non-dividend and non-interest bearing paper to pray on.

Then, with the fresh capital subscribed on new mortgages, the railways were rebuilt bigger and better than before.

On the great boom in business that followed the depression of the years 1892-1896, railway earnings magically increased. All the heart-easing securities that had been issued against the future became more valuable than the old ever were, so that the new Union Pacific common rose from a gambling chance at a few dollars per share to over $200 as a 10 per cent. investment, and new Northern Pacific common from little or nothing to the plane of a 7 per cent. dividend-payer. New Atchison common with 6 per cent. dividends, new B. & O. common with 6 per cent., new Southern Railway preferred with 5 per cent., and new Reading common with 8 per cent., all became investments, so called. Buying these securities at their low speculative prices and selling them to investors at investment prices, Wall Street made staggering profits.

The railways, carried away with their own prosperity, issued additional securities as fast as investors could buy them, and spent the money lavishly, as if prosperity were everlasting. Much of it was spent unwisely. Spending the money made business; the more they spent, the more business they did. Everybody became a little giddy in this spiral movement. Costs moved in the same way—the cost of capital, the cost of materials, and especially the cost of labor.

The cycle is now complete.

The weaker roads, as was the case twenty years ago, have more capitalization than they can bear; the stronger roads earn a diminishing ratio of profit on theirs; Wall Street blames it, as always, upon radical politics, and the investors hold the bag.

The railways say it is owing to the fact that they can not raise rates; but they were in the same plight twenty years ago, though rates until then had been unregulated by any Interstate Commerce Commission. Rates have not declined since they began to be regulated. The only thing the railways can complain of is that they have not been allowed to go up. Twenty years ago it was not a question of allowing rates to go up. They couldn't go up. Competition kept them down. Things could not go on any longer as they were at that time, hence the "receivership era."

Things can not continue to go on as they now are, hence the Railway Problem.

The solutions are three, and none other. They are:

WHICH?

ONE: To let the capital invested in railways bear its own fate. Where it has been unwisely or too optimistically spent, let it be lost, as other capital is, and as it was in the reorganization period of 1894-1898. That would entail widespread hardship, because hundreds of thousands of little capitalists hold the securities.

TWO: Advance railway rates from time to time to enable the railways to earn more money to pay interest on their ever-growing and never-to-be-reduced burden of debt. That would mean to leave the railways in private hands and to guarantee their interest charges by a kind of indirect taxation. It would free railway capital from the penalties which all other capital must continue to pay for the bad judgment of those who spend it or fail properly to protect it against the immutable law of diminishing returns. And, above all, it would put a full stop to the cheapening of railway transportation, which would tend always afterward to be dearer.

THREE: To turn the railways over to the Government, as they are, with all their debt and all their mistakes behind them, and thereafter to tax the people direct for the support of their transportation machine. That is Government ownership, and many Wall Street people are for it, because they think solution *One* intolerable, as you might suppose, and solution *Two* a desperate and unsatisfactory makeshift.

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EVERYBODY'S MONEY

by

JOHN PARR

THE USE AND MISUSE OF SAVINGS-BANKS

CONSIDER the use of savings-banks. They are reservoirs of capital into which eleven million streams of thrift have already drained $5,000,000,000 of deposits. The inducements are (1) safety, which is paramount, and (2) a rate of interest which is always less than the current price of capital.

Take a single case. A woman upon whom toil, self-sacrifice and the cosmic purpose have rudely inscribed their marks, has made a resolve to put her savings beyond the reach of thieves and domestic temptation. She enters the bank timorously, as all newcomers do, and pauses inside the door to look. An attendant who does not wait to be asked directs her to a window over which she reads the legend, "New Accounts." She wonders if he knows all the depositors by sight, is a little annoyed by his knowing so well what she wanted, and approaches the window slowly. She is willing to make way for a rough-looking man behind her, whose errand is the same, because she would like to see how it is done, but the clerk beckons her to keep her turn.

He asks her name, her husband's name, her age, her place of birth, who her parents were, and other personal questions, and when he has put all the answers down in the largest book she has ever seen, he writes her name again on a little pass-book, like the grocer's, hands it to her, says, "Deposits at the next window, please," and turns to the man behind her.

"How old is your bank?" she asks, lingering in the way.

"Forty years, madam," the clerk replies. "Next window, please. Your name, sir?"

The hardest part is yet to come. She retires to a corner where the light is not so strong and examines the pass-book. It is better than the grocer's. The backs are of real leather. Her name is spelled correctly. Under it is the name of the bank, and in one corner a number—"Account No. 4382." What a lot of depositors, if she is the four-thousand-three-hundred-and-eighty-second! The man who was behind her has already been to the receiving teller's window where the deposits are made, and is now going out, with his book in his hand. He is a strong, positive-looking person, probably a farmer, whose heavy shoes make the loose tiles rattle in the floor. Her confidence slowly revives.

She turns her back so that nobody can see and stoops to explore the inner side of her garments. When she straightens up again she is very red. One hand is full of safety-pins. In the other are the pass-book and a lot of old and cherished bills—somewhat more than two hundred dollars in ones and twos and a few fives. At the receiving teller's window she pushes in first the book and then the money, which smells of tea. It is money she has been hoarding since the first baby was born, secretly and imperceptibly, and her bank has been the bottom of the tea-caddy on the kitchen shelf.

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Though it paid no interests on deposits, it was a safe bank, very convenient and accommodating. It might have served the woman's simple purpose to the end, but for a fright she got when for the first time in her life she had fallen ill and forgotten all about the tea-caddy, with a neighbor coming in three times a day to do the work.

On the instant of letting go of the money she wishes it were back in the tea-caddy. The receiving teller first sorts it, and then counts it twice. He writes the amount down on the first page of the pass-book, which he returns without looking at her. That is the whole transaction. She turns several times to look, and is reassured by the sight of so many others leaving their money. Her sole concern is for safety. Interest she hardly understands.

WHEN MONEY BECOMES CAPITAL

Her money is safe, but if she knew what was going to happen to it she would have misgivings. It will be deposited temporarily with a national bank, along with the savings of hundreds of others. The particular bills, smelling of tea, will be sent to the Treasury Department at Washington to be exchanged for new money. The national bank will use that money in its business for several weeks, lending it out to all sorts of people, in the form of credit, perhaps even to Stock Exchange speculators, paying the savings-bank a low rate of interest. Then on a certain day the trustees of the savings-bank will come in to consider how to invest the money that has accumulated since their last meeting.

The amount is perhaps $50,000 or $60,000, including the woman's mite of a little over two hundred. The trustees vote to buy $60,000 4½ or 5 per cent. railroad bonds, and draw a check on the national bank to pay for them. The woman's mite is now in the service of a railroad. It can not be identified or kept track of, but it is there. Her money and that of four or five others might buy a freight car; the deposits of twenty or thirty might buy a locomotive. Her own husband may be employed on a construction job for the railroad and receive back in the form of wages the money she has put in the savings-bank and which the savings-bank loaned to the railroad.

But if she and thousands of others had kept their money in their tea-caddies it would have been powerless to buy either freight cars or locomotives or to enable the railroad to perform a work of construction out of which her husband gains wages. That is the difference between money in tea-caddies and money in capital reservoirs.

THE MISUSE

The $5,000,000,000 of American savings-bank deposits had been enough to build one-third of all the railroads in this country, if invested exclusively in railroad securities. It is a wonderful thing. Few of us can imagine it. And yet the economic utility of the money saved by 11,000,000 individuals would be just as great and the individuals would be better off themselves if they invested their money directly in securities instead of putting it into savings-banks to be invested by trustees. The savings-banks pay 3 or 3½ per cent. on deposits. The bonds they buy with their depositors' money pay 4, 4½ and 5 per cent. The difference of 1 to 1½ per cent. which the individuals lose goes to pay the cost of conducting the business of a savings-bank —to pay for the buildings in which they are housed, the hire of the clerks, and to meet other expenses.

In France, where thrift is practised with extreme efficiency, one in three of the population has a savings-bank account, against one out of nine in this country; but in France the average deposit is less than $80 against $450 in this country. The French accumulate money in savings-banks only until they have enough to make investments in securities, whereas here people put their money in savings-banks and leave it there because they do not know what else to do with it. That is a reflection not so much upon the financial intelligence of the American people as upon the attitude of finance toward those who save money in small amounts.

Until Wall Street is a place where a person with $100 or less can go to buy a safe investment, outright, and take it away with him, at a rate of interest 1 to 1½ per cent. higher than savings-banks pay, it will remain open to the charge of neglecting a work which finance in other countries has deemed it proper and important to perform.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

"The prosperity of a chestnut is in the ear of the stranger."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

Uncle Zeke Howell had spent all his life on a farm. One day a nephew of his visited the farm and during the conversation that ensued the old man learned that the youth was attending college.

"An' so ye go ter college, Sam?" queried Uncle Zeke. "What might they learn ye there?"

"Lots of things, Uncle," answered the young man. "Latin, Greek, and also German and algebra."

"Ye don't say?" returned Uncle with a surprised look. "Well, now, what might be algebra for turnips?"

William Faversham, the actor, is responsible for this:

"A friend of mine in Albany has a very bright young son, Francis, aged five. The little fellow rides about a great deal with his father, but it has never occurred to the fond parent that the lad was absorbing anything but fresh air and sunshine.

"One afternoon Francis reluctantly accompanied his mother to a matinée performance of the comic-opera variety. He exhibited little or no interest until the ballet appeared—girls in sparkling waists, gauzy skirts, and gleaming tights; then Francis sat up and began to take notice. He gazed at the spectacular scene with intense interest for some moments in absolute silence; then, laying his hand on his mother's and looking up at her confidingly, exclaimed:

" 'My, but how Father would enjoy this!' "

George Bernard Shaw, the brilliant author and playwright, while gathering material for one of his most successful books spent a few days in a country hotel in a New Hampshire town.* Hanging on the wall in the parlor was an inscription: "*Ici on parle Français.*"

Turning to the proprietor of the inn the author inquired, "Do you speak French?"

"No," the man replied, with a satisfied smile; "United States is good enough for me."

"Well, then," interposed Mr. Shaw, "why do you have that notice on the wall? That means, 'French is spoken here.' "

"Lor' bless my soul!" replied the hotelkeeper in dismay. "A young chap sold that to me the other day for 'God Bless Our Home.' "

The young postmistress in a little country town was interestedly reading a postal card from the morning's mail.

Finally she turned it over to the address side. "Huh," she said in a disappointed tone, "this is for me."

Little Madge had been listening to her mother reading from the paper. All was silent for some little time, and then Madge burst out laughing very suddenly.

"Why, dearie," said the mother, "what is it?"

*Yes, we know G. B. S. has never been to America. But we can't help wanting to let you see the anecdote as it came to us.—THE EDITORS.

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"I was thinking of what you just read about the wild people in Africa, Mother," replied the child.

"But there was nothing amusing about that, dear."

"Why, yes, there was, Mother," said Madge, "about their beating on their tum-tums till they could be heard for miles."

An Irishman was out gunning for ducks with a friend who noticed that although Mike aimed his gun several times, he did not shoot it off. At last he said, "Mike, why didn't you shoot that time? The whole flock were right in front of you."

"Oi know," said Mike, "but every time Oi aimed me gun at a duck, another wan come right between us."

A school-teacher in one of the counties of New York State recently received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils:

"Dear Mis, you writ me about whipping Sammy. I hereby give you permission to beet him up eny time it is necessary to learn him lessens. He is juste like his father—you have to learn him with a clubb. Pound nolege into him. I wante him to git it and don't pay no atenshion to what his father says, I'll handle him."

It was a well-known fact among his friends that Jake Levinsky wanted to marry.

"Say, Levinsky," said his friend Solinger, "they tell me you're looking for a wife."

"Yes; but, of course, if I do get one she must be rich, pretty, young, well-educated, and respectable."

"Oh, come off, Jake; a girl like that would be crazy to marry you."

"Crazy she can be, too."

Little Tommy of the city, visiting his country aunt and uncle, declined to be satisfied until he had fished in the near-by stream. To this end he made the life of his uncle a veritable burden by continued coaxing to procure him the necessary bait.

One afternoon Tommy spied him plowing diligently. With a whoop of joy the would-be sportsman rushed forward to his uncle's side, but here grew suddenly thoughtful.

"Gosh, Uncle," he exclaimed, gazing speculatively up the long stretch of furrowed ground, "ain't that about enough worms?"

Apropos of the numerous influential malefactors whose prison terms are either annulled or cut down to nearly nothing, Mayor Brand Whitlock of Toledo said a short while ago:

"Is it a good thing for the public to let these men out so soon?

"I was sympathizing one afternoon with a poor woman whose husband had just been sent to jail. She was weeping bitterly, and I said to her:

" 'Now, don't take it so hard. Two years is a long sentence, I know; but he may not have to serve it all. Convicts who behave themselves oftentimes get out months before their appointed time.' "

" 'That's just it,' she replied, still sobbing. 'Henry can be an angel when he likes.' "

George, age six, and Charley, age eight, were the sons of a promoter.

On Hallowe'en they were desirous of procuring some beans for their bean-blowers. They had no money for the purpose and were in despair, when George, the younger, said to his brother, "I'll tell you what I'll do, Charley. You go to the grocery and charge ten cents' worth of beans to mama and *I'll give you half of them.*"

Willie was called in from his play to see his twin sisters. Never having heard of twins, he turned to the nurse and asked:

"Who is the other one for?"

"After a couple of years' absence from home I was playing in a city near by, and I invited my father to come over and see the show," relates Laurence Wheat, the actor.

"When the last curtain had rung down, he came back on the stage to see me, and while we were chatting, the treasurer appeared at the door of my dressing-room and handed me my pay envelope. Dad saw the figures on the outside, and his eyes sparkled.

" 'My boy,' he said, 'you don't tell me you get that much every week, do you?' "

" 'That's right, dad,' " I replied.

" 'Well, well,' said the old gentleman thoughtfully, 'is that *so?* What other chores do you have to do besides actin'?' "

Teacher—"Earl, did you whisper to-day?"

Earl—"Yes, wunst."

Teacher—"Clarence, should Earl have said 'wunst'?"

Clarence—"No, he should have said 'twicet'."

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
TRUMBULL WHITE · MANAGING EDITOR
PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY NEW YORK CITY
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STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

GEORGE CREEL'S article, in the June number, on the recent coal strike in Colorado has brought upon our heads a deluge of letters. Extreme letters, lauding and excoriating us, as the prejudice of the writer dictated. Hate seems to have permeated not only both factions engaged in the strike, but also the whole citizenry. No one out there seems able to view the situation from a disinterested point of view, or from a broad perspective. Each side urges us to "hand it" to the other.

Some of the letters have accused Mr. Creel of misrepresenting the facts. These letters, moreover, do not always agree as to just what the misrepresentations were. And none of the letters seems to realize the fact that the article was composed of three ex-parte statements, outlining the grievances of the parties in the strike controversy. Mr. Creel presented what each contended were the facts. And he concluded the article by striking a balance, and suggesting a method for settling the controversy—for the present, at least.

Many citizens of Colorado think the state has not had a square deal at the hands of the Eastern press. For that reason we print the letter below. To be sure, it does not help to clear up the situation; and it does not jibe with much of the testimony already taken by the Industrial Commission. But we offer it as illustrating a state of mind. It is an indication of a state-wide temperament, which, if it continues, can hardly be expected to cope successfully with a fundamental, intricate industrial crisis.

Longmont, Colo., May 27, 1914.

DEAR SIR:

In the last issue of your most estimable magazine there appeared a story relating to the coal strike in Colorado, written by George Creel, which was a terrible affront to the State of Colorado, a blot on the fair name of the men and women of the United States, a story which was replete with misrepresentations from beginning to end.

The citizens of Colorado are up in arms over these slanderous emissions by repudiated writers, and as evidence thereof I enclose a copy of resolutions which were recently unanimously adopted by a mass meeting of citizens—business men, farmers, and professional men—of Longmont, Colorado.

These resolutions represent the sentiment of some 20,000 people of Boulder County, a county which is reported to be strike-ridden, manned by cutthroats and butchers, and its citizens unworthy the name of Americans.

In the name of fairness, decency, and honor we beseech a square deal from the press of the East.

J. A. COCHRAN,
Commander, McPherson Post of the Grand Army of the Republic.

RESOLUTIONS

Adopted by a Mass Meeting of Citizens of Longmont, Colo., May 25, 1914.

WHEREAS, a certain class of people whose only claim to publicity is their ability and purpose to breed contempt of law, to encourage

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riot, murder and incendiarism, are posing before the world as the representatives of the Patriotic Citizens of the Patriotic State of Colorado,

IT IS RESOLVED, That we deny that this small class of agitators represents in any large sense the public sentiment of this state, and we denounce as unworthy of citizenship these people who to advance their political ambitions, to gratify their silly vanities and thrust their otherwise obscure personalities into the limelight, would befoul the nest that shelters them, incite ignorance to lawlessness, plunge the state into anarchy, and hold it up to the world emasculate and unworthy a place in the galaxy of Commonwealths; and

WHEREAS, all Denver daily newspapers under the gauzy pretext of maintaining popular rights are aiding and abetting lawlessness, riot, and anarchy;

IT IS FURTHER RESOLVED, That such newspapers are unworthy the moral or financial support of the law-abiding citizens of the state; and

WHEREAS, the State Militia called to service by the legally constituted authority, and representing the sturdy manhood of the State, has been doing its duty as fully as did the young men of a generation ago who bared their breasts to the assaults of disunion; we protest against the unpatriotic, false, and libelous vituperation that has been so unjustly used against our young soldiers, as destructive to a wholesome military spirit that may stand the Republic in good stead in the no distant future; and

WHEREAS, we believe that the sovereignty of the State of Colorado, and not the private disputes of individuals or corporations, is the issue we are facing to-day,

WE THEREFORE RESOLVE, That it is the duty of every loyal citizen to sustain by word and deed the Governor of the State, at whatever cost, in putting down rebellion, punishing treason by whomsoever instigated, and redeeming the State from the humiliation of standing as a mendicant, hat in hand at the door of the White House, begging for the protection we are too feeble to afford ourselves, and to protest to the world that the mouthings of near Statesmen, frenzied women, and patriots-for-revenue-only, is not the voice of the Sovereign State of Colorado.

IS AMERICA'S CONSCIENCE ONLY FLAPDOODLE?

The article on Mexico in the June EVERYBODY'S is generally so candid and sensible that it is a surprise to find Mr. Palmer asserting that the passive attitude of the American government and people is to be attributed to "not weakness but conscience." This sounds well, but is it true?

The right of the United States to put an end to the barbarous conflict in Mexico is as clear and as elementary as the right of a policeman to stop a riot, and every moral consideration urges that it should exercise that right. The only argument against intervention in Mexico is the cost to the United States.

An invasion of Mexico would cost many millions of dollars and some blood—probably not a tenth part of what it will cost if the United States does not intervene; but in this latter case the blood will be that of Mexicans, or of Americans and other foreigners who, having their all invested in Mexico, prefer risking their lives by remaining to abandoning their means of livelihood. But if the United States should go to the defense of these people it would cost the lives of some of its soldiers and some money from its treasury. This is the consideration that keeps Washington inactive and a whole people calm "in spite of the murder of American citizens in Mexico."

Every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, how Captain Ingraham, in the U. S. sloop of war *Iroquois*, in a Turkish port, surrounded by enemies, cleared his ship for action and offered battle in defense of one lonesome American citizen. And he was not cashiered for it, either. Watchful waiting was not then understood to be the correct attitude for our government to maintain while its citizens were being maltreated. The killing of its citizens was in those days believed to be a greater affront to the nation than the arrest of a paymaster.

Say, Mr. Editor, are you as proud now of being an American citizen as you were before the battleships sailed away from Tampico, leaving the Americans there to be taken care of by the Germans and English? If you can't honestly say that you are, hadn't you better cable Mr. Palmer to cut out such flapdoodle as "not weakness but conscience," and stop pretending that the refusal of the United States to protect its citizens in Mexico is creditable to the national character?

Itabo, Cuba. W. D. R.

THE RUM LETTERS BEGIN ON PAGE 273. READ THEM.

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